

# **ENGLISH STUDIES**

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# Walter de la Mare.

## An Appreciation.

### I.

'Many and diverse must be the judgments passed upon every great poet, upon every considerable writer. There is the judgment of enthusiasm and admiration, which proceeds from ardent youth, easily fired, eager to find a hero and worship him. There is the judgment of gratitude and sympathy, which proceeds from those who find in an author what helps them, what they want, and who rate him at a very high value accordingly. There is the judgment of ignorance, the judgment of incompatibility, the judgment of envy and jealousy. Finally there is the systematic judgment, and this judgment is the most worthless of all. The sharp scrutiny of envy and jealousy may bring real faults to light. The judgments of incompatibility and ignorance are instructive, whether they reveal necessary clefts of separation between the experiences of different sorts of people, or reveal simply the narrowness and bounded view of those who judge. But the systematic judgment is altogether unprofitable. Its author has not really his eye upon the professed object of his criticism at all, but upon something else which he wants to prove by means of that object. He neither really tells us, therefore, anything about the object, nor anything about his own ignorance of the object. He never fairly looks at it, he is looking at something else. Perhaps if he looked at it straight and full, looked at it simply, he might be able to pass a good judgment on it. As it is, all he tells us is that he is no genuine critic, but a man with a system, an advocate.'

### II.

These words are Matthew Arnold's (See his *A French Critic on Goethe*) and would be readily endorsed by a man like Professor R. Moulton. I like them myself, both for the inevitable amount of truth they contain and for their clearness and force. At one time I accepted them as absolutely the last word that could be said on the subject. Yet it is plain — and I cannot help thinking the apostle of 'sweetness and light' would, if pressed ever so little, have conceded the point himself — that, were we to take these sentiments at their face value, and act upon them, we should be rejecting the good with the bad. The proper appreciation of any work of art presupposes the possession of certain standards of value, which implies comparison, whether with existing masterpieces or with ideal conceptions, and the moment one begins to compare things, behold, one lays the foundations of a system. Nor is there any harm in the fact as such. A mental acquisition can never become our very own without being made part and parcel of one of the many ideal structures which our mind rears up with the material provided by our experiences and speculations. There is only one risk which we run in the process, a risk of which we should be constantly aware and profoundly conscious, viz. the danger of rigidity. Our mental fabrics, be they ever so fair in our own eyes, ought always to be looked upon as provisional and temporary. As soon as sufficient new material has accumulated we should give them up and pull them down, raising new and more accommodating structures in their stead. They should be tents for a traveller, not a set of heavily furnished apartments for a stay-at-home.

And therefore, while firmly proposing to look fairly and squarely, straight and full at the subject of my little study, I do not hesitate to apply a

critical system of sorts, evolved by me in the course of my magisterial career, to the work of Walter de la Mare. I would do this — I could not help doing this — even if he were a new-fledged and only recently vocal singer taken up by Jack Squire of the *London Mercury*, or by Eddie Marsh, the impresario of the 'Georgians'. But in Walter de la Mare's case the moment for doing so should be especially opportune, since the first collected edition of his poems was published in 1920, and *The Veil* published after that date, though full of excellent things, does not show the poet in a new light. I would not venture to hint, with the *Times Literary Supplement* of December 22nd 1921 that middle age is telling on him. The assertion that he is losing some of his grace, his swiftness, his lightness of touch, appears rather cheap — and nasty — in the face of such lines as

Stagnant this wintry gloom. Afar  
The farm-cock bugles his 'Qui vive ?'  
The towering elms are lost in mist;  
Birds in the thorn-trees huddle a-whist;  
The mill-race waters grieve.  
Our shrouded day  
Dwindles away  
To final black of eve.

But it is all of a piece with the best and most characteristic of his previous work. It holds no surprises, the one exception being the title-poem. And the obvious inference is that, having found what work he can do — and do supremely well — the poet has practically ceased from experimenting, a fact which, though in the nature of things, seems rather a pity. As I write this my eyes wander to *Down-adown-derry*, an illustrated volume of his fairy poetry lying at this moment on my desk. It contains a medley of poems, both from earlier and later volumes, but I defy anyone to separate, from internal evidence, the more recent work from the older.<sup>1)</sup> On the other hand the merest glance at the contents of the earliest published collections — reprinted in the 'Collected Edition' of 1920 — discloses incongruity and heterogeneous enough, poetical exercises inspired by Edmund Spenser and rhetorical outbursts — rather in the manner of Sir William Watson — on Shakespearean themes like Macbeth, Hamlet, Iago, jostling with poems in which some authentic personal note is struck and which, thanks to something new in their form, are immediately recognised as genuine and welcome additions to the vast store of English poetry, poems like *Autumn*:

There's a wind where the rose was;  
Cold rain where sweet grass was;  
And clouds like sheep  
Stream o'er the steep  
Grey skies where the lark was.  
  
Nought gold where your hair was;  
Nought warm where your hand was;  
But phantom, forlorn,  
Beneath the thorn,  
Your ghost where your face was.  
  
Sad winds where your voice was;  
Tears, tears where my heart was;  
And ever with me,  
Child, ever with me,  
Silence where hope was.

<sup>1)</sup> We have it on the authority of Mr. John Freeman (in the *Quarterly Review* for July 1922) that the poet — like W. B. Yeats — has constantly subjected his early work to revision, which offers a partial explanation.

It is significant that a great and valuable portion of this early work is concerned with the child. In fact, Walter de la Mare's first volume, published in 1901, when he was twenty-eight years old, bore the collective title of *Poems of Childhood*, whilst in the volume of 1906 there is a separate section named 'Memories of Childhood'. It is equally significant that 'the child' has ever since bulked large in the poet's work, and it is probably owing to this haunting presence that in the subsequent volumes the rhetorical element, though never altogether ousted — it is even present in the *Veil* volume — has been to a great extent got rid of.

### III.

Inquiring why this should be so we find ourselves confronted with the much wrangled-over question whether or no an artist ought to create with an eye on an imaginary audience or potential spectators. Lascelles Abercrombie, poet and theorist, says that he ought, though time and again artists have expressed themselves to the contrary, Austin Dobson in a pretty fable, *The Carver and the Caliph*, in which Haroun Alraschid is made to say to a penniless sculptor whose *Come buy* fails to attract customers:

'This craft of thine, the mart to suit,  
Is too refined, — remote, — minute;  
These small conceptions can but fail;  
'T were best to work on larger scale,  
And rather choose such themes as wear  
More of the earth and less of air . . .'

. . . . .

The Carver sadly shook his head;  
He knew 't was truth the Caliph said.  
From that day forth his work was planned  
So that the world might understand.  
He carved it deeper, and more plain;  
He carved it thrice as large again:  
He sold it, too, for thrice the cost;  
— Ah, but the Artist that was lost!

This sounds convincing; so does at first sight a letter to the Editor of the *Times Literary Supplement* (published in the issue of Aug. 24th 1922), in which a young author, Mr. H. Fausset, taking exception to Mr. Abercrombie's view, denies the necessity for a poet to 'weigh his words or his form in relation to his audience's understanding and sympathy'. He believes such a view 'to be as psychologically false as it is artistically, and that the term "communication" is in itself misleading'. According to him 'what is called an artist's communication is . . . only his effort to explain an experience as clearly as possible to himself, to explore and define it, to bring it absolutely into the focus of his own consciousness.'

'Ideally, art is complete expression by a creative being for *his own* satisfaction. It is a convenient accident that by expressing himself most clearly he also communicates to others most successfully. But no such consideration enters his mind during the process of his creation.' (Mr. F. 's italics).

Now these are rather grand words, but surely one might retort here in Johnsonian phrase, 'You do not see your way through the question, sir.' If a poet is asked to write a rollicking drinking-song, and he sets himself to do this, though in reality he would have preferred to write an elegy instead, he is likely enough to make a most deplorable mess of the whole business. Instead of a poet he will be a mere juggler with words. An artist simply has to be absolutely honest and sincere, otherwise he will be found

out sooner or later, when his work will be deservedly consigned to oblivion. If he disapproves of prevailing tastes, he prostitutes his Muse by pandering to them. But this has nothing to do with another question, viz. whether he should not from time to time — or at any rate in finally revising his work — put himself in the place of the ordinary intelligent and sympathetic reader, and from that point of view test the impression, made by the whole and by separate passages, and especially their clearness and direct appeal. What says Theodore Watts-Dunton in his *Poetry and the Renascence of Wonder*? 'Every poem has, like a piece of tapestry, its inner side (the poet's own), and its outer side (the reader's), and . . . while the perfect master of poetry [will weave] works so that his pattern is developed on the outside (the reader's side) the imperfect artist, such as Donne or Browning,<sup>1)</sup> is apt to work in the contrary way — so that while he himself sees the pattern from within the outer surface presents the reader with the tangles and knots of many-coloured worsted which should be seen by the poet-weaver alone. That the weaver pleases himself hugely by thus keeping the picture for himself and presenting the knots and tangles to the spectator is obvious, and perhaps it is, after all, worth while to weave one's tapestry for one's own delectation. But then the weaver-poet is never content with this. He weaves not, like the bower-bird, for himself and his mate, but for the outer world, and to surpass all other bower-birds (read: weaver-poets) in the art of weaving . . . To the perfect poetic artist it is not a trouble but a delight, to be continually transplanting himself to the reader's outer standpoint by a rapid kind of imaginative process, the effect of which is similar to that of the little mirrors which the tapestry-weavers hang before their work to show them how the pattern is developed on the right side of the stuff.' (pages 17 and 18)

To me this appears sound sense. 'A writer without readers,' to quote Mr. Gerald Cumberland (page 110 of *Set Down in Malice*), 'is not a writer; he is simply a man who murmurs to himself very laboriously.' And a young, unaffected and altogether charming poet, Mr. Robert Graves, writing *On English Poetry* (page 127) reproaches certain colleagues — he calls them the Very Wild Men — saying that 'they are satisfied with the original spontaneity of their work and do not trouble to test it in the light of what it will convey to others, whom they then blame for want of appreciation.' He goes on to illustrate the danger of artistic self-centredness causing unwarranted obscurity, with an instance from Blake's Prophetic Books. There was a soldier named Schofield who had informed against him, and the wayward genius afterwards made that soldier a universal devil, 'Skofeld', who suddenly makes his appearance in 'Jerusalem' and among its strange company of abstractions.

What settled the matter for myself was my first talk with Mr. de la Mare, two years ago, in an Amsterdam restaurant. I asked him for his opinion on this question, and he developed views similar to Mr. Fausset's. I then pointed out that he had written successful books for children, and being a schoolmaster, 'Surely,' I said, 'in writing them you must have thought of your audience.' 'I only wrote them to please young Walter,' the poet replied, meaning either himself when a child or the child that still lived on in his present middle-aged and rather elusive personality. To me however, this amounted to an admission, since in imagining an intelligent auditor we cannot help taking our own selves, whether present or past, as standards.

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<sup>1)</sup> I would have put Swinburne instead of Browning. W. v. D.

As a matter of fact, in syntax and diction Walter de la Mare is seldom obscure and never wantonly so. And even where, owing to his having plunged, Browning-like, *in medias res*, it is difficult to see what he is driving at, a second reading will usually suffice to give us all the light we need.<sup>1)</sup>

#### IV.

*Punch*, of Nov. 22nd 1922, has a harmless little caricature, in which the subject of my article, here very wittily re-baptized Walter-super-Mare, is represented sitting at a diminutive cottage-piano and 'with soft pedal' greeting the dawn. I do not remember having seem him burlesqued before, and, to the best of my knowledge, in press notices, reviews and critiques he has always been dealt with courteously and with deference. Not unfrequently even it has been impossible for people to find a sane and discriminating word of praise, and with respect to him public opinion has on the whole been content to re-echo, with parrot-like insistence, one word which centuries of slipshod talk have charged with sentimental associations, viz. the word 'beauty'. Now, if there is a word that has been too often profaned for me to be eager to use and, perhaps, abuse it, it is this same word 'beauty', one of those terms to which Goethe's well-known dictum applies: that they always come in handy when exact notions are far to seek. But a teacher of literature is often compelled to avail himself of its services, and there is comparatively little harm in this, so long as he realizes, and makes his pupils realize, that it is nothing but a word indicating a way in which our mind responds to what surrounds or confronts us.<sup>2)</sup> This way is the aesthetic way, and has a twofold character, being

a. the pleasure or satisfaction experienced by us when resigning ourselves to certain aspects of nature and life (including the 'inner' life);

b. a feeling of wonderment that these aspects should be as they are.

I will give two examples. An *entirely* unfamiliar landscape cannot at first

<sup>1)</sup> *The Monologue*, a somewhat Browningesque poem in the *Veil* volume furnishes an instance. It opens as follows:

Alas, O Lovely One,  
Imprisoned here,  
I tap; thou answerest not,  
I doubt, and fear.  
Yet transparent as glass these walls,  
If thou lean near.

Last dusk, at those high bars  
There came, scarce-heard,  
Claws, fluttering feathers,  
Of deluded bird —  
With one shrill, scared, faint note  
The silence stirred.

Rests in that corner,  
In puff of dust, a straw —  
Vision of harvest-fields  
I never saw,  
Of strange green streams and hills,  
Forbidden by law.

It is only now that one begins to realize the situation: a prisoner addressing a fellow-prisoner in the cell next to his. And the best thing to do now is to break off and tackle the first stanza again.

<sup>2)</sup> Walter de la Mare's poem *A Riddle* ('Veil', 85) is illuminating in this respect.

rouse our aesthetic emotions. The landscape must 'grow upon us' till one day we become conscious that we like or admire it. Then, as the process goes on and we begin to know it too well, its charm disappears and the landscape we used to think so beautiful loses its hold upon us, the sense of wonderment is somehow gone and we crave for fresh fields and new pastures, or — and even more often — we return to our previous everyday surroundings. And such a return will often work miracles, the smallest peculiarity — e.g. sunlight breaking through clouds or filtering through a haze — being sufficient to enhance the appeal of the scenes we know so well.

Before we can fully appreciate a previously unknown piece of music the composer of which has aimed at entirely novel effects, we must hear it more than once, learning how it holds together and familiarizing ourselves more or less with its various *phrases*. At length having heard it too often, and in particular when we cannot go into the street without hearing its *motifs* whistled by some guttersnipe, the thing will pall upon us, and we shall refuse to believe that we ever liked it.

It should follow from my propositions that the aesthetic response is not exclusively the work of our sensuous nature. Our entire personality has a voice in the matter and helps to decide whether there shall be the necessary resignation (or acceptance) on our part or not. When we are informed that of two trees in bloom which appeal to us equally strongly, one is poisonous, this knowledge will affect our appreciation and we shall prefer the tree that is harmless. Suppose two women, twin-sisters with exactly the same regular features, the same intellectual gifts, the same engaging manners. As soon as a normal person learns that one of them is in an advanced stage of consumption, his joy in beholding the consumptive sister will be marred, and to him aesthetic resignation will henceforth be difficult if not impossible. Suppose, finally, two books, novels equally well-written, but one of them preaching and enforcing a moral which we consider pernicious. We cannot then in honesty 'accept' the latter book. Its merits will, to us, appear altogether vitiated. And if, under the influence of the *art for art's sake* theory, we hesitate to avow the real reason for our dislike, we will begin to cavil and are pretty sure to find aesthetic grounds for disapproving of the objectionable book. But those 'grounds' will be a mere blind.

An aesthetic experience may be strong enough to result in a work of art. But — here I dissent from a theorist like Lascelles Abercrombie — so may any other experience. What prevents *Uncle Tom's Cabin* from being a literary masterpiece is not its purpose, but its defective execution. I even hold that an aesthetic experience, as a motive force, impelling the individual to make a poem, a picture, a novel, is oftener doomed to sterility than pity, hate, indignation, proselytism or the mere desire to astound.<sup>1)</sup> A powerful incentive is also the impulse to sit in judgment on oneself, an impulse which would seem to be in the main ethical, though into the process of creation aesthetic emotion is sure to enter, playing a more and more important part as the work proceeds.

Now this 'sitting in judgment on oneself' is not, it is true, altogether absent from Walter de la Mare's literary work, but it is considerably less in evidence than in the productions of most of his *comrades in the craft*, far less so than in A. E. Housman's slender volume, the famous *Shropshire Lad*. We need not look to Walter the Elusive and Quietly Fanciful for the stark vehemence of lines like

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<sup>1)</sup> Compare the career of *Hilda Lessways* in Arnold Bennett's novel.

Others, I am not the first,  
Have willed more mischief than they durst:  
If in the breathless night I too  
Shiver now, 't is nothing new.

More than I, if truth were told,  
Have stood and sweated hot and cold,  
And through their reins in ice and fire  
Fear contended with desire.

Agued once like me were they . . .<sup>1)</sup>

On occasion he does indulge in searchings of heart, a notable instance being *The Imp Within*, the first poem in the 'Veil' volume, but even here 'beauty' i. e. the aesthetic experience, plays first fiddle:

'Rouse now, my dullard, and thy wits awake;  
'T is first of the morning. And I bid thee make,  
No, not a vow; we have munched our fill of these  
From crock of bone-dry crusts and mouse-gnawn cheese —  
Nay, just one whisper in that long, long ear —  
Awake; rejoice. Another Day is here: —

'A virgin wilderness, which, hour by hour,  
Mere happy idleness shall bring to flower.  
Barren and arid though its sands now seem,  
Wherein oasis becks not, shines no stream,  
Yet wake — and lo, 't is lovelier than a dream.

'Plunge on, thy every footprint shall make fair  
Its thirsty waste; and thy foregone despair  
Undarken into sweet birds in the air . . . .

'No . . . ? Well, lest promise in performance faint,  
A less inviting prospect will I paint.  
I bid thee adjure thy Yesterday, and say:  
"As thou wast, Enemy, so be To-day. —  
Immure me in the same close narrow room;  
Be hated toil the lamp to light its gloom:  
Make stubborn my pen; sift dust into my ink;  
Forbid mine eyes to see, my brain to think.  
Scare off the words whereon the mind is set.  
Make memory the power to forget.  
Constrain imagination; bind its wing;  
Forbid the unseen Enchantresses to sing.  
Ay, do thy worst!"

In reading this passage one should bring home to oneself the fact that, till recently, the poet had to work for a living in an office, an insurance-office if I am not mistaken, so that the above-quoted poem was conceived at a time when he could not yet, as he does now, devote himself exclusively to literature. The circumstance also accounts for his habit of looking to poetry for an 'escape' from uncongenial impressions.

## V.

How did Walter de la Mare effect the escape which he so devoutly wished to make? There were three Influences to assist him, and one was Mother Nature, who drew him to her breast, gently touching his eyes with her fingers and anointing them with dew. And one was Edgar Poe, who showed him how to enter the unfathomable realms of Mystery. And one was the beckoning form of a Child, holding up a little golden key that glittered in the sunlight.

<sup>1)</sup> *A Shropshire Lad*, XXX.

Nature.... It was out of the question that a poet living in a London suburb which tourists would pronounce decidedly uninteresting, could afford to be 'romantic' with the old Ossianic school of romantics, sitting on rocks and musing o'er flood and fell far from the haunts of men and from the tameness and sameness of civilisation. When home from his office Walter looked at the homely scenery about him and saw that it was beautiful. That is in other words: he accepted his surroundings, and Nature with her ever-varying phenomena of light and shade, twilight and darkness, summer and winter, growth and decay, saw to it that the necessary element of *strangeness* should not be lacking.

I choose my examples at random.

Who beckons the green ivy up  
Its solitary tower of stone?  
What spirit lures the bindweed's cup  
Unfaltering on?  
Calls even the starry lichen to climb  
By agelong inches endless Time?

Who bids the hollyhock uplift  
Her rod of fast-sealed buds on high;  
Fling wide her petals — silent, swift,  
Lovely to the sky? . . . .

(*The Miracle*. P. I 10).

Clouded with snow  
The cold winds blow,  
And shrill on leafless bough  
The robin with its burning breast  
Alone sings now.

The rayless sun,  
Day's journey done,  
Sheds its last ebbing light  
On fields in leagues of beauty spread  
Unearthly white.

Thick draws the dark.  
And spark by spark,  
The frost-fires kindle, and soon  
Over that sea of frozen foam  
Floats the white moon.

(*Winter*. P. I 128).

Wide are the meadows of night,  
And daisies are shining there,  
Tossing their lovely dews,  
Lustrous and fair;  
And through these sweet fields go,  
Wanderers amid the stars —  
Venus, Mercury, Uranus, Neptune,  
Saturn, Jupiter, Mars.

Attired in their silver, they move,  
And circling, whisper and say,  
Fair are the blossoming meads of delight  
Through which we stray.

(*Wanderers*. P. II 235).

We see that in Walter de la Mare's case the aesthetic experience has proved by no means sterile, and he whom this refined sensuousness with its haunting undertone of wonder does not delight must be very dull of soul indeed. The artistry displayed here is all the greater, because the mood is conveyed to the reader without the least admixture. We do not want to *admire* the poet for the time being, we are content to *feel* with him. It is

all so simple and yet so inevitable that we are not made conscious of any difficulties overcome, and he compares to advantage both with the majority of Renaissance-artists, to whom admiration was like incense-smoke in their nostrils and who were constantly inviting it by a deliberate process of 'showing off', and with certain Romantics of a century ago who, denying with Novalis that poetry has anything to do with art, and sure of their success with a public predisposed to respond to any melancholy, tearful or otherwise sentimental appeal, never troubled to remove from their work ill-chosen words, awkward constructions and stopgaps. As a rule Walter de la Mare is as conscientious an artist as Keats, though a less assertive one. In one respect he is less assertive than some of his fellow-Georgians (to apply for once a misnomer as glaring and misleading as the term 'Lakist'), whose whole-hearted and deliberate revolt against all that savours of Elizabethan diction he does not share. He never scruples to enlist the services of *thou* and *do* and *doth*, and of a plural like *shoon*, and is keenly appreciative of the effective use to which an opening with a verb instead of a noun can be put.<sup>1)</sup>

Three and thirty birds there stood  
In an elder in a wood;  
*Called Melmillo* — *flew off three . . . .*

(*Melmillo*. P. II 227).

*Crashed* through the woods that lumbering Coach . . . .  
*Plodded* the fetlocked horses. Gium and mum,  
Its ancient Coachman recked not where he was,  
Nor into what strange haunt his wheels were come.

'Old Father Time—Time—Time!' jeered twittering throat.  
A squirrel capered on the leader's rump,  
*Slithered* a weasel, peered a thief-like stoat,  
In sandy warren beat on the coney's thump.

(*The Last Coachload*. 'Veil' 88).

This acceptance of tradition in the matter of diction and vocabulary has its conveniences, but also its dangers, as will incidentally appear in a following section. Meanwhile I must point out that Walter de la Mare's aesthetic response not unfrequently ceases to be purely sensuous, becoming, for the nonce, intellectual or ethical . . . .

The sandy cat by the Farmer's chair  
Mews at his knee for *dainty fare*;  
Old Rover in his moss-greened house  
Mumbles a bone, and barks *at a mouse*;  
In the dewy fields the cattle lie  
Chewing the cud 'neath a fading sky;  
Dobbin at manger pulls his hay:  
Gone is another summer's day.

(*Summer Evening*. P. II. 208).

<sup>1)</sup> Few nineteenth century poets have so often availed themselves of this syntactic turn as the present day artist now under discussion. Here follows an instance from Scott:

*Yelled* on the view the opening pack;  
Rock, glen, and cavern paid them back;  
To many a mingled sound at once  
The awakened mountain gave response.  
A hundred dogs bayed deep and strong,  
*Clattered* a hundred steeds along . . . .

(*Lady of the Lake* I. 3. My italics).

Other instances may be found in 'Childe Harold'. Dutch readers will be reminded of the work of Ary Prins.

Hearken! — now the hermit bee  
 Drones a quiet threnody;  
 Greening on the stagnant pool  
 The criss-cross light slants silken-cool:  
 In the *venomed* yew tree wings  
 Preen and flit. The linnet sings.

(*The Quiet Enemy. 'Veil.'* 64).

Lines like the above would be condemned by a thorough-going impressionist like Ford Madox Hueffer, since it is only *reflection* that put in the words I have italicized, and it is not to be denied that they do introduce elements that are disturbing and rather out of tune with the context. But in this connection I must refer to page 6 of this study, while it is also true that one man's impressionism is not another's. And of course, it all depends upon the poem itself. Man is something more than a sentient, registering apparatus, and it is well for humanity that most poets are concerned with something more than mere sense-impressions, though the feeling of mystery suggested by these should be ever so remarkable. To me at any rate, the following poem, which, dealing with the relation of man and brute and with the power, the omnipotence of maternal love, stirs our moral nature, appears to be on a considerably higher plane. And it is one of the *Song of Childhood*.

Through the green twilight of a hedge  
 I peered, with cheek on the cool leaves pressed,  
 And spied a bird upon a nest:  
 Two eyes she had beseeching me  
 Meekly and brave, and her brown breast  
 Throbbed hot and quick above her heart;  
 And then she opened her dagger bill: —  
 'Twas not a chirp, as sparrows pipe  
 At break of day; 't was not a trill,  
 As falters through the quiet even;  
 But one sharp solitary note,  
 One desperate, fierce, and vivid cry  
 Of valiant tears, and hopeless joy,  
 One passionate note of victory.  
 Off, like a fool afraid, I sneaked,  
 Smiling the smile the fool smiles best,  
 At the mother bird in the secret hedge  
 Patient upon her lonely nest.

(*The Mother Bird. P. II.* 95)

## VI.

Wonderment is identical with the realisation of strangeness in what we contemplate. (Observe that this is a simple statement and not by any means an explanation.) I have already pointed out that it is an essential element in our perception of 'beauty', and it is clear that in proportion as custom stalest the aesthetic appeal of what surrounds or confronts us and we become less willing to accept the inevitableness of what we actually see and hear, we require increasingly stronger admixtures of strangeness with actuality, if aesthetic enjoyment is to continue. This is where Fancy, deceiving but very obliging Elf, comes in, ever ready to supply stronger doses of *glamour*. Happy the wise man who does not lay too great a burden on the faery child's shoulders. For the too eager and persistent pursuer of beauty is apt to become a ruthless taskmaster of Fancy, and if she begins to get fagged and to flag he will resort to artificial means in order to stimulate her. And she will break down under the strain. And he will go mad.

Now there are different ways to make use of Fancy's services. And the first and most exquisite way is — not to make use of them at all, but to rest content with the knowledge that She is there and would set to work if we required her to do so.

This sounds more paradoxical than it really is. It is the attitude of Joseph Blanco White in his single poem, the well-known sonnet.<sup>1)</sup> When we adopt this attitude we infer, from the existence of an actual imperfection, the possibility of an all-excelling and never-ageing ideal, *and go no further*. And this has been Walter de la Mare's attitude on more than one occasion:

The loveliest thing earth hath, a shadow hath,  
A dark and livelong hint of death,  
Haunting it ever till its last faint breath.  
Who, then, may tell  
The beauty of heaven's shadowless asphodel?

(*Shadow*. P. I. 5)

Nearly allied is the second way, which consists in fancying the opposite of apparent actuality. It possesses affinities with what German psychologists have termed *Konträr-suggestion*. Walter de la Mare witnessing a fog, after a graphic bit of impressionism (see page 2) goes on :

Beyond these shades in space of air  
Ride extrrestrial beings by ?  
Their colours burning rich and fair,  
Where noon's sunned valleys lie ?  
With inaudible music are they sweet —  
Bell, hoof, soft lapsing cry ?

Turn marvellous faces each to each ? —  
Lips innocent of sigh,  
Or groan or fear, sorrow and grief,  
Clear brow and falcon eye ;  
Bare foot, bare shoulder in the heat,  
And hair like flax ? Do their horses beat  
Their way through wildernesses infinite  
Of starry-crested trees, blue sward,  
And gold-chasmed mountain, steeply shored  
O'er lakes of sapphire dye ? . . . .

(*Veil*. 44)

Here we find the working out of a fancifully suggested possibility, while all the time the consciousness of its unreality is retained. When we know a dream for what it is, we may abandon ourselves to its delight, but there is no danger.

The third way has been known, and not only to poets, for ages, and consists in the use of a 'magic' word as a Flying Carpet, on which the soul, like the much-to-be-envied hero of an Eastern Tale, is transported from Birmingham — or Baghdad — towards the Mountains of the Moon, and over them, and down into the delectable Valley of Turquoises, and is deposited before the palace of Prester John or in the entrance to the alabaster cave of the Fairy Peri Banou. A dangerous flight, and the risk of perilous encounters on arrival, perilous in that they may lose us our mental sanity.<sup>2)</sup> But we mortals like to take such risks, and play with the notion of fear as naughty boys amuse themselves by setting lucifer matches alight.

Now it is immaterial as regards the immediate effect whether the words

<sup>1)</sup> *Golden Hours* I, 145: 'Sonnet on Night'. — Compare also 'All but Blind.' (P.II. 202.)

<sup>2)</sup> Compare *The Coronation of Mr. Thomas Shap* in Lord Dunsany's 'Book of Wonder'.

a poet chooses for their magic power are proper names or class-nouns, though on the whole, perhaps, the former kind have been more in demand. Ossian-MacPherson had his Balcleutha, and Coleridge had his Xanadu and Kubla Khan, and Alp the sacred river, but they drew upon Tradition for their names. It was Edgar Poe who raised the invention of sonorous or weird names, irrespective of meaning, to the level of a 'fine art', and the writer of this article — though his heart is no longer quite as volcanic as the scoriae torrents of lava that flow down the slopes of Yaanek, that mysterious mountain in the realms of the Boreal Pole — has never been cold to the fascination of Ulalume's lonely sepulchre by the dank tarn of Auber, in the misty Mid Region of Weir. And neither has Walter de la Mare, many of whose poems bear witness to a devoted apprentice-ship served under the redoubtable wizard Edgar, but for whom the following *Bees' Song* would never have been written, though he could never have made it himself:

Thouzandz of thornz there be  
On the Rozez where gozez  
The Zebra of Zee :  
Sleek, striped and hairy,  
The steed of the Fairy  
Princess of Zee.

Heavy with blozzomz be  
The Rozez that growzez  
In the thickets of Zee,  
Where grazez the Zebra,  
Marked Abracadebra,  
Of the Princess of Zee.

And he nozez the poziez  
Of the Rozez that growzez .....

(P. II. 244.)

A few more instances may find a place here. The italics are mine.

..... *Urdon's* copper weathercock  
Was reared in golden flame afar,  
And dim from moonlit dreams awoke  
The towers and groves of *Arroar*.

(*The Fairies Dancing*. P. II. 21).

When Queen *Djenira* slumbers through  
The sultry noon's repose,  
From out her dreams, as soft she lies,  
A faint thin music flows .....

The little Nubian boys who fan  
Her cheeks and tresses clear,  
Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful voices  
Seem afar to hear.

They slide their eyes, and nodding, say,  
*"Queen Djenira walks to-day"*  
The courts of the lord *Pthamasar*  
Where the sweet birds of *Psuthys* are .....

(*Queen Djenira*. P. I. 153.)

In sea-cold *Lyonesse*,  
When the Sabbath eve shafts down  
On the roofs, walls, belfries  
Of the foundered town,  
The Nereids pluck their lyres  
Where the green translucency beats  
And with motionless eyes at gaze  
Make minstrelsy in the streets.

And the ocean water stirs  
 In salt-worn casemate and porch.  
 Plies the blunt-snouted fish  
 With fire in his skull for torch.  
 And the ringing wires resound;  
 And the unearthly lovely weep,  
 In lament of the music they make  
 In the sullen courts of sleep.....

(*Sunk Lyonsesse. 'Veil'. 78.*)

Here it may be objected that *Lyonesse* is not a name invented by the author, and the objection will be quite just. In this respect Walter de la Mare never displays the uncanny inventiveness of a fellow-disciple of Poe, viz. Lord Dunsany. In fact his use of magical *proper names* is relatively sparing, though he knows all the tricks<sup>1)</sup>, even that of investing his names with a weird appearance by means of a fanciful spelling. (What, in the name of all that is common-sensical, is the good of those P's in *Psuthys* and *Pthamasar*?) But his favourite way of evoking moods and luring his reader away from actuality is the accumulation of class-nouns, generic and specific names of precious stones, of birds, and especially of plants, trees, flowers. I remember a talk on this subject which I had with the poet in the summer of 1922, when I was in Great Britain. We were discussing the names of flowers and their various degrees of fitness for poetry, and I was sounding the praises of such words as *daisy* and *speedwell*, when the poet spoke up for *agrimony*. Now though I knew both the flower and its name, they would never have occurred to me at that moment. But the flower is far less abundant than the daisy, and has a way of hiding itself; consequently it is not often mentioned. Besides, the name suggests an exotic. No wonder then that in Walter de la Mare's eyes there should be something exquisite about it. And if anyone should think the word rather long and pretentious for a little flower, it might of course be retorted that in nature mere bulk does not count. On the whole, however, this poet shows a preference for 'secret herbs' that softly shower their spices on the evening hour, purple lavender, and myrrh, and 'dark-spiked rosemary.'<sup>2)</sup> And where his object manifestly is to suggest a feeling of unreality — to take us out of ourselves — we must acknowledge that the means he employs to achieve this object are minimal, since we are never made to forget the sense for the sound. Which is only another way of saying that in his excellent adjustment of means to ends he shows good taste.

<sup>1)</sup> Here is an example from the 'Veil' volume:

In a dense wood, a drear wood,  
 Dark water is flowing;  
 Deep, deep, beyond sounding,  
 A flood ever flowing.

There harbours no wild bird,  
 No wanderer strays there;  
 Wreathed in mist, sheds pale Ishtar  
 Her sorrowful rays there.

Take thy net; cast thy line.....

(*Bitter Waters*, p. 82.)

It is an enigmatic poem, good to brood over on a solitary afternoon. But I draw attention to *pale Ishtar* and its mysterious effect as an appellation of the moon. Fancy the poet calling her *fair-haired Selene*, or *chaste Diana*. Such an effect, however, can never be repeated, not even by the poet himself. — And on the other hand *Ishtar* recalls Poe's *Astarte* 'with her duplicate horn' in *Ulalume*.

<sup>2)</sup> See *The Sunken Garden* (P. I. 185).

His greatest triumphs in this direction are to be found where he extracts magic power out of a perfectly commonplace word or phrase the inherent strangeness of which his delicate mind was the first to perceive. Everyone knows that 'a cat may look at a king.' Who but Walter de la Mare could have taken the two words *cat* and *king* and, realizing the situation in an entirely novel way, have made such a mysteriously suggestive and fascinating poem as this *Märchen*?

Soundless the moth-flit, crisp the death-watch tick ;  
 Crazed in her shaken arbour bird did sing ;  
 Slow wreathed the grease adown from soot-clogged wick :  
 The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

Mouse frisked and scampered, leapt, gnawed, squeaked ;  
 Small at the window looped cowled bat a-wing ;  
 The dim-lit rafters with the night-mist reeked :  
 The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

O wondrous robe enstarred, in night dyed deep :  
 O air scarce-stirred with the Court's far junketing :  
 O stagnant Royalty — A-swoon ? Asleep ?  
 The Cat looked long and softly at the King.

(‘Veil’. 68)

## VII.

Whoever knows 'his' Edgar Poe will have observed, in the quotation I have given from *Sunk Lyonesse* (page 12), a certain family likeness to *The City in the Sea*, the same poem which contains the line Ernest Dowson admired above anything else in English poetry, viz. *The viol, the violet, and the vine*. But if the resemblance is strong enough, the differences are stronger, and very instructive. Poe's City is entirely imaginary and mystical, Death himself being its architect, and eternal rest reigns there; the time-eaten towers tremble not, the melancholy waters heave not, the sea is hideously serene. *Lyonesse*, however, is represented as a real place, in which, though it is swallowed up by the waves, there is life and stir and music, even an illumination *a giorno*, Chinese lanterns being supplied by grotesquely shaped fishes carrying fire in their skulls. The differences point to fundamental differences in character, and when Walter followed Edgar's lead in exploring, for artistic purposes, the Realms of Dream, it was as if a very gentle and debonair Dante had accepted the spiritual guidance of a strangely saturnine Virgil; it was as if a bright and light-winged oriole had flitted after a black, uncanny bat, down the labyrinthine windings of an endless cavern. But behold, where the bat finds darkness and gloom, haunted by ill angels only, and swamps alive with toads and newts, and dismal tarns infested by Ghouls; most melancholy nooks and most unholy spots, where ever and again shrouded forms and sheeted Memories of the Past move by, sighing as they go, — the oriole finds Bunyan's Delectable Mountains and the Land of Beulah.

### The Three Strangers.

Far are those tranquil hills,  
 Dyed with fair evening's rose ;  
 On urgent, secret errand bent,  
 A traveller goes.

Approach him strangers three,  
 Barefooted, cowled; their eyes  
 Scan the lone, hastening solitary  
 With dumb surmise.

One instant in close speech  
 With them he doth confer :  
 God-speed, he hasteneth on,  
 That anxious traveller . . . .

I was that man — in a dream :  
 An each world's night in vain  
 I patient wait on sleep to unveil  
 Those vivid hills again.

Would that they three could know  
 How yet burns on in me  
 Love — from one lost in Paradise —  
 For their grave courtesy.

(P. I. 238)

Walter de la Mare's mental experiences and reactions offer a wider gamut than Poe's. The latter is a spurner of existence, longing for the moment when 'the fever of living' shall be 'conquered at last'. The former is not. In spite of occasional fits of gentle melancholy, in spite of obstinate questionings and a permanent obsession by the *strangeness* of everything, he accepts life with what it has to offer of bitter and of sweet, of bright and of dark, never troubling to inquire whether the one category outweighs or outnumbers the other, but enjoying what his healthy instincts prompt him to enjoy, as the fish in an aquarium instinctively turn for air to the instreaming fresh water. His is the saner mind which produces wholesomer fruit. And if ever he feels tempted to stimulate his Fancy by artificial means and to provoke dreams and visions as De Quincey did, and Coleridge, and W. B. Yeats, taking drugs or 'the hemp', — he pulls himself up in time and does not yield to the temptation. In the *Veil* volume there is on page 27 a sketch of what the victim of such habits lives through, but the sketch will hardly prove an inducement to court similar experiences.

Inert in his chair,  
 In a candle's guttering glow ;  
 His bottle empty,  
 His fire sunk low ;  
 With drug-sealed lids shut fast,  
 Unsated mouth ajar,  
 This darkened phantasm walks  
 Where nightmares are.

In a frenzy of life and light,  
 Criscross — a menacing throng —  
 They gibe, they squeal at the stranger,  
 Jostling along . . . . .

### VIII.

And why should Walter have resorted to the bottle, the drug or the hashish, in search of artificial paradises, when he was free of a paradise than which nothing is fresher, cleaner and sweeter, than which nothing is more fantastic and yet more natural withal; namely the land of youth, the paradise of childhood? Looking over the contents of his volumes, early and late, we realise that he is one of the very happy and wise few by whom the paths that lead to those ever-blossoming orchards, flowery gardens and bird-filled groves have never been allowed to be obliterated by the grass of estrangement. What more than one critic or reviewer has singled out for special praise — the note of spontaneity that is so unmistakable

in Walter de la Mare's work — is nothing but the manifestation of *the child* in him, never consciously in search of new things and yet always making discoveries with shouts of wonder and delight, lumping fancy and reality together and then telling stories about birds and beasts and fairies. It is a curious and glorious gift. Though he is not averse to adopting a paternal or avuncular attitude on occasion, his best poems of childhood are those in which he is a child with children . . . .

I know a little cupboard,  
With a teeny tiny key,  
And there's a jar of Lollipops  
For me, me, me.

I have a small fat grandmamma,  
With a very slippery knee,  
And she 's Keeper of the Cupboard,  
With the key, key, key.

(P. II. 130).

Here spoke the child. The uncle follows :

Thick in its glass  
The physic stands.  
Poor Henry lifts  
Distracted hands ;  
His round cheek wans  
In the candlelight,  
To smell that smell !  
To see that sight !

Finger and thumb  
Clinch his small nose,  
A gurgle, a gasp,  
And down it goes ;  
Scowls Henry now ;  
But mark that cheek,  
Sleek with the bloom  
Of health next week !

(*Poor Henry*. P. II 137).

But whether they are purely childlike or avuncular, stories or lyrical snatches, whether they are about bumpy rides in waggons or about ogres or witches, wolves or monkeys, children appear to like them all. Sometimes, indeed, a grown-up might be tempted to cavil. At *Tartary* for instance :

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
Myself and me alone,  
My bed should be of ivory,  
Of beaten gold my throne ;  
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,  
And in my forests tigers haunt,  
And in my pools great fishes slant  
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
Trumpeters every day  
To every meal should summon me,  
And in my courtyard bray ;  
And in the evening lamps would shine,  
Yellow as honey, red as wine,  
While harp, and flute, and mandoline,  
Made music sweet and gay.

If I were Lord of Tartary,  
 I'd wear a robe of beads,  
 White, and gold, and green they'd be —  
 And clustered thick as seeds;  
 And ere should wane the morning-star,  
 I'd don my robe and scimitar,  
 And zebras seven should draw my car  
 Through Tartary's dark glades.

Now this is all glorious, notwithstanding a certain inevitable pomposity, but now come what to an adult appear lapses in the fourth and final stanza:

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,  
 Her rivers silver-pale!  
 Lord of the hills of Tartary,  
 Glen, thicket, wood, and dale!  
 Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,  
 Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,  
 Her bird-delighting citron-trees  
 In every purple vale!

(P. II 8).

The juxtaposition of *fruits* and *rivers* is not pleasing, the less so as the second line looks like an apposition. But the *scented breeze* and the *purple vale* are like old acquaintances, close neighbours, with whom we suddenly find ourselves face to face, when we are taking a most pleasant holiday in a village at the back of Beyond, a charming spot which we fondly imagined was known only to ourselves. We try to proffer a cordial welcome, but somehow the thing 'won't come off'. And yet these neighbours are worthy people. -- But was not the poem written for unsophisticated youth, from whose vocabulary the word *banality* is absent?

If, however, 'Young Walter' sometimes plays tricks on Walter the grown-up, we must state that on many another occasion there is complete fusion of the two, the younger personality supplying the experience, the other the literary gift of putting it all into words. The schoolmaster in me may disapprove of stories about ogres and bugbears, yet Walter — powerfully assisted, no doubt, by 'young William' — beguiles me into liking them. I loathe and hate those bloodstained and smoke-blackened pages of history that tell us about crazy dealings with poor old women who, because of so-called witchcraft, were ducked and tortured, hanged and burned, — yet I like to read about Lucy and her weird encounter:

As Lucy went a-walking one morning cold and fine,  
 There sat three crows upon a bough, and three times three is nine.  
 . . . . .

Then lo! as Lucy turned her head and looked along the snow  
 She sees a witch — a witch she sees, come frisking to and fro.

Her scarlet, buckled shoes they clicked, her heels a-twinkling high;  
 With mistletoe her steeple-hat bobbed as she capered by;  
 But never a dint, or mark or print, in the whiteness for to see,  
 Though danced she high, though danced she fast, though danced she lissomely.

It seemed 't was diamonds in the air, or little flakes of frost;  
 It seemed 't was golden smoke around, or sunbeams lightly tossed;  
 It seemed an elfin music . . . . .<sup>1)</sup>

(As Lucy Went a-Walking. P. II 52)

<sup>1)</sup> Miss Dorothy Lathrop's illustration in *Down-adown-derry* is very fine.

Still, for the complete enjoyment of a poem like this, some repressive effort of the mind is needed, and therefore we may consider those poems of childhood best in which the author, Old Walter, while apparently content to let 'Young Walter' have his way without stint, has somehow contrived to hide, a little below the fascinating surface, some reflection or moral which will escape youngsters but is sure to come home to them in after-life. This is for instance the case with *Jim Jav* (P. II. 127) who 'got stuck fast in Yesterday', and especially with the three jolly farmers who 'bet a pound, each dance the other would off the ground.' (P. II. 153; also reprinted in *Down-adown-derry* and in 'Georgian Poetry' II.)

There is little to astonish us in the fact that a poet of youth should often have been exercised in his mind about Old Age, not *Crabbed Age* so much as decrepitude and the havoc wrought by it. Compare.

## Age

This ugly old crone —  
Every beauty she had  
When a maid, when a maid.  
Her beautiful eyes,  
Too youthful, too wise,  
Seemed ever to come  
To so lightless a home,  
Cold and dull as a stone,  
And her cheeks — who would guess  
Cheeks cadaverous as this  
Once with colours were gay  
As the flower on its spray ?

O Youth, come away !  
All she asks is her lone,  
This old, desolate crone.

Past repining, past care,  
She lives but to bear  
One or two fleeting years  
Earth's indifference : her tears  
Have lost now their heat ;  
Her hands and her feet  
Now shake but to be  
Shed as leaves from a tree ;  
And her poor heart beats on  
Like a sea — the storm gone.

(P. I. 12)

## Alone

A very old woman  
Lives in yon house.  
The squeak of the cricket,  
The stir of the mouse,  
Are all she knows  
Of the earth and us.

Once she was young,  
Would dance and play,  
Like many another  
Young popinjay ;  
And run to her mother  
At dusk of day.

And colours bright  
She delighted in ;  
The fiddle to hear,  
And to lift her chin,  
And sing as small  
As a twittering wren.

But age apace  
Comes at last to all ;  
And a lone house filled  
With the cricket's call ;  
And the scampering mouse  
In the hollow wall.

(P. I. 119)

That this attitude is on occasion given up, when the poet's strong sense of humour asserts itself, reminding him that Age has another aspect as well, is proved by *Old Susan* (P. I. 105). Surely such a charming thing goes far towards reconciling a man to the certitude that some day — in the far, far-away future ! — he will be an old fogey.

When Susan's work was done, she would sit,  
With one fat guttering candle lit,  
And window opened wide to win  
The sweet night air to enter in.  
There, with a thumb to keep her place,  
She would read, with stern and wrinkled face,  
Her mild eyes gliding very slow  
Across the letters to and fro,  
While wagged the guttering candle flame  
In the wind that through the window came.

And sometimes in the silence she  
 Would mumble a sentence audibly,  
 Or shake her head as if to say,  
 'You silly souls, to act this way!'  
 And never a sound from night I would hear,  
 Unless some far-off cock crowed clear;  
 Or her old shuffling thumb should turn  
 Another page; and rapt and stern,  
 Through her great glasses bent on me,  
 She would glance into reality;  
 And shake her round old silvery head,  
 With — 'You! I thought you was in bed!' —  
 Only to tilt her book again,  
 And rooted in Romance remain.

## IX.

Although in the opinion of most people Walter de la Mare is primarily a poet, no sketch of his significance in English literature can pretend to something like completeness without at least an attempt to take into account his activities as a writer of prose. His output as such is not inconsiderable, but as my observations on his poems inspired by childhood and 'the child' will apply with much the same force — if force there is any — to *The Three Mulla-Mulgars* etc., I shall confine myself to a discussion of the novels, if novels they can be called. The first of them, *Henry Brocken*, has been out of print a long time, and as I never saw it, I may be permitted to transcribe some passages dealing with it in Mr. John Freeman's contribution to the 'Quarterly', to which I have already referred. "*Henry Brocken* . . . . . is a prose exercise of [the author's] poetic instinct, unwisely diverted into this medium, rather than an exercise of powers which could find utterance in prose alone. It is an essay upon the eternal theme of the wanderer, a journey backwards through the imaginative kingdom of other writers — Poe, Charlotte Brontë, Cervantes, and so on; and thus is akin to the 'Characters from Shakespeare's Plays' which were found in his second volume of poems. Admirably written, with a fervid ingenuity and a fondness like that of a child for remembered stories, '*Henry Brocken*' reveals its author only in that fondness."

*The Return* — recently reprinted — followed in 1911 and was awarded the Polignac Prize of £ 100. Its theme reminds one of a tale by Théophile Gautier called *Avatar*, in which a love-lorn student and a worn-out professor exchange bodies — or souls. It also bears some affinity to Stevenson's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with its staggering suggestions of dual, triple, nay multiple personalities lurking — often with a kind of unconscious cunning — behind the mask of our habitual appearance and demeanour. A quite respectable, somewhat humdrum business-man — English, but for some not very accountable reason endowed by the author with a strain of Dutch blood — pottering about a village-churchyard happens to fall asleep near the grave of one Sabathier, a Huguenot exile who committed suicide in that parish long ago. During his sleep Sabathier's dark and malignant spirit enters the Englishman's body, and makes itself at home there to the extent of substituting his own keen and hawk-like features for the original commonplace ones. But at first this change does not affect Mr. Lawford's soul nor his feeling of identity. In the entanglement that ensues our sympathies are most with little Alice Lawford, her father's only daughter, and with the Vicar, Mr. Bettany. Mrs. Lawford, 'Sheila', is detestable, though something may be said for her in extenuation. Fortunately the poor man falls in with

a book-loving recluse and his sister, and the more he sees of them and listens to their soothing and sympathetic talk, the more he feels Sabathier's hold upon him relax, till at last that unwanted 'Mr. Hyde' is completely driven out.

Walter de la Mare's successes with his poetry must have had something to do with the resuscitation of this quaint kind of book, which we are informed shows the influence of Henry James, a statement which I can neither corroborate nor contradict, as this Anglo-American author has always repelled me. It shows some excellent characterisation, especially as regards Sheila and the Vicar, less so in the case of Herbert the recluse and his sister Grisel. Mr. John Freeman has little but praise for the book and for the 'consummate skill' with which the 'incredible possibility' is made convincing not only to the victim and his friends but — most difficult of all — to the reader. He, too, however, admits that 'the single, profound impression of interfusing spiritual and physical is not maintained equally throughout the book.' One might fall to wondering how Edgar Poe, Stevenson or H. G. Wells would have worked out the theme. From the first and the second we should certainly have had more narrative and less talk, likewise more congruity, homogeneity; from the third a more valuable contribution to the scientific aspect of the question, which in *The Return* is negligible. Poe's artistry would have been rather heartless, Stevenson would have been impelled to secure the victory to the dark intruder, whilst Wells might have been too eagerly intellectual to have allowed sufficient light to fall upon the tragedy and the pity of it. And this is where Walter de la Mare scores.<sup>1)</sup>

From a mere stylistic point of view, however, the book shows a number of imperfect passages, one of which follows here, from page 29, which a very little revision would make very good indeed. The italics are mine.

Mr. Bethany sat awaiting them in the dining-room, a large, heavily-furnished room with a great benign looking-glass on the mantelpiece, a marble clock, and with rich old damask curtains. Fleecy silver hair was all that was visible of their visitor when they entered. *But* Mr. Bethany rose out of his chair when he heard them and, with a little jerk, turned sharply round. Thus it was that the gold-spectacled vicar and Lawford first confronted each other, the one brightly illuminated, the other framed in the gloom of the doorway. Mr. Bethany's first scrutiny was timid and courteous, *but* beneath it he tried to be keen, and himself hastened round the table almost at a trot, to obtain, as delicately as possible, a closer view. *But* Lawford, having shut the door behind him, had gone straight to the fire and seated himself, leaning

<sup>1)</sup> Mr. John Freeman singles out the following passage for its 'almost unendurable anguish of recognition' when poor Lawford is suddenly confronted with his daughter Alice, to whom he shows his changed face as that of the doctor.

'Alice turned, dismayed, and looked steadily, almost with hostility, at the stranger, so curiously transfixed and isolated in her small old play-room. And in this scornful yet pleading confrontation her eye fell suddenly on the pin in his scarf — the claw and the pearl she had known all her life. From that her gaze flitted, like some wild, demented thing's over face, hair, hands, clothes, attitude, expression; and her heart stood still in an awful, inarticulate dread of the unknown. She turned slowly towards her mother, groped forward a few steps, turned once more, stretching out her hands towards the vague, still figure whose eyes had called so piteously to her out of their depths, and fell fainting in the doorway.'

his face in his hands. Mr. Bethany smiled faintly, waved his hand almost as if in blessing, *but* certainly in peace, and tapped Mrs. Lawford into the chair upon the other side. *But* he himself remained standing.

If the interest of the book centred chiefly in what we must be content to call its matter, if it dealt with some social problem, for instance, one might be inclined to overlook all these *buts*. As, however, the work of Walter de la Mare must be judged purely on its aesthetic merits, and as a discussion of it is sure to bring up the word *beauty* as frequently as John Masefield, with the apt assistance of capital B's, uses the term himself, we cannot withhold the admission that in this context, which in other respects shows so much artistic care and skill in the fastidious manipulation of a copious vocabulary — that *benign* looking-glass is a jewel — those repeated *buts* amount to a defect. On other occasions — nobody has, to my knowledge, ever drawn attention to this — the author, who has a sensitive ear, but whose perceptions and reactions appear none the less to be chiefly visual, becomes monotonous, giving us strings of sentences with exactly the same rhythm. I subjoin an instance from *Memoirs of a Midget*, where the diminutive heroine ventures out of doors in the middle of a clear still night to obtain a view of certain constellations<sup>1)</sup> (Page 59, bottom).

I waited until Mrs. Bowater had gone to her bedroom, then muffled myself up in my thickest clothes and stole out into the porch. At my first attempt, one glance into the stooping dark was enough. At the second, a furtive sighing breath of wind, as I breasted the hill, suddenly flapped my mantle and called in my ear. I turned tail and fled. But never faint heart won fair constellation. At the third I pressed on.

The road was deserted. No earthly light showed anywhere except from a lamp-post this side of the curve of the hill. I frisked along, listening and peering, and brimming over with painful delight. *The dark waned: and my eyes grew accustomed to the thin starlight. I gained the woods unharmed. Rich was my reward. There and then I begged the glimmering Polestar to be true to Mr. Bowater. Fear, indeed, if in a friendly humour, is enlivening company.* Instead of my parasol I had brought out a curved foreign knife (in a sheath at last five inches long) which I had discovered on my parlour what-not.

*Memoirs of a Midget* (published in 1921) is a typical production by a man who not only can identify himself with a child whenever he wills it, when as a result he sees the world and all that is contained therein larger in proportion, but who, on the look-out for strangeness, can adopt the point of view of flies — ‘How large unto the tiny fly must little things appear!’ — of snails and of slugs.<sup>2)</sup> Here, too, out to have novel experiences, he takes for heroine a very small human being, — intensely human, but with something in her of a wayward fairy, and not a dwarf properly so called, dwarfs being ill-shapen and grotesque and of the earth earthy. The beginning of the book is quietly imaginative rather than fanciful. Obviously the author

<sup>1)</sup> The monotony is to be found where I have italicized.

<sup>2)</sup> ‘Come! said Old Shellover.

‘What?’ says Creep.

‘The horny old Gardener’s fast asleep;

The fat cock Thrush

To his nest has gone,

And the dew shines bright

In the rising Moon . . .

(P. II. 121)

Slugs are noxious, but ever since I read this I have been unable to kill them.

has lent to the midget many a trait of his own, his love for starry nights for example and a desire to observe, alone and unnoticed, how they perform their unhurried, glittering journeys from East to West.

As the story proceeds there is more invention and we are shown the midget exciting the curiosity and wonder, and sometimes the aversion, of an unsympathetic world. Narrative grip there is little; indeed, there is no plot worth mentioning, and the different chapters are more or less separate things, with individual merits, which are chiefly of the kind that are proper to idylls. There is atmosphere; there are beautiful descriptive passages; there is reflection which is seldom disturbing, and mostly leaves our withers unwrung. The book might have presented us with a grand arraignment of society in the true Swiftian style, and incidentally of ourselves, as moral agents; but though 'criticism of life' is not lacking here, it does not scathe or hurt, and there are times when such treatment is welcome. Or we might have been entertained with something like Rabelaisian boisterousness, and plenty of roaring fun. Certain modern Flemish authors would have done so. But Walter de la Mare is gentle where the terrible Dean was fierce, and he is refined where a Fleming, with 'the blood of his heathen manhood rolling full-billowed through his veins' is coarse, albeit genially and engagingly coarse, as Robert Burns was in the *Jolly Beggars*. Upon the fierceness and coarseness and sordidness about him he has always turned a resolute back, finding a refuge from them, not only in the land of literature and art, but in a secluded garden thereof, in which he is willing to entertain congenial visitors and kindred spirits. Looking to the 'aesthetic experience' for his inspiration, he has far surpassed his master Edgar Poe in range and versatility. Let us, however, compare him for a moment with a great Continental, who at certain periods of his life deliberately adopted the same attitude. Goethe, too, knew how to shut himself up in a garden of 'beauty.' But he also dealt with the plenitude of human existence, finding his matter everywhere, since life is interesting everywhere. In his own restricted province Walter de la Mare is as great as Goethe. But Goethe remains the bigger man, the more impressive figure, since his personality embraces, besides that of Walter de la Mare, a score of other personalities. The greatest author is he who, other things being equal, makes us feel by means of his writings that he considers nothing that is human alien to him.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

## Notes and News.

**English Association in Holland.** Between the 16<sup>th</sup> and 26<sup>th</sup> of January, Mr. A. H. Blake, M. A., delivered a series of lectures on *Samuel Pepys*, dealing with the events described in the well-known Diary, and with the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. The lectures were illustrated by many slides of great historical and artistic interest.

Mr. Blake also gave a number of lectures on *London* to the senior pupils of various schools. This new departure in the work of the Association was not so successful as it might have been, owing partly to the lecturer's, indistinct and rapid articulation. Another experiment in this direction will probably be made next winter.

The Association keeps on extending its range of activities. The latest extension is the arrangement come to with the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam, by which members of the Association may join the Library at a reduced subscription of f 4.— (non-members E. A. f 6.—). The E. B. contains a full and varied selection of all the best modern authors. Supplements to its catalogue have appeared in the advertisement space of E.S. from time to time, and an entirely new catalogue is now printing. Books are sent to members free of charge on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members of the E. A. wishing to join the library should apply to their branch secretary. Paying general members may also avail themselves of this arrangement, but members of the V. v. L. i. L. T. who pay no subscription to the E. A. should either join the nearest branch, or become paying general members at a yearly subscription of f 1.—.

The English Association has branches at Amsterdam, Haarlem, The Hague, Rotterdam, Utrecht, Hilversum, Nijmegen and Groningen, whereas the *Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levenende Talen* (English Section) is affiliated to it. Members of the latter society may join the E. A. at a reduced annual subscription of f 3.—, the average subscription for other members being f 5.—.

To avoid confusion, it is perhaps necessary to state that the English Association is not identical with the Genootschap Nederland - Engeland, which has branches at Amsterdam, The Hague, Leiden, Utrecht and Arnhem.

Miss J. M. Kraft having resigned as assistant secretary, all correspondence should, until further notice, be addressed to the hon. secretary, R. W. Zandvoort, 34 Verl. Groenestraat, Nijmegen.

**The Study of English in England.** It is a well-known fact that the study of languages or of language does not generally appeal to the English mind. It would be ungrateful not to recognize the splendid work done in this field by a few Englishmen, but there is no large body of English scholars occupied with the study of language, or of English in particular. We are awaiting with interest the results of the attempt of Professor Wyld to found a school of English philology. What the present standard of English language-study in England is like, seems to be shown in an interesting manner by the last article in the *Essays and Studies*, the eighth annual of the English Association that has just appeared. It is by Mr. McKerrow, on *English Grammar and Grammars*. It contains a criticism of English grammars and proposals for improvement. As to the criticisms, they may be justified, but the author purposely refrains from mentioning any books by name, and evidently is acquainted only with books that may be classed as schoolbooks (English only). His proposals for improvement show that he is not acquainted with those books, whether English or not, that really count among scholars. We should not refer to the article if it did not contain a gem which we wish to exhibit to our readers. Here it is: "We will not concern ourselves with the origin or history of these customs, which is the province of 'historical' grammar, but will take them as we find them. I have, of course, nothing to say against historical grammar. It is a most worthy study, and can be quite an interesting one to those who like it, but it should be kept in its place and not allowed to intrude upon that grammar which is concerned with the language as now spoken." We believe that Mr. McKerrow, in these sentences, really expresses the conviction of the average Englishman, who truly believes, to express ourselves less diplomatically than Mr. McKerrow,

that the study of a language for its own sake can only appeal to the minds of people who may be quite worthy citizens, harmless too, but not quite sane. And when we consider what influence the historical study of English has had on the study of present English, the result is really not very satisfactory. The old idea that historical grammar consists in connecting past stages of languages without much reference to the present is certainly not dead and gone in our own universities. And the idea that the study of the present-day language can and should influence the study of its earlier stages, even more than vice versa, is almost completely unknown, witness the practical neglect of the living language, and the barrenness of the study of living languages in our universities.

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## Translation.

1. "I tell you, Peter," said Mrs. Emming to her husband, an esteemed physician and citizen of Berlin, "that there is nothing whatever the matter with Mrs. Van Pelten; she is merely pining for her husband and child." 2. "Do you think you know better than I?" he asked teasingly, while he pinched her cheek and stooped to kiss her. 3. She was much shorter and considerably younger than he: in fact nobody would have thought this child-wife had, besides other children a son of ten years old already. 4. "And what led madam to make this diagnosis?"

5. "Why, when she comes to us, she never so much as glances at the boys, but spoils and pets little Mary, even more than I like. She has asked me as many as four or five times how old she is; ten to one, her own little daughter is of the same age, and has fair curls and blue eyes, just like our child. 7. For that matter, Mrs. van Pelten is fair herself: so it is very probable."

8. This conversation between the doctor and his wife took place in the passage of their home, a spacious flat in one of the suburbs of Berlin, while Mrs. Emming helped her husband on with his coat, and then let him out, a kind little attention she showed him everyday when he went his rounds. 9. It was a morning in the early part of May, fine, but rather fresh and as the doctor liked to drive in an open carriage, she with motherly care, had persuaded him not to go out without his overcoat.

10. "And what would you advise me to do then?" continued Doctor Emming. 11. "I should order her mountain air, send her to Switzerland, to that little place where her husband lives, you know, where they are boring that tunnel, and — the rest will come of itself," she answered confidentially.

12. "Send her to Kandersteg," said the doctor musingly, "humph, I will think it over." 13. He did not share his wife's firm belief that those two proud people might be brought together again. 14. In reality he was a little shy of acting as a sort of mediator in such an intimate affair.

15. The doctor ran down the stairs, but before getting into his car looked up and waved his hand to his two youngest children, who were flattening their noses against the windowpanes in order to see their papa drive away. 16. While the motor-car flew through the streets Dr. Emming took out his note-book containing a list of his patients, and looked it over for some minutes. 17. At the name of Van Pelten his wife's words recurred to him involuntarily. 18. Her idea might not be such a bad one, after all. 19. There would always be a chance that a reconciliation might be effected between Mr. Van Pelten

and his wife. 20. It is true they had had a violent quarrel, but it had been over a comparatively trifling matter. 21. Yet it had led to a complete estrangement. 22. Neither could, however, be accused of anything worse than excessive pride and obstinacy. 23. Perhaps the loss of each other's company might have gradually softened their feelings towards each other. On further reflection the doctor decided to follow his wife's advice.

**Observations.** 1. *A respectable doctor = een fatsoenlijk dokter.* Respectable lads wanted. Nette jongens gevraagd (advertisement). — *Burgher of Berlin.* The Oxford Dictionary defines: An inhabitant of a burgh, borough, or corporate town; a citizen. Chiefly used of continental towns, but also of English boroughs, in a sense less technical than *burgess*. Now somewhat archaic. The *burghers* walking past upon the pavement (Thomas Hardy, *Jude the Obscure*, p. 278). Clowns with hobnailed shoes were treading on the kibes of substantial *burghers* (W. Scott, *Kenilworth*, ed. A. Black, p. 290).

2. *He pinched in her cheek.* Handling the fruit and pinching it. (*Windsor Mag.*, No. 248, p. 372.) The prepositional adjunct is not usual in English in this case. Compare: The guard blew his whistle, waved his flag, stamped his foot. He cracked his whip. See Kruisinga's *Grammar and Idiom*, § 86. — *Bowing down to kiss her.* Impossible! To bow is to incline the head, knee or body in token of courtesy, reverence, respect, or humiliation. (Günther, *Synonyms*). Bending down to tie the lace of his canvas-shoe (*Strand Magaz.*, Nov. 1900, p. 526). He bent and fumbled and with a few turns of the spanner loosened the joint of the exhaust-pipe (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1906, p. 714). — He asked teasingly (*Strand Mag.*, May 1915, p. 578).

3. *Noticeably younger than he. A good deal younger than him.* In conversational English the objective form of the personal pronoun would be employed after *than*. — *This child-like wife* is correct. — *Except other children.* *Except* excludes, *besides* includes: Nobody was saved except the first mate. *Besides* the mate four passengers were saved. — *Other issue.* *Issue* is said only in regard to a man that is deceased: he died without male issue = *zonder mannelijk oir*. *Offspring* is a familiar term applicable to one or many children; *progeny* is employed only as a collective noun for a number. (Crabb.) — *A son of ten years (old).* It is safer not to omit the word *old*, though instances occur in which it is omitted. A girl of twelve years (A. Bennett, *Anna of the Five Towns*, p. 9). A *ten year-old son* is right. Not *ten years-old!* A sixteen year-old Welsh preacher (*Harmsworth Magazine*, March 1900, p. 118). —

4. *And how is it that Madam has made this diagnosis?* 5. *When she calls.* — *She comes at our house.* The verb 'come' is regularly followed by the preposition *to* in this sense. *She does not care for the boys* expresses a different idea viz. *she does not like the boys.* — *Molly = Mietje.* — *She does not take care of the boys = verzorgt de jongens niet.*

6. *Ten to one her own little daughter is the same age.* The preposition may be left out: What age is she? She might be any age between twenty and thirty (Onions, *Advanced Syntax*, § 80). — *Just like our little one.*

7. *Madam is fair herself.* The word 'Madam' is used only as a form of address. *Blond.* — *A blonde.* When used as a substantive and applied to women the spelling *blonde* is generally followed. *Fair-haired.*

8. *Hall.* According to the Oxford Dictionary it is the entrance-room or vestibule of a house; hence, the lobby or entrance passage. The entrance-room was formerly often one of the principal sitting-rooms, of which many examples still remain in old country-houses. Cassell's Domestic Dictionary

has the following entry on the word *entrance-hall*: 'There is a conventional mode of furnishing an entrance hall which in town is almost universally followed, principally because there is rarely space in the halls of modern houses for carrying out original ideas. What is wanted is merely room for one or two chairs, the hall-table, the hat and umbrella stand, and the weather-glass, with perhaps a few additional pegs for hats and coats. But in old country-houses the hall is a very different place; there the walls may be hung with pictures, principally old family portraits, and may also be adorned with various trophies — the fox's head and brush, the head and antlers of deer, or warlike weapons brought from foreign lands by travelled ancestors. In wintertime a large fire may be kept blazing cheerily, the space which it occupies being tilled in summer with ferns or evergreens.' See illustration *Pearson's Mag.*, Dec. 1902, p. 720. At each end of the *hall* was placed, on raised tables with two carvers, a baron of beef — a sight with which Frenchmen were unfamiliar (*Strand Magazine*, June 1906, p. 687). The atmosphere, oppressive from the heat given off by the radiators in the *hall* below, was permeated by the clinging odour of some disinfectant (L. Malet, *Adrian Savage*, I, p. 77). A *corridor* is a gallery or passage in a large building, such as a passage, hotel or hospital, on to which many different apartments open. To quote Murray once more: a main passage in a large building upon which in its course many apartments open. The '*corridor-train*' is so named from a narrow passage which runs from end to end. It was his (the ghost's) duty to appear in the *corridor* once a week, and to gibber from the large oriel window (O. Wilde, *Canterville Ghost*, p. 88). — *One-storeyed flat*. A flat is a storey of a building fitted up as a self-contained residence, several of such dwellings being approached by a common staircase (Dutch *étagewoning*). The plan of letting houses in flats prevails almost universally in nearly all the large towns of Europe. Needless to say *one-storeyed* before *flat* is redundant. — *A spacious upper floor of a house*. — *Help a person on with his coat* is given by N. E. D. i. v. Help 6 b. — *When he set out to visit his patients*.

9. *It was a morning in the beginning of May. — A bit sharp.* Could only be said of a winter-morning. —

10. *And what should you advise me to do. Would you and should you* may be used interchangeably. Note that the personal object must be expressed. The Oxford Dictionary gives an example in which the personal object is understood but marks it obsolete: In the next Place he advises to consider the End of our Creation (T. Sheridan, *Persius* III, 47).

11. *I should recommend mountain air* is right. She was far gone in consumption; the doctor had ordered her country air (*Strand Magazine*, X, p. 455). — *She spoke with a confidential tone* (*Webster's Dictionary*, ed. 1919, i. v.).

12. *Reflectively, Pensively.* He went to the window and stood looking out into the street *reflectively* (*Little Lord Fauntleroy*). He had walked down the bank *pensively* while I was in the difficulty. (Froude, *Short Studies*, IV 5. 374). — *Humph, Hum, H'm.* "Who was it?" "Your own son." "Humph"! (*Strand Magazine*, Sept. 1909. 307). The pronunciation of *humph* is heard in a form widely different from its spelling [m m]. The spelling *h'm* also occurs (von Hutten, *Pam.* p. 110 & 120): "How's your mother?" "Very well, thank you; she sent you her love." "*H'm!*"

13. *Were to be brought together* might be taken to express an arrangement.

14. *Somewhat reluctant to act as...* Edward was still reluctant to begin the war. (Green, *Short History*, IV. § 3.) — *Intermediary.* By offering myself as intermediary. (*Windsor Magazine*, July 1908, p. 195). As an adjective:

The especial function of a juge de paix is intermediary and preventive. (Betham-Edwards, *Home Life in France* p. 179). *Mediator*: To act as mediator in disguise (*System*, March 1913. p. 218.).

15. *Steps* would not suit here, they are found outside the house (Du. *stoep*). He crossed the road and went up the *steps* of number 38 (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1899. p. 671.). — *Waved with his hand* is incorrect, no preposition should be used. Compare: point one's finger at, and see note to sentence 2. — *Beide* must be rendered by *two*, not by *both*, the word is not emphatic. — As he stood flattening his nose against the window pane. (Stead's *Books for the Bairns: The Jolly Family at the Seaside* p. 36.).

16. *Produced his pocket-book* = Haalde zijn portefeuille te voorschijn. — *Automobile* is a general term, and might include motor-cycles. (Jack's *Reference Book*. p. 54). White lights that struck and glinted on the rich, scarlet panels of the automobile (*Strand Magazine*, Dec. 1906. p. 702).

17. A derelict! At that word a cold shudder ran over me (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Jan. 1901, p. 587). — *Came to his mind* is correct: Several details which *came to her mind* afterwards (H. Seton Merriman, *Grey Lady*, p. 145).

19. *That a reconciliation might take place.*

20. *Tiff* does not suit: Their recent talk was not of a sort to call for a reconciliation; scarcely a *tiff*, in fact (De Morgan, *The Old Madhouse*, p. 7). The first *tiff* of their married life. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, No. 4, p. 374).

22. *Something worse than pride* would be too definite.

24. *On further consideration.*

Good translations were received from Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Mr. J. P. L. Giessendam; Miss T. v. M., 's Hertogenbosch; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Mr. Th. A. P., Breda; Sister Ph., Oirschot; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt; Mr. F. Th. V., Maastricht; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before March 1<sup>st</sup>. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

"Je zult er mij nooit weer toe krijgen," zeide hij tot den smid, toen hij na eenigen tijd weg te zijn geweest, was teruggekomen, en hem met anderen van zijn kennissen 's Zaterdagsavond sprak op de societeit, die in de dorps-herberg vergaderde. Zijn woorden betroffen een voorstel om deel te nemen aan een weddenschap bij gelegenheid van wedrennen in de buurt. Klaarblijkelijk stelden de leden een eigenaardig belang in open lucht vermaaken.

"Zoals je bekend is," ging hij voort, "was ik in Mei van dit jaar buiten betrekking, en trok ik het heele land door om werk te vinden, maar dit gelukte mij niet. Eindelijk kwam ik bij toeval een oud dorpsgenoot tegen, een tuinman, zoals ik. Hij deelde mij mede, dat hij van betrekking ging veranderen, en toen ik hem zeide, hoe slecht ik er aan toe was, ried hij mij aan te trachten in zijn plaats te komen. Het was volgens hem de moeite waard, want het was een betrekking voor het leven, en hij zou niet weggegaan zijn, als hij niet iets nog beters had gevonden. Bovendien beloofde hij een goed woordje voor mij te zullen doen op grond van zijn overtuiging, dat ik een fatsoenlijk man was."

Hij gaf mij het adres, en ik schreef dadelijk aan den geestelijke, bij wien de vacature was. Spoedig kreeg ik bericht, dat ik mij op een bepaalden dag moest aanmelden, en vol hoop op een goeden uitslag begaf ik mij

naar de pastorie. Ik werd in de studeerkamer gelaten, waar ik, in zenuwachtigen toestand, korten tijd moest wachten. Mijn vermoedelijk aanstaande werkgever kwam binnen.

Nadat mij enkele voorafgaande vragen waren gedaan, vertelde ik ZijnEerwaarde bij wie ik het laatst in dienst was geweest, en eindigde met hem mijn getuigschrift te overhandigen. Toen hij het uit de envelop had genomen en begonnen was te lezen, was het alsof zijn gelaat verduisterde. Ik gevoelde mij met ieder oogenblik minder op mijn gemak; een geheimzinnig voorgevoel van iets vreeselijks maakte zich van mij meester.

„Is dit je aanbevelingsbrief?” vroeg hij, nadruk leggende op *dit*.

„Ja, mijnheer,” zeide ik aarzelend, niet wetend, wat er eigenlijk gebeurd was.

„Ik vrees,” ging hij voort, „dat wat ik hier in de hand heb, je niet veel goed zal doen.” En toen las hij met pijnlijke langzaamheid een uitnodiging voor om gezamenlijk met anderen op een paard te wedden, dat hoogst waarschijnlijk winnen zou.

Ik was verstomd, en ontzet. Wat had ik een onvergeeflijke domheid begaan! Ik was mij nu bewust van de vreeselijke waarheid: ik had hem de verkeerde envelop gegeven!

„Ik schijn mij vergist te hebben,” zeide ik stamelend.

„Ongetwijfeld,” zeide de geestelijke. „Zoo iets is geen aanbeveling, maar een veroordeeling.” En hij diende mij een ernstige vermaning toe.

Daar er zooveel van afhing, wilde ik nog een wanhopige poging wagen om mij te rechtvaardigen, en zeide: „Den brief, dien ik u had moeten geven, heb ik thuis gelaten. Mag ik hem u nog brengen?”

„Dank je,” was zijn koel antwoord; „ik zal je die moeite sparen,” en de deur openende, liet hij mij uit.

Je behoeft je dus voortaan niet in te spannen om mij over te halen te doen, wat zoo velen afkeuren.”

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## Reviews.

*De to Hovedarter av Grammattiske Forbindelser* av OTTO JESPERSEN. Det Kgl. Danske Videnskabernes Selskab. Historisk-filologiske Meddelelser. IV, 3. København. Hovedcommissionær: Andr. Fred. Høst & Søn, Kgl. Hof-boghandel. Bianco Lunos Bogtrykkeri, 1921.

Students who have gone through JESPERSEN'S Modern English Grammar, part II, Syntax, First volume, will remember that the elements of which a sentence may be composed are in this work distinguished into primary elements (or principals), secondary elements (or adjuncts) and tertiary elements (or subjuncts). Although it is easy to see that there are elements (words or word-groups) inferior in rank to the tertiary, which might be called quaternary, quinary, etc., there is no occasion to treat them separately, seeing that they present no features to distinguish them from the tertiary. As an illustration of what is meant by the above distinction we may mention:

en ualmindeligt (4), voldsomt (3), gøende, (2) hund (1),  
an exceedingly (4), fiercely (3), barking (2), dog (1),

hunden (1) goede (2) ualmindeligt (4) volsomt (3),  
the dog (1) barked (2) exceedingly (4) fiercely (3),

in which the figures denote the rank of the elements of which the word-group is composed.

In the treatise under consideration the writer is only concerned with combinations consisting of primary and secondary elements. They are divided into two kinds, designated as A and B combinations, the former representing, roughly, such as contain what in most grammars is called an attributive adjunct, the latter comprising those in which the primary element is the subject of the secondary, or in which the elements are related in a way corresponding to that of subject and predicate.

After dismissing the A combinations with a few words, the writer turns to what is the main subject of the discourse, i.e. the varied connexions in which the B combinations are found. These are fifteen in number and are easiest identified by the way in which they are illustrated. For the convenience of those who are unacquainted with Danish we subjoin the English translations.

- B 1. Hunden er stor (The dog is big), Hunden gøede (The dog barked).
- B 2. En dejlig redelighed, denne her ! (A pretty kettle of fish, this !). Et skrækkeligt bæst, den Christensen ! (A terrible beast, that Christensen !). Lykkelig den der kan holde sig udenfør døgnets strid ! (Happy the man who can keep himself out of the vexed questions of the day). Skade at hun ved det altfor godt ! (A pity that she knows this but too well).
- B 3. Jeg hørte hende synge (I heard her sing).
- B 4. Jeg fandt buret tomt (I found the cage empty). Han gjorde hende ulykkelig (He made her unhappy). Vi kaldte ham Tyksak (We called him Fatty). Han slog flasken itu, i stykker (He struck the bottle in two, into pieces.) Hun gjorde forlovelsen forbi (She caused the engagement to be broken off). De drak Jeppe fuld (They caused J. to drink himself tipsy). De drak Jeppe under bordet (They drank J. under the table). Han løs sig fordærvet (He laughed himself to death). Hun græder sig øjnene ud av hodet (She is weeping herself the eyes out of her head).
- B 5. Han siger (menes) at ville komme kl. 5 (= is said (is thought) to come at five o'clock). Intet vides bestemt at være sket (Nothing is definitely known to have happened). Karlen sås at gibe hesten (Charles was seen to seize the horse).
- B 6. Pakken ønskes bragt til mit kontor (The parcel is wished (to be) brought to my office).
- B 7. I looked upon myself to be fully settled. SWIFT. You may count upon all things in them to be true. id. Trust in me to do everything that lies in my power. G. ELIOT.

For detailed discussion of this construction see my Grammar Ch. XVIII,  
§ 39 f.

- B 8. Post urbem conditam ; ante Christum natum, post hoc factum.

For English examples see below.

- B 9. For you to call would be the correct thing.

For detailed discussion see my Grammar, Ch XVIII, § 45 ff.

- B 10. dubitabat nemo quin *violati hospites, legati necati, pacati atque socii nefario bello lassessiti, fana vexata hanc tantam efficerent vastitatem.* (Nobody doubted that the ill-treatment of the guests, the murder of the envoys, the nefarious attacks on the pacified and allied peoples, the profanation of the fanes caused this tremendous destruction of lives).

For English examples see below.

- B 11. The caul was put up in a raffle down in our part of the country, to fifty members at half-a-crown a head, the winner to spend five shillings. DICK. Dav. Cop., Ch. I.

For discussion see KRUISINGA, *Handbook*<sup>8</sup>, § 506.

- B 12. Alt vel overvejet, rejser jeg imorgen (All things duly considered, I depart to-morrow).
- B 13. Jeg mødte den mand som jeg tror har stjålet pungen (I met the man who(m) I think has stolen the bag). En lyd som man ikke vidste hvor kom fra (A report which one did not know where it came from).
- B 14. Jeg så lægens ankomst (I saw the doctor's arrival).
- B 15. Lægens dygtighed (the doctor's ability).

The combinations from B 3 on are called *nexus* (i.e. links); the component parts respectively S and P. The characters S and P are chosen to obviate the objection that might be raised against the terms subject and predicate, which are currently used only with reference to sentences with a finite verb.

The nexus marked B 7, B 9, B 10 and B 11 appear to be non-existent in Danish. In English, on the other hand, all the nexus mentioned are represented. Some of them have been amply discussed in my Grammar of Late Modern English: for B 3, B 5, B 6, B 7 and B 9 see Ch. XVIII; for B 4 see Ch. VI; for B 12 see Ch. XX.

It is especially those marked B 8, B 10, B 11, B 13, B 14 and B 15 which call for a few words of comment in these pages.

As to the nexus illustrated by the well-known Latin construction *post urbem conditam, ante Christum natum, post hoc factum*, JESPERSEN observes that the English counterpart may in some cases be regarded as an imitation of the Latin idiom — thus in the writings of MILTON and DRYDEN — but the fact that it is also found in SHAKESPEARE, BUNYAN and subsequent writers, ANTHONY HOPE and others, who betray no Latin influence in their writings, goes far to show that it may also have arisen on English soil. A few quotations taken from my own collection may be acceptable.

Bacchus, that first from out the purple grape / Crush't the sweet poison of misusèd wine, / After the Fuscan mariners transform'd, / Coasting the Tyrrhene shore, as the winds listed, / On Circe's island fell. MILTON, *Comus*, 48.

For never, *since created man*, / Met such imbodyed force. id. *Par. Lost*, I. 573.

Lo! ever thus thou growest beautiful / In silence, then *before thine answer given* / Departest, and thy tears are on my cheek. TEN. *Tithonus*, 44.

By this the lazy gossips of the port, / Abhorrent of a calculation crost, / Begun to chafe as at a personal wrong. id., *En. Ard.*, 470

Not tho' he built upon the babe restored; / Nor tho' she liked him, yielded she, but fear'd / To incense the Head once more. id., *Princ.*, VII, 60

Among the nexus of this kind J. includes such as contain the preposition *med*, English *with*; e.g.: *med hænderne bundne* (*with hands bound*), *I can't write with you standing there*. But surely this construction differs materially from that illustrated in the above quotations. Thus while the nexus in the above quotations admit of being replaced by one with a noun of action or a gerund (*since created man* = *since the creation of man*, and *before thine answer given* = *before the giving of thine answer*), no such change is possible in the nexus with *med* or *with*. A further, and even more important difference between the two constructions is that in the former (*post urbem conditam*) the logical relation between noun and participle is that between object and verb, the verb being necessarily a transitive, while in the latter, (*with hands bound, with you standing there*) the logical relation is, oftener than not, that between subject and verb, the verb being, indeed, an intransitive in the majority of cases. In fact the verbal in such a sentence as *I can't write with you standing there* is not an ordinary participle, but rather what

SWEET would call a half-gerund. In sentences like the above we even find the (pro)noun occasionally placed in the genitive. Thus in:

I wished I could be quietly dropped overboard and so come to an end at once without anybody's being the wiser. MRS. CRAIK, *A Hero*, 6.

You can't expect to ride your new crotchet without anybody's trying to stick a nettle under his tail. HUGHES, *Tom Brown*, II, Ch. VII, 313.

In grammatical function the construction bears a strong affinity to the nominative absolute, into which it can mostly be readily converted, no further change being needed than the suppression of the preposition. Compare my Grammar Ch. XIX, 74, g and Ch. XX, 10, Obs. III.

Closely akin to the nexus referred to under B 8 is that marked B 10. In English it is more frequent than the former and apparently common enough in ordinary literary style.

*Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky, / That dost not bite so nigh / As benefits forgot.*  
SHAK., *As you like it*, II, 7, 186.

Since the day / When foolish Steno's ribaldry detected / Unfix'd your quiet, you are greatly changed. BYRON, *Mar. Fal.*, II, 1, (361a).

The guilty saved hath damnd' his hundred judges. ib., II, 1, (361b).

It has often been observed that one truth concealed gives rise to a dozen current lies.  
WASH. IR., *Dolf Heyl*. (STOF, *Handl.*, I, 120).

Here her hand / Grasp'd made her vail her eyes. TEN., *Guin.*, 657.

Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all, / Because things seen are mightier than things heard, / Stagger'd and shook. id., EN. ARD., 762. (The plural form of the predicate (*are*) shows that TENNYSON puts another interpretation upon the sentence than the one put forward here.)

The nexus is mostly the subject of the sentence, as in all the above examples. It may, however, also be the object, e.g.:

Nor is it / Wiser to weep a true occasion lost. TEN., *Princ.*, IV, 50.

J. also gives the following example:

And is a wench having a bastard all your news? FIELDING, *Tom Jones*.

In this sentence the common-case (*wench*) might be replaced by the genitive (*wench's*), so that the quotation seems to be rather out of place here for the same reason as in the case of the examples objected to above.

Also such turns of expression as *Mange hunde er harens død* (*Many dogs are the death of the hare*), *Too many cooks spoil the broth*, etc., differ in an essential point from the examples with the past participle, *many dogs, too many cooks*, etc. standing respectively for \**the there being many dogs, the there being too many cooks*.

Singularly interesting are J.'s observations about the construction B 13, instanced by such a sentence as *Jeg mødte den mand som jeg tror har stjålet pungen* (*I met the man who(m) I believe has stolen my purse*), in which, as he rightly observes, *who . . . has stolen* is felt to be in the objective relation to *believe*. This feeling accounts for the frequent use of the objective *whom* in sentences of this type, although some grammarians (H. ALEXANDER, *Common Faults in Writing English*, 50; FOWLER, *The King's English*, 98) insist on *who* being the only correct form of the pronoun, on the strength of the fact that they understand *I think* as a mere parenthesis, which ought not to interfere with the relations in which the other elements of the adnominal clause should be viewed. A long array of quotations extending from the age of CHAUCER to the

present day, show the frequency of the so-called misuse of language. The fact that the relative is sometimes dispensed with bears out the presumption that to the linguistic instinct of some speakers and writers it is, perhaps only vaguely, felt as an objective. The omission, indeed, would be felt as an impropriety if the relative were understood as a pure nominative. Of the four instances given by J. we quote one:

I did not like to write before him a letter he knew was to reach your hands. KEATS.

The arguments which J. adduces in support of this view have, for want of space, unfortunately, to be passed over in silence.

A further reason for the tendency to use the objective instead of the nominative in the adnominal clauses under consideration is the fact that the placing of two nominatives in succession would have a somewhat incongruous effect. While therefore in Latin *quem qui* would be impossible in such a sentence as *Cicero qui quantum scripsit nemo nescit*, we find the same sense of incongruity responsible in French for the curious construction with a *que* first and a *qui* afterwards as in:

Ne soumettez à l'observation phonétique que ce que vous croyez qui échappe à l'observation historique. GILLIÉRON, Faillite de l'étymologie phon., 133.

Such a sentence as *Jeg såe lægens ankomst* (*I saw the doctor's arrival*), in which a genitive modifies a noun of action (or gerund) has practically the same meaning as *I saw the doctor arrive*. The nexus contained in it may, therefore, be included among the B combinations. This fact is appositely expressed by the term subjective genitive.

Of the same nature is the nexus in *lægens dygtighed* (*the doctor's ability*), in which the noun modified may be apprehended as a variety of verbal noun: *ability* = *the being able*. It is, therefore, a grammatical inconsistency not to call such a genitive by the same name as that in the last nexus.

In conclusion J. endeavours to define what the essential difference between the A and B combination comes to: no easy task, as is mostly the case in dealing with fundamental grammatical principles. In the A combination, according to his exposition, the adjunct figures as a kind of mark or label fixed on its head-word: Thus in *det næste hus* (*the next house*, or *the house next-door*), *lægens hus* (*the doctor's house*). Clearly this does not apply to *lægens ankomst* (*the doctor's arrival*), it being impossible to think of an arrival without associating with it a person or thing that arrives. Combinations like this are, accordingly, included among the B combinations. From the above characterization it follows that the component parts of an A combination form a distinct unit, and it is but natural that its meaning can often be expressed by a single word. Thus *a stupid person* is often styled *a blockhead*; *a new-born dog* may be called *a puppy*. Compare also the English *native country* with the French *patrie*, and, conversely, the French *vin rouge* with the English *claret*.

In contradistinction to an A combination, a B combination may be described as a rather pliable joining together (*fri smidig sammenføjning*) of two concepts, as something articulated, animated and mobile. Whereas the adjunct in an A combination may be likened to the nose, (or ears) on the head, the connexion is by way of the head to the trunk, or a door to a wall in a B combination. An A combination resembles a picture, a B combination a process or a drama. In an A combination we have to deal with one concept, which may be resolved into two constituent parts, in

a B combination something new is added to a concept already formed. This is easiest apprehended by a comparison of two such simple sentences as *Den blå kjole er den ældste* (*The blue dress is the oldest*) and *Den ældste kjole er blå* (*The oldest dress is blue*): the fresh information given of the dress is different in the two sentences and is to be found in the predicative word. Such metaphorical language is, indeed, far from a neat definition, but then human speech is too poor to express the essential nature of the two forms of speech correctly and satisfactorily.

Space does not permit to comment on the last chapters of the treatise: *Substantiver og Infinitiver, S eller P alene* (*S or P alone*), *Objekt, aktiv og passiv*. Students who should be encouraged by the preceding meagre discussions to read and digest the whole publication will find themselves richly rewarded for their pains in the keener insight they have acquired into grammatical problems and in the pleasure of feeling themselves freed from conservative notions in which they have hitherto been entrammelled. Nor should they allow themselves to be disheartened by the fact that the booklet is written in a language with which they may be unfamiliar. Danish, although, no doubt, as difficult to speak correctly as any other language, is very simple in its structure, and presents no great difficulties to any one who contents himself to understand it in its printed or written form. Besides, its vocabulary, which is the most important thing, is very much like that of German and Dutch.

One thing more. The work which has been the subject of the above observations is a sequel to *Sprogets Logik* (Copenhagen, Gyldendal), a more elaborate disquisition, which appeared as early as the year 1913. In it practically the same subjects are more succinctly treated, but the book contains, besides, an exposition of some other problems which cannot fail to interest the student of language and will benefit him in many ways. The writer has promised to deal with the same subjects in a forthcoming book, the *Basis of Grammar*, in more detail. As it is to be written in English, the examples by which he will illustrate his investigations will, it may be expected, be mainly drawn from English sources. Let us hope that it will not be long in seeing the light.

H. POUTSMA.

*An Etymological Dictionary of Modern English.* By ERNEST WEEKLEY,  
M. A. London, John Murray. 1921. — xx + 830 pp. — £ 2.2/-

Der Verfasser, früher Lektor der englischen sprache in Freiburg i.B., jetzt professor am University College zu Nottingham, hat bereits drei bücher veröffentlicht, die ich leider nicht kenne: *The Romance of Words*, *The Romance of Names* und *Surnames*. Nach der ankündigung des Verlegers wenden sich diese, wie das vorliegende Wörterbuch, an das weitere publikum der gebildeten, den sogenannten 'general reader', nicht an das fachgelehrte oder studierende. Dies zeigt sich einmal in der wortwahl, indem nicht bloss die in andern etymologischen werken dieser art angeführten wörter der schrift- und umgangssprache, sondern auch solche aufgenommen und erklärt werden, die man sonst in enzyklopädien oder im konversationslexikon zu suchen pflegt, wie z. b. *Copt*, *Cordelier*, *Croat*, *Crockford*, *Cuthbert*, *Danaid*, *Donatist*, *Ethanom*, *Gloucester*, *Kilkenny cats*, *medjidie*, *Medusa*, um nur einige aus der masse herauszugreifen. Dadurch hat das buch sicherlich für

viele benutzer, auch für spezialisten, einen besonderen wert erhalten. Ferner bringt es auch in reichlicher fülle slangwörter, redensarten des täglichen lebens, sprichwörter, Amerikanismen, koloniale elemente und militärische neubildungen aus dem weltkriege. In der behandlung der wörter ist auf eine eingehende und umfassende philologisch-etymologische darstellung, wie sie z. b. Skeat bietet, verzichtet und statt dessen nur eine auswahl der verwandten formen geboten, besonders aus den dem gebildeten bekannten sprachen. Dies wird man in einem solchen populären werke nur billigen können. Dass dabei auch die bedeutungsentwicklung berücksichtigt und möglichst das erste erscheinen des betreffenden wortes notirt wird, ist dankbar zu begrüssen. Der Verfasser hat auch mehrfach die angaben des NED. auf grund neue er forschungen berichtigt. Nach dem vorwort ist es die frucht langjähriger arbeit, der auch manche glückliche citate zu verdanken sind. Seine autoritäten werden in einer umfassenden liste aufgeführt, in der merkwürdiger weise Boisacqs griechisches und Bernekers slavisches etymologisches wörterbuch fehlen<sup>1)</sup>. Der Verfasser hat sich bemüht, in bezug auf etymologie und chronologie weiter zu kommen, als namentlich die älteren bände des NED. und dankt einer grossen zahl englischer spezialforscher für werkstädtige beihilfe. Trotz alledem hat ihm jedoch seine nicht genug geziigte phantasie im etymologisiren manchen schlummen streich gespielt und die im vorwort s.x etwas spöttisch geäusserte wertung der 'lautgesetze' hat sich nicht selten gerächt. Gewiss ist mancher lautwandel noch dunkel, und es gibt viele Fälle, vgl. z. b. das verhältniss von got. *waila* zu ne. *well* und nhd. *wohl*-wo wir noch nicht weiter gekommen sind als Jacob Grimm; aber das berechtigt uns noch lange nicht den festen boden der soliden forschung zu verlassen, und, auf blosse ähnlichkeiten gestützt, aufs geratewohl drauf los zu etymologisieren. Sonst kommen wir wieder in die zeiten Voltaires zurück, wo die konsonanten wenig, die vokale nichts bedeuteten. Der Verfasser hat auch wohl selbst gelegentlich das gewagte seiner vermutungen gefühlt und sich mit nicht immer sehr passenden scherzen darüber hinweg zu tauschen gesucht, dass dies eigentlich keine exakte forschung mehr ist. Im übrigen wird jeder, auch der ernsthafte lesер, sein vergnügen an manchem witzigen und schlagenden citat haben, selbst wenn er dessen notwendigkeit nicht immer einsehen sollte. Trockene lektüre ist Weekley's *Dictionary* nicht, aber zuweilen scheint mir der humor nicht am richtigen ort zu erscheinen. Vor allem aber ist die nicht selten hervorbrechende abneigung gegen Deutschland im höchsten masse zu verurteilen, und ich kann mir auch nicht denken dass die landsleute des Verfassers in einem solchen buche derartige ausbrüche von chauvinismus und völkerhass geschmackvoll finden sollten. Es wäre doch jetzt, denke ich, eher die aufgabe der wissenschaft die durch den unseligen krieg entstandene kluft zwischen den früheren feinden allmählich auszufüllen, als sie noch geflissentlich zu vertiefen.

Was ich bei gewissenhaften studium des prächtig ausgestatteten werkes mir als fehlerhaft notirt habe, sei hier kurz zusammengestellt; vielleicht kann der verfasser es bei einer neuen auflage benutzen. Ich möchte auch empfehlen bei einer solchen die quantität der lateinischen vokale zu bezeichnen, da sie schwerlich allen benutzern bekannt sein wird.

*ace*: lat. *ās* ist nach Walde = *assis* "brett, scheibe", hat also mit *arent*, *āg* = *eīg* nichts zu tun. — *addle* ist ae. *adela*, nicht *ādela*. — *aery* hat schwerlich etwas mit ae. *ēarn* 'adler' zu tun. — *Ahriman* heisst im Avesta *ānra-mainyu*. —

<sup>1)</sup> Bei einer neuauflage wäre auch das eben erscheinende treffliche schwedische etymologische wörterbuch von Hellqvist zu nennen.

*alike* kann nicht von ae. *anlik* stammen, da dies auf der ersten silbe betont war. — Ebenso kann *along* nicht auf ae. *āndlong* beruhen; dasselbe gilt für nhd. *entläng* (verbalbetonung!). — Unter *ape* l. *nachäffen*. — Ist die aussprache von *appal* vielleicht durch einfluss von lat. *palleo* zu erklären? — Unter *array* l. got. *garaidjan*. — Unter *artichoke* l. nhd. *artischocke*. — Unter *Aryan* wäre noch das neuentdeckte Tocharische zu nennen. — *askance* hat sein -*a*- vielleicht von *glance*. — *ass* ae. *assa* stammt zunächst aus air. *assan*. — *atelier*: afr. *astele* kommt von lat. *assula*. — *ave* dürfte eher von phön. *havēt* 'vivat' stammen. — *aware*: l. ae. *gewær*. — *awl*: l. ahd. *ala*. — *aye* 'yes' führe ich auf ae. *ea*, *gea*, *ge* 'ja' zurück, das sich gerade wie *ēage* 'auge' entwickeln musste, daher auch die frühere schreibung *I.* — *barren* wird schwerlich auf ahd. \**bar-ham* beruhen. — Unter *barrow*<sup>1</sup> l. got. *bairgahei*. — *bastard* beruht eher auf germ. \**banst-hard* zu *banst* 'scheune'. — *beacon*: ndd. *bake* ist eigentlich friesisch. — Zu *beadle* vgl. nhd. *pedéll*. — *beam*: nhd. *baum* hat mit isl. *baðmr*, got. *bagms* wohl kaum etwas zu tun. — *belch* beruht nicht auf ae. *bealcan* (l. *bealcian*), wie das -*ch*- beweist. — *bellow* beruht nicht auf ae. *bylgan*. — *bellows*: besser wäre ae. *bielg* oder *belg* als grundform gegeben, desgl. unter *belly*. — *bene*: l. ae. *bæn*. — Zu *bezonian* vgl. got. *sunja*. — *bill*<sup>3</sup>: ist lat. *bulla* vielleicht durch einfluss von *sigillum* zu *billa* geworden? — *bishop*: l. "Germ. *bischof*". — *black* kann mit *bleak* und ae. *blāc* doch nicht verwandt sein! — *bladder*: l. ae. *blædre*. — Auch *blank* ist nicht mit *bleak* verwant. — *blast*: l. ahd. *blāst*. — *bleat*: l. mhd. *blazēn*. und vgl. gr. φληδάω. — Unter *bless* l. ae. *blithsian*. — Zu *bloat* vgl. gr. φλυδᾶν. — *blotch*: afr. *bloche* hat nichts mit ahd. *bluster* zu tun. — Das -*l*- von *bludgeon* dürfte eher von *blow*<sup>3</sup> 'schlag' stammen als von *blood*. — *blue*<sup>1</sup>: l. aisl. *blár*. — Sollte *blunt* etwa mit ndd. *blut* 'stumpf' verwandt sein? — Zu *boat* vgl. noch aisl. *beit*. — Zu *bollard* vgl. *bole*<sup>1</sup>. — Gehört *bottel* zu lat. *bulla*? — *both*: l. aisl. m. *bathir*, f. *bathar*, n. *bæthi*. Auch ae. *ba tha* kommt in betracht. — *bowl*<sup>1</sup>: nhd. *bohle* hat doch mit ne. *bowl* 'ae. *bolle*' (l. *bolla*) gar nichts zu tun! — *boy*: l. ae. *Boia*. — Ist das *br-* von *breath* ein präfix? — *breeze*<sup>1</sup>: ae. *breosa* kann mit *bremse*, *brims* usw. nicht verwandt sein. — Könnte *breeze*<sup>2</sup> sein *r* durch einfluss von *breath* haben? — *bridal*: l. ae. *brydealu*. — *bright*: l. got. *bairhts*. Lat. *flagrare* gehört nicht hierher, sondern zu *blank*. — Ist *brolly* vielleicht nach *dolly* umgebildet? — *castrate* hat mit *castus* nichts zu tun. — *cheap*: l. *Kjöbenhavn*. — *child*: der ae. plural war *cilíru*. — *chine* kann nicht auf ae. *cinu* beruhen. — *chintz*: vgl. nhd. *zitz*. — *chitterling*: vgl. ndd. *küt*. — *choice*: l. got. *kiusan*. — *clad* ist nicht ae. *clāthod*, sondern geht auf \**clāedd* = aisl. *klæddr* zurück. — *clean*: l. aisl. *kleinn*. — *clover*: auch das ndd. hat eine form *kläver*. — *coif*: l. ahd. *chuppha*. — *coleen*: verwandtschaft mit lat. *pellec* (älter *paelex*) ist doch sehr zweifelhaft. — *comrade* ist wohl nach *companion* umgebildet. — Zu *corvette* vgl. *coracie*. — *cove*<sup>1</sup>: l. aisl. *kofi*. — *cry*: l. mhd. *krīzen*. — *cut* setzt ein ae. \**cyttan* voraus. — *dairy*: l. ae. *dæge*. — *dastard*: l. holl. *daesaerd*. — *daw*: l. ahd. *taha*. — *delay*: afr. *delaier*. gehört wohl zu *lack*<sup>1</sup>. — Zu *demijohn* vgl. noch ndd. *bullenkopp*. — *dine*: afr. *disner* kann nicht auf \**disjejunare* beruhen, da dies zu frz. *déjeuner* geworden ist. — *dizzy*: l. ndd. *dōsig*. — *dock*<sup>1</sup>: l. dän. *ædokke*. — *doughty* beruht auf einfluss des inf. *dugan*. — *dove*: l. aisl. *dūfa*. — *dowse*<sup>2</sup> ist dasselbe wie *douse*, denn die rute schlägt ja, daher schw. *slagruta*. — *drawl*: gehört nl. *dralen* zu *draw*? — *dread*: l. aisl. *hræða* und ahd. *intrātan*. — Beruht *drown* vielleicht auf mischung von *drink* und *down*? — *drowsy* kann doch nicht von nl. *droosen* stammen! — *drug* hat mit nl. *droog* 'trocken' nichts zu tun. — *dug* gehört gewiss nicht zu schw.

dägga. — dun<sup>1</sup>: ae. dunn braucht nicht keltisch zu sein. — eider-down ist zunächst hd. — Kommt eldritch wirklich von elf? — eleven: germ. -lif kann nicht lit. -lika sein. — elk: das k kann nicht dialektisch sein, vgl. me. dolk 'wunde' aus ae. dolh. — errand: aisl. eyrindi und got. airus, ae. är sind fern zu halten. — etui gehört nach Meyer-Lübke zu vl. \*studiare. — ever: grundform wohl \*ā in feore. — ewe: vgl. as. euui. — face: l. me. anlet. — falter kommt eher von aisl. faltra. — fat<sup>2</sup>: ae. fætt ist doch das part. prt. von fætan! — few: für as. fah 1. -fa(h)o; desgleichen hat ahd. fao kurzen vokal. — simble 'männlicher hanf' fehlt. — follow: l. aisl. sylgja. — four: l. skr. catur. — frieze<sup>1</sup>: frz. friser hat doch mit nl. vrees nichts zu tun! — fry<sup>2</sup> ebensowenig mit aisl. friō. — fur: l. aisl. fōthr. — gain: l. ae. wath. — gallant: ae. gal ist fern zu halten. — galley gehört zu gr. γαλῆν 'wiefel', vgl. catboat, dogboat u. a. — Ist galoot vielleicht aus genoot entstellt? — Zu garance vgl. guarantee. — gasp hat mit gape nichts zu tun. — gauntlet<sup>1</sup>: nhd. gewand und aisl. vöttr sind unverwandt, denn ersteres gehört ja zu winden! — gavel<sup>2</sup> könnte eventuell von ndd. kavel 'stück holz' stammen, vgl. golf <kolf. Mit gaffel 'bruderschaft' hat es gewiss nichts zu tun. — ghetto wird besser von it. borghetto abgeleitet, denn gegen Aegyptus spricht der anlaut. — girl stelle ich zu gore<sup>1</sup> — glide und glad sind nicht verwandt. — Ebensowenig gnat mit gnidan. — god: l. mhd. abgot. — Zu great vgl. grit. — green: l. aisl. grænn. — greet: l. ae. grætan. — grenade: l. nhd. granate. — grilse: l. schw. grälax. — grin: grennian und groan sind nicht verwandt. — gripe: l. aisl. griþa. — grit: vgl. great. — gromwell gehört zu lat. grumus 'kern der traube', dagegen groom zu lat. grūmus, grummus 'erdhaufen'. — guilt kann zu yield gehören, wenn ae. gylt aus \*gyldþ entstanden ist. — guipure gehört zu afr. wipan. — gyve kann nicht g < w haben, da der anlaut (dž) dem widerspricht. — Zusammenhang von haddock mit afrz. adouber ist mir äusserst zweifelhaft. — hamlet: ein ndd. ham kenne ich nicht; frz. a beruht auf germ. ai. — harvest hat mit aisl. haust wohl nichts zu tun. — Zur bedeutung von haslet vgl. nhd. rippespeer (braten) und ndd. potharst. — haste: l. ae. hæst. — head hat mit lat. caput (aisl. höfuð) nichts zu tun, das zu capere gehört. — Gegen ableitung von herring von ae. hár spricht doch nhd. häring mit der nebenform harung. — high-flown: l. nhd. schwülstig < geschwülstig. — Bei hight hätte ae. heht angeführt werden sollen. — hoe: l. ahd. houwa. — home: l. got. haims. — hound gehört nicht zu lat. canis (zu canere?). — hundred: l. skr. śatam. — hutch: mlat. hutica kommt schwerlich von nhd. hut! — Hymen hat mit dem jungfernhäutchen nichts zu tun, sondern gehört zu υμος. — iambic: die zusammenstellung mit tēvai wäre besser unterblieben. — incarcerated hat mit ae. hearg 'tempel' nichts zu tun. — Es fehlt ingle 'liebling' aus ae. engel 'engel'. — interloper: in welchem dialekt steht lope für leap? — irk und ae. earg sind nicht verwandt. — iron: aisl. jarn ist nicht aus isarn entstanden. — isinglass: l. ahd. hūso. — island: nhd. eiland ist eigentlich friesisch. — it: nl. het beruht in seiner schreibung auf anlehnung an hij; man sagt at. — itch: l. ae. gyccan. — jade<sup>2</sup> ist nach Behrens von jaspidem, acc. von jaspis, abzuleiten. — jangle kann nicht von lat. iaculari stammen. — Jezebel ist nicht die quelle von Elizabeth (hebr. Elischeba). — Jute: ae. Eotas und Geatas sind doch verschiedene völker! — keep: ae. cepan gehört ja zu gecop! — kettle ist aus aisl. ketill entlehnt, wie der anlaut zeigt. — kiosk heiszt türkisch kiöschk. — kite stelle ich zu kauz. — Wie sollte wohl lad aus aisl. litði entstanden sein? — lade<sup>1</sup> sollte als nordenglisch bezeichnet sein. — lady: l. ae. hūsfäge. — lath: l. ae. lætt.

— *leech*<sup>1</sup> gehört vielleicht als ‘besprecher’ zu λέγειν. — *less* ist gewiss nicht mit *little* (ae. *lytel*) verwandt. — *let*<sup>1</sup>: l. nl. *laten*. — *lewd*: l. aisl. *lærðr*. — *liege*: nhd. *ledig* ae. *alidian*, und aisl. *liðugr* sind nicht verwandt mit lat. *liber* und gr. ἀλεύθερος. — *limber*<sup>3</sup> ebensowenig mit nhd. *gelind* und lat. *lentus*. — *limp*<sup>1</sup> desgl. nicht mit *lame*. — *loaf* (ae. *hlaf*) kann nicht mit lat. *libum* verwandt sein, da dies ja sonst \**clibum* lauten müsste. — *loaf*<sup>2</sup>: *losen* ist mittel-, nicht niederdeutsch. — Gehört *loess* wirklich zu *los*? — *log*<sup>1</sup> ist von aisl. *lag* ‘gefällter baum’ zu trennen. — *lose* ist ae. *leosan*, + *losian*, unter einfluss von *loose*. — *Louis*: l. ahd. *Hlutwic*. — *lovage*: lat. *levisticum* scheint an *levis* angelehnt zu sein. — *luck* gehört zu *lock*<sup>2</sup>. — *Lutheran*: l. ahd. *Hlutheri*, -*hari* (lat *Lotharius*). — *maggot* ist doch keine metathese von *madok*! Zu dem genannten glauben an parasiten vgl. schw. *vurm* ‘neigung’. — *manchet*: frz. *demaine* beruht auf lat. *dominium*. — *mar*: aisl. *merja* gehört nicht dazu. — *mare* kommt nicht von ae. *mere*. — *black Maria*; vgl. nhd. *grüner August* und ähnl. — *mau*: l. got. *maga*. — *mean* ‘meinen’ hat mit *mind* und *minne* nichts zu tun. — *Merovingian* ist von ahd. *Märwig* (so!) und *Waldemar* fernzuhalten. — *mesh*: l. nl. *maesche*; auch im ndd. *mäskə* erscheint läng. — *Mesopotamia*: l. ae. *bi tweon* statt *bi twin*. — *milk*: ob wirklich mit *mulgere*, gr. απέλγειν verwandt? Woher dann das -*u*- im got. *miluks*, ae. *meoluc*? — *moor*<sup>2</sup>: l. ae. *mærelsrāp* (daneben *mærels*), das mit nl. *meren*, älter auch *maren* (nicht *marren*!) direkt nichts zu tun hat. Dagegen gehört nl. *marren* zu got. *marzjan* (ne. *mar*). Ein ae. \**mārian* hätte ja ne. \**more*, \**moar* ergeben. Ne. *moor* stammt von nl. *moeren* = nd. *vermören*, das mit nl. *meren* ‘vertäuen’ in ablaut steht; vgl. Falk-Torp unter dän. *moring* und got. *marzjan*. — *most* kommt doch von ae. *mast*. — *motley* kann nicht von frz. \**moitelé* kommen, das ja \**moitly* ergeben hätte. — *moult*: l. nhd. *mausern*. — *niddering*: l. aisl. *nīthingr*, *nith*. — *Norwegian*: l. aisl. *suthrvegr*. — *nun*: nhd. *nonne* (mhd. *nunne*) stammt wohl direkt aus lat. *nonna*, nicht aus dem frz. — *oaf* stammt von aisl. *álfur*. — *olibanum* hat seinen anlaut eher von lat. *olere*. — *ooze*: l. ae. *wāse*. — *or*<sup>2</sup> ‘eher’ ist skand. *ár*. — *other*: l. aisl. *annarr* — *pad*<sup>1</sup>: frz. *patte* und hd. *pfote* sind nicht verwandt, da letzteres altes *au* hat, wie westfäl. *päote* zeigt. — Hat *pang* vielleicht nach *pain* sein -*r* verloren? — *parch* kann nicht von *perish* stammen wegen des verschiedenen auslauts. — *pardon*: l. ahd. *forgeban*. — Sollte *pedante* vielleicht aus *paedicante* entstellt sein? — *peevish* < *pervers* erscheint mir sehr unglaubwürdig. — Zu *pet*<sup>2</sup> vgl. nhd. *affe*, *spitz* für grade der betrunkenheit. — Zu *pettiōes* vgl. nhd. *gänseklein*. — *philately*: l. nhd. *freimarke*. — *pier*: ableitung von *bär* ist wenig einleuchtend. — *plough* kommt eher von aisl. *plogr*. — *poke*<sup>2</sup> ist von norw. *paak* fernzuhalten. Gehört es etwa zu *puck*? — *price*: warum soll *prize* richtiger sein, da doch das afrz. *pris* stimmloses s hatte? Was die berufung auf ne. *mice* und *dice* soll, verstehe ich nicht. — Der umlaut in *pride* < ae. *pryd* beruht natürlich auf analogie. — *priest*, ae. *preost*, hat mit *presbyter* nichts zu tun, sondern beruht nach Horn auf lat. *praepositus*. — *prong*: l. got. *praggan*. — *puck*: ae. *puca* könnte zu *poke*<sup>2</sup> gehören. — Zu *put* vgl. noch nl. ndd. *poten*. — *quaint* beruht auf afrz. *coeinte*, umgebildet nach *feint*. — *quash* geht vielmehr auf ae. \**cwæscan* zurück. — *rake*<sup>3</sup>: schw. *raka* hat mit nhd. *ragen* nichts zu tun. — *rankle*: der schwund des anlautenden *d* erklärt sich satzphonetisch, z.b. *a bad* (*d*)rankle. — *rat*<sup>1</sup> wird auch von lat. *rapidus* abgeleitet. — *ratel* ist wohl der erste teil eines kompositums und entspricht nl. *ratel* ‘wabe’. — *rather*: das ae. hat auch formen ohne anlautendes *h*. — *reckon*: got. *raknjan* ist fernzuhalten. — *regret*: l.

mhd. *gräzen*. — *ribald*: ahd. *Richbald*, ae. *Ricbeald*. — *rich*: l. ai. *rājāh*. — *Richard*: l. ahd. *Rīch-hard*. — *rid*: vgl. aber ae. *hryding* ‘clearing’. — *robin*: l. ahd. *Hrodeberht*. — *Roffin*: l. ae. *Hrofes*. — *roost*<sup>2</sup>: aisl. *rost* gehört nach Falk-Torp zu lat. *vertex*, hat also mit *race*<sup>1</sup> nichts zu tun. — *run*<sup>1</sup>: ae. *earnan* kenne ich nicht. — *sandblind*: ae. *sām-* hat mit lat. *semi-* nichts zu tun, da das *ā* aus *ai* entstanden ist. — Zu *scatology* vgl. *scoria*. — *scour*<sup>1</sup> ist nicht von afrz. *escurer* abzuleiten. — *scrag* ist vielleicht nach *scrannel* umgebildet? — *scrotum* = *scrautum* ist von *scortum* fernzuhalten. — *seek* braucht nicht nordisch zu sein. — *semi-*: sieh oben *sandblind*. — *shamble*: l. nl. *schaemelen*. — *shark* kann nicht von nhd. *schurke* stammen, denn *ur* wird nicht zu *ar*. — *she* stammt nicht von ae. *seo*, sondern aus *heo*, dem ein -*s* vorherging, z.B. *is heo > iše*; vgl. jetzt Lindkvist, Anglia 45 (N. F. 33). — *shelter* kommt schwerlich von nhd. *schilderhaus*; vgl. vielmehr ae. *sceld-truma*. — *shock*<sup>1</sup> kann nicht zu *shake* gehören. — Sollte *shrew* nicht zu *shred* gehören? — *sill*: nhd. *schwelle* kann doch nicht von lat. *solea* stammen. — *sillabub*: l. aisl. *būkr*. — *sin*: l. aisl. *synd*. — *skate*<sup>2</sup>: frz. *échasse* hat nichts mit ndd. *schake* ≡ *schoke* zu tun, das altes *ō* hat; vgl. Soester *schnake* ‘bein’. — *slack*<sup>1</sup>: ae. *stlēac* aus \**slauk* gehört nicht hierher. — *slade*: l. ae. *slæd*, und *tilge* *stead*. — *slake*: *tilge* ae. *slæcan* (sic!). — Bei *stay*<sup>3</sup> hätte auf das part. prt. verwiesen werden sollen, das den diphthongen erklärt. — *sleep*: *tilg* ae. *stlāpiān*. — *slip*: ae. *slipor*, nl. *slippen* hat mit *schleifen* und *schlüpfen*, got. *slīpan* und ae. *stūpan* nichts zu tun; es sind zwei verschiedene Wurzeln. — *spare-rib*: das nhd. *rippe-speer* ist wohl Abkürzung für -braten. — *speed*: l. ae. *spād* und nl. *spoed*. — *spire*<sup>1</sup>: wie soll dies mit *spar* verwandt sein? — *spoon*<sup>1</sup>: auch ndd. *slēf* ‘langer Löffel’ wird von Personen gebraucht. — *sterling* gehört nach E. Schröder zu gr. *στατής*, ist also zunächst romanisch. — *Storthing*: l. aisl. *storr*. — *strike*: aisl. *strjūka* gehört doch in eine andere Ablautsreihe. — *strip*: es hätte gezeigt werden sollen, das ae. *bestripan* ‘plunder’ *i* aus *ie*, angl. *ē*, hat und nhd. *streifen* für *sträufen* steht, während nhd. *streif(en)* ‘stripe, streak’ altes *i* hat. Ne. *stripe* gehört zu diesem, aber nicht zu jenem. — *stub* ist von lat. *stipes* fernzuhalten. — *sugar* kommt zunächst von frz. *sucré*. — Das Verb *swallow*<sup>2</sup> verdankt seine Aussprache doch nicht dem part. *geswolgen!* — *sweep* verdankt seinen Vokal nicht dem pret. *swēop*; ich führe es auf schw. *svepa* zurück. — *sweet*: got. *sūts* steht nicht für *swōtus*. — *Switzer*: l. ahd. *swīz*. — *swoon*: l. ae. *geswogen*. — *take* hat doch nichts mit lat. *tango* zu tun! — *tarnish*: l. ahd. *tarnen*. — *tart*<sup>2</sup> gehört zu *tartar*. — *teat*: l. nhd. *zitze*. — *Teutonic*: lat. *Teutones* kommt nicht von ahd. *diot*. — *thane*: die Gleichstellung mit *τέκνον* macht doch Schwierigkeiten. — *that*: frz. *que*, it. *che*, sp. *que* kommen von lat. *quid*. — *thaw*: l. ae. *thāwan*. — *tilt*<sup>1</sup>: ae. *teld* gehört nicht zu lat. *tendere*. — *tilt*<sup>2</sup>: Herleitung von ae. *tealtian* macht lautliche Schwierigkeiten. — *tip*<sup>4</sup>: vgl. nhd. *antippen*. — *tor*<sup>1</sup>: vgl. nfries. *tor* ‘ameisenhügel’. — *totter* hat mit *tolter* nichts zu tun. — *trow* kommt von ae. *trūwian*. — *turn*: l. ae. *thrāwan*. — *twig*<sup>1</sup>: die Erhaltung des *-g* ist bemerkenswert. — *twilight*: l. aisl. *ragna rökkr*. — *uproar*: l. aisl. *hræra*. — *us*: got. *unsis* hat doch mit ae. *ūsic*, ahd. *unsich* nichts zu tun. — *vane*: l. aisl. *fani*. — *veer*<sup>2</sup>: afrz. *virer* kann nicht von ndd. *vieren* stammen. — *viand*: vgl. ae. *prēost* aus *praepositus*. — *viol*: lat. *fides* gehört nicht dazu. — *waft*: l. nl. ndd. *wachten*. — Unter *wag* l. ‘D. rumpe-wrikker’. — Unter *wainscot* l. ‘Du. *wagen* (*schot*)’, mit gedecktem *ā*. — *walrus*: l. ‘A. S. *horshwæl*’. — *wapentake* ist nordisch, wie der Vokal zeigt. —

*wassail* stammt aus nord. *wes heill!* — *way*: lat. *via* ist fernzuhalten. — *weapon*: gr. ζεῖλον ist nicht verwandt. — *wee* ist kaum von *weeny* abgeleitet, sondern könnte direkt die schottische Form von ne. *woe* (ae. *wā*) sein, vgl. etwa nhd. ‘ein Häufchen Unglück’. — Sollte got. *wikō*, ‘Woche’ nicht eher ein lat. Lehnwort sein? — *welcome*: I. ‘AS. wilcuma’. — Ob *well* wohl zu *wollen* gehört? — Sollte in *whelm* das *m* vielleicht aus -*fn-* entstanden sein? Vgl. nhd. *walmdach*. — *when*: aisl. *hvenar* ist aus *hvener* entstanden; vgl. ndd. *wannähr*. — *where*: ahd. *wā* steht für älteres *wär*, *hwär*. — *whet*: nhd. *wetzen* kommt doch nicht von ahd. *was!* — *whether*: das ae. hat auch *hwether*. — *which*: besser war got. *hwileiks* zu vergleichen. — *whinyard* scheint mir mit *weidner* nicht vereinbar. — Unter *whisper* I. nhd. *wispfern*. — *whither* gehört vielmehr zu lat. *quis*, *quid*. — *whitlow* wird mit *outlaw* kaum zusammenhängen. — *who* hat mit nl. *wie*, nhd. *wer*, an. *hverr*, lat. *quis* nichts zu tun. — *wick*<sup>2</sup>: got. *weihs* ist mit lat. *vicus* unverwandt, nicht daraus entlehnt! — *wight*<sup>2</sup> ‘tüchtig, tapfer’ ist *wight*<sup>1</sup>; das Adjektiv erklärt sich aus predikativen Gebrauch, vgl. nhd. *schade*; an. *vigt* ist fernzuhalten. — Seltsam ist die Behauptung, ae. *wille* sei ursprünglich ein Prät. gewesen. Es war natürlich ein Optat. Präs., vgl. got. *wiljau*. — Zu *witch* vgl. nd. *wicken*. — Zu *wither* vgl. nhd. *verwittern*. — Beruht der Anlaut von *uwern* etwa auf hd. *wurm*? — Unter *woe* I. got. *wai*. — *won’t* ist aus me. *wol not* entstanden. — Zu *wool* vgl. noch lat. *lana*. — *wr-* ist noch im nl. und ndd. erhalten. — *wrath* geht auf ae. *wræppu* zurück. — Zu *wright*: I. ahd. *wurhteo*. — Unter *write* I. an. *rita*. — *writhe*: nl. *wrijten* gehört doch nicht dazu! — *wriggle*: erg. nl. *wriggelen*. — *yarn*: I. an. pl. *garnar* und sg. an. *garn*, n. — *yawl* kann nicht von an. *kjöll* stammen. — Das Verhältniss von *yawn* zu ae. *gānian* und *geonian* ist dunkel. — *yclept*: I. ae. *geclipod*. — *yet*: nhd. *jetzt*, *jetzo* ist fern zu halten, da sie auf *hie zuo* beruhen, vgl. das ältere *itzt*. — *you*: auch im nl. ist *du* verschwunden. — *zeal*: ζῆλος ist nicht mit *yeast* verwandt.

Kiel.

FERD. HOLTHAUSEN.

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*English Influence on the French Vocabulary.* By PAUL BARBIER.  
S. P. E. Tract VII. Clarendon Press. 1922. 3/6 net.

This important study by Paul Barbier contains a list of 623 words which French has borrowed from English. The great merit of this work is the excellent documentation which the author gives. Only few words are given without quotations or references. B. classifies his words according to the sphere in which they are used, under the following six heads: 1. words referring to politics and administration; 2. to religion; 3. to daily life; 4. borrowed from business; 5. nautical terms; 6. scientific terms. He forms a 7th group of words derived from Scotland, America or the English Colonies, whilst an eighth group contains all those words which cannot be classified in any of the other groups.

As a matter of course a list like this cannot be complete. Nor does the author lay claim to this. For those who take sufficient interest in his work to continue the subject, it is a pity that B. does not add an alphabetical list of the words he mentions.

B. sees the principal cause of borrowing in the translations of English books into French. It is an undeniable fact that in most translated books words and expressions occur which have not yet been assimilated by the borrowing language. This is certainly not the case when an English work is

translated into French by a Dutchman. (B. cites the translation of Mandeville by Justus van Effen, p. 9).

No one will be able to assert that all the words mentioned by the author, belong to or have belonged to the French language. It seems to me that words like *bifteck*, *sandwich*, *pickpocket*, *club* with which this is the case, have found their way into French by oral contact between the two nations. It is obvious that this contact was promoted by the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes and afterwards by the extension of commercial relations and the improvement of means of communication. It would appear to me, however, that B. underestimates the influence of the relations dating from before 1685. Chr. Bastide in his „*Anglais et Français du XVIIe siècle*,“ p. 29, refers to Jusserand, *Hist. litt. peuple Anglais*, and says:

„Les rapports entre les deux pays ont été si constants que forcément il s'est opéré dans certaines classes de la société française au moins une légère diffusion de l'anglais. Déjà au moyen âge, les auteurs du Roman de Renart montrent une certaine familiarité avec la langue anglaise. Dans Rabelais, Panurge parle bien anglais.“

Barbier mentions only in passing the marriage of Charles I with the daughter of Henry IV. Bastide speaking of queen Henriette says:

„Elle groupa autour d'elle un certain nombre de Français: des prêtres, des artistes, des musiciens. Déjà la reine Anne, sa belle-mère, avait eu des maîtres de chapelle français.“

And further on: „C'est grâce à la reine Henriette que l'on vit en Angleterre des troupes de comédiens français. La visite de l'une de ces troupes, en 1629, occasionna - - - - .“

I may be permitted to make one more remark in connection with the lists of words B. mentions. For a comprehensive survey it would have been desirable to differentiate between :

1st words taken from English unchanged: e. g. *sandwich*;

2nd English words translated, such as: *tête-ronde*, *franc-maçon*, *libre-penseur*;

3rd those formed from English words by the addition of a French suffix, such as: *highlandais*, *lenticulaire*, *réfracter*.

The remark which B. makes on p. 7 and 11, „conformité, convocation etc. are of course older in French in their general sense; they are only semantic loan-words,“ also holds good for others he adduces, such as: *papier*, *planteur*, *recteur*, *report*, etc. In this connection the following words deserve attention: *budget*, *constable*, *gentleman*, *verdict* etc. which English borrowed from French in the middle ages and which afterwards returned to France altered or unaltered in form or meaning.

J. J. BECKER ELZINGA.

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*The Infinitive, the Gerund and the Participles of the English Verb.*  
By H. POUTSMA. Noordhoff, 1923. f 4.50, cloth f 5.50.

Although this book is published under a title of its own, it is really an instalment of Poutsma's *Grammar of Late Modern English* begun in 1904. It is, indeed, rather a supplement to the first volume of that work than an independent treatment of the subjects mentioned in the title. And this is quite right, for an independent treatment would have entailed many useless repetitions. Mr. Poutsma's experience seems to support those grammarians who hold that the time-honoured arrangement of our grammars, beginning with a treatment of the parts of speech, to be completed in the chapter on

the structure of the sentence, is not essentially changed, but simply reversed, by those who, attaching importance to theoretical arguments, prefer to start from the sentence.

The book falls into three parts, as shown by the title, the infinitive occupying a hundred pages, the other subjects some seventy each. The pages on the infinitive deal chiefly with the use of *to* and its absence; it would probably be difficult to add anything on this subject. In the sections on the tense and voice of the infinitive the author mentions a point that is generally neglected by grammarians, although examples of the construction had already been collected by Stoffel. I refer to such sentences as the following: *Newcastle takes its name from the castle which was begun to be rebuilt by Rufus*. Poutsma also adds such cases as *No building is allowed to be erected*, etc., but this is a case of a nominative with infinitive, and different from the other example. This difference is best seen when the corresponding active sentences are compared: *Rufus had begun to rebuild the castle*, and *They allowed no building to be erected*. In the former case both the finite verb and the infinitive are active, in the second the infinitive is passive. And the noun that becomes the subject of the passive construction is the object of the infinitive in the former case, the accusative (hardly a real object) of the finite verb (and at the same time the subject of the infinitive) in the second.

The sections on the gerund and the participles are as thorough, and as fully illustrated as we have come to take for granted in any work of Mr. Poutsma, but they do not seem to call for any special comment; the pages on the participles will be familiar to readers of *English Studies*.

K.

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*Seneca and Elizabethan Tragedy.* By F. L. LUCAS, B. A. Cambridge University Press, 1922. 136 pp. 7/6 net.

The book under review is not the work of a scholar, but of a literary journalist. The author would have acted wisely had he followed the advice — such as it is — of another literary journalist, Mr. Clutton Brock, who, in a letter published in *The Times Literary Supplement* of December 1, 1921, wrote: "As for histories of the modern drama, they should concern themselves only with good plays and should not be written at all about a time when there were no good plays." They should certainly not be written by minor *littérateurs* out for stylistic effects.

So far from adding anything to the labours of Cunliffe and others who have dealt with Seneca's influence on the Elizabethan stage, Mr. Lucas has only a mild sneer for their painstaking scholarship. He spends nearly one hundred pages of fine writing on the Greek and Roman drama, Seneca the Man, the Tragedies of Seneca, 'Darkness and Dawn', before he comes to Elizabethan Tragedy at all. It would be more or less in the author's vein to say that in the last three dozen pages the proportion of real matter to titles and quotations is about that of one halfpennyworth of bread to an intolerable deal of sack — and this ha'porth is mostly borrowed from Ward, Jusserand, Boas and others, with an occasional shrug at Cunliffe and Engel to show the writer's independent attitude. And, with all the assurance of a second-hand historian, he pronounces judgment on questions that are still matter for conjecture, without even the faintest intimation to the unwary reader that *adhuc sub iudice lis est*.

Here is a case in point. On p. 117 Mr. Lucas writes: "Kyd's *Soliman*

and *Persida*, a far weaker play than the *Spanish Tragedy*, tries to make up for it (viz. Senecan influence) by wholesale slaughter. The Chorus is supplied by Fortune, Love and Death, who dispute pre-eminence; as there are no less than eighteen murders in the piece, and only 'supers' survive to carry out the corpses, Death is an easy victor." A few lines higher up we read: "The lost original *Hamlet*, probably by Kyd (1587), his *Soliman and Persida* (1588)," etc. The least mistake in these passages is that the second name in the title should not be spelt *Persida*, but *Persedea*. Such trifles may be beneath the author's notice. But how is it conceivable that he should write "Kyd's *Soliman and Persida*" when the authorship of this tragedy is one of the vexed questions in the history of Elizabethan drama and very far indeed from being settled? The facts are briefly these: *The Tragedie of Soliman and Persedea* is an anonymous play, preserved in two Quartos, the one dated 1599, the other undated. The entry in the Stationers' Register is dated November 22, 1592. On account of certain points of similarity between it and *The Spanish Tragedy* Hawkins, who republished the play in 1773, ascribed it to Kyd — though merely by way of conjecture. This ascription was denied on various grounds by Markscheffel (1885) but vigorously defended by Sarrazin in Engl. Studien XV (1891), and afterwards in his book 'Thomas Kyd und sein Kreis' (1892). A trenchant criticism, however, of Sarrazin's theory and method was given by Schick in Herrig's Archiv XC (1893), while the view that Kyd was the author had been previously attacked by Schröer in 'Ueber Titus Andronicus' (1891). Ward, in his 'History of English Dramatic Literature', (1899) inclines to Sarrazin's opinion; so does Boas, in his edition of Kyd's works (1901), though he suggests the alternative that *Soliman and Persedea* may be the work of some disciple writing in Kyd's manner. Tucker Brooke (whom Mr. Lucas seems to have read! vid. p. 90) in 'The Tudor Drama' (1911) is even less positive; and the Cambridge History of English Literature (1918) is completely sceptical about the question of authorship. Yet Mr. Lucas coolly — or is it mere ignorance? — writes of "Kyd's *Soliman and Persida*". Add to this that nothing is known for certain about the dates either of the *Ur-Hamlet* or of *Soliman and Persedea*, and that the date now commonly assumed for *The Spanish Tragedy* is 1587, not 1586, as he has it on p. 115 — and it will be seen what are Mr. Lucas' qualifications for writing on Elizabethan Tragedy.

A critic dealing with this book in the latest issue of the *Modern Language Review*, winds up with the remark: "In short, Mr. Lucas' book has nothing for the professed scholar. But it should be an excellent book to put into the hands of the undergraduate who is setting out on the study of modern drama." With all due deference to the reviewer's opinion — he is Prof. C. H. Herford's successor at Manchester — I beg leave to disagree. Nothing should be put into the hands of the undergraduate that cannot stand the test of scholarship. Least of all productions like this, that cloak their unreliability beneath the stylistic effects of literary journalese.

R. W. ZANDVOORT.

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*Measure for Measure*. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. Cambridge University Press. 1922. 7 sh. net:

The fourth volume of the handsome Shakespeare edition published by the Cambridge University Press shows fortunately no falling off from the high standard of excellence attained in its predecessors. Its principal feature, the

extensive Introduction by Sir Arthur Quiller Couch, a model of clear and sound critical reasoning, seems to me the best he has yet supplied. After a comparison between the sources and the contents of the play, which once more brings out the extreme importance of Italian influences, Q. puts the questions: What is wrong with this play? and: Where lurks the main flaw, the secret of that dissatisfaction of which we are all conscious as we close the book or come away from the theatre? Most critics, he observes, suspect the mischief to be somewhere or somehow in the bawdry. The refutation of this opinion affords him an opportunity of making some very apposite remarks on the subject in general. He then shows, that in the period to which *Measure for Measure* belongs Shakespeare's attitude in regard to licentious matter has undergone a distinct change and further, that in this period of the great tragedies his attempts at writing a comedy seem somewhat forced and have not been altogether successful. *Troilus and Cressida*, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Measure for Measure*, all three border on tragedy and all three worry us because we understand them imperfectly. We are naturally inclined to suppose some disturbing factor in the poet's life, a love deception possibly. Q. throws out a hint in this direction, but wisely refrains from any further guess-work. The fact, however, that Shakespeare seems, during these years, constantly haunted by the thought of adultery and incontinence in women is significant and leads the writer to a closer investigation into the character of the heroine Isabella, that paragon of purity, on whose righteousness opinions are greatly divided. He will not set himself up for umpire in the dispute. He only tries to show, that Shakespeare failed in making Isabella a consistent character and that this inconsistency — a fault so extremely rare in the plays — is the main cause of our dissatisfaction. "Are we then to suppose," he continues, "that Shakespeare's capacity and judgment had been unhinged for the while by some mysterious dark lady? Before we have recourse to that explanation, it will surely be more economical to find one, if we can, in the text itself." It is indeed admitted on all hands, that the text as it has come down to us is untrustworthy and full of puzzles. Q.'s discussion of the two most famous scenes with their strange intermingling of poetry, worthy to rank with the best of *Hamlet* and downright bad and dreary prose, proves more clearly than ever "a clash of two irreconcilable styles and a discordance of invention." The play must have been tampered with by a writer who had but very moderate notions of dramatic art.

Q. leaves the conjectural emendations to his collaborator Dover Wilson, whose contribution "The Copy for *Measure for Measure*" is scarcely less interesting. Two new historic finds, which explain the hitherto obscure passages: 1. 2., 'Heaven grant us its peace, but not the King of Hungary's' etc. and 2. 4. 79—81 . . . , 'As these black masques . . . Proclaim an enshield beauty. . . ' etc., settle the date of *Measure for Measure* beyond reasonable doubt. Another remarkable point to which the author draws attention is the fact that some beautiful blank verse lines may be extracted from the drab prose passages, the most striking instance being the line: 4. 2. 199., 'Look th'unfolding star calls up the shepherd . . . '

Dover Wilson supposes that a reviser hurriedly worked over Shakespeare's verse and expanded it into prose, and after several other interesting inferences comes to the conclusion, that *Measure for Measure* was first abridged for a court performance in 1604 and afterwards filled out again by a prose adapter.

Besides these two articles the volume contains a great many valuable Notes, a Glossary, a few pages on the Stage History of *Measure for Measure* and a very fine reproduction of the portrait of Ben Jonson by Gerard Honthorst.

A. G. VAN KRANENDONK.

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*The Teaching of English. A New Approach*, by W. S. TOMKINSON.  
Oxford, Clarendon Press 1921. 4/6.

This book breathes the new spirit pervading the teaching of the mother tongue, this term to be understood in the wider sense of the literature as well as the language. Though obviously not of primary interest to the foreign language teacher, yet the latter may find plenty of valuable observations on the subject of treating literature in class. The earlier portion of the book, dealing with the teaching of the language (mainly to primary school children) does not come up to the standard of the subsequent chapters. At the outset Mr. Tomkinson emphasizes the importance of oral practice as the natural preparation for composition and I shall be the last to controvert his proposition. However, in elaborating it, the author, owing perhaps to a desire to be complete, is beguiled into discussing subjects his notions of which seem none of the clearest. I will only note one or two remarks out of quite a few that are equally fanciful or puzzling:

Mr. T. urges the teacher to master the art of "nasal production, without the unpleasant nasal quality" which, he assures us, "is the essence of the modern voice methods". I wonder, what "that arch-phonetician" Mr. Daniel Jones (by the way, Mr. T. dubs him David) would think of this elocutionary achievement. Nor do I see the wisdom of making Dr. Bridges homonyms serve for ear-practice. And what is the good of such vague generalizations as the following: "o's must be open, a's pure, and ee's and u's sustained."

It would not be fair, however, to lay too much stress on the weak spots (most of them in the earlier portion), since they are more than compensated by the really good stuff to be found later on.

In the chapters on Reading (Silent and Aloud), Composition (both Verse and Prose) and Appreciation Mr. T. is in his true element. He profusely illustrates his method from the wealth of material provided to him by his experience in class teaching. Like other advocates of what may be called the new movement in the teaching of English the writer definitely instructs his youngsters how to make verse, and his arguments in defence of it are well worth reading. It is interesting to be shown in detail how the thing is done, starting from preliminary exercises in rhyme and rhythm. A few specimens of original work are attached, one being a ballad of real merit, composed by a girl of fourteen.<sup>1)</sup>

The author also insists on the systematic teaching of prose composition and here again the exposition of his method is quite exhaustive and illuminating. Another important chapter is the one on Appreciation. From it we see how Mr. T. cultivates the critical sense of his young scholars by discussing the aesthetic principle of Order, the use of Repetition, the Figures of Speech, the

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<sup>1)</sup> It would be a pity to make no mention of the writer's suggestion as to how the 'mood' of a poem may be summoned up or strengthened in the hearer's mind by the aid of music. He refers to Richard Steele as a pioneer in this field. From a suggested list of poems with pieces of music to match I only mention: Sohrab and Rustum — Slow movement from Dvorák's New World Symphony; Keith of Ravelston — Opening movement Pathétique Sonata.

value of fitting Epithets etc., verse form and word music having been treated before. He chooses for an illustration a class discussion of *Morte d'Arthur*.

To a great extent the book covers the same ground as Mr. Arnold Smith's *Aims and Methods* (reviewed in E. S. I, 153). A notable difference is that, whereas the Dramatic Method figures very prominently in the latter book, Mr. Tomkinson looks upon it with indifference and warns against its pitfalls, particularly when applied to History. He has some acute observations on this point, arguing that "the atmosphere . . . will be falsified and debased. Imagination, by which alone we possess the past, will be overpowered by the crude realism of history in action."

To sum up, *The Teaching of English*, though somewhat unequal, is suggestive in many parts, and there is a literary flavour about the book which makes it pleasant reading. If in a subsequent edition the author could see fit to prune the introductory part rather vigorously, and to generally revise his work, there would be a distinct gain. He might then also attach names to the numerous nameless quotations, which he courteously supposes the reader to be conversant with.

Steenwijk.

C. J. VAN DER WEY.

*Religiöses und Kirchliches Leben in England.* By OTTO BAUMGARTEN. Leipzig, 1922.

This study, published in the series 'Handbuch der Englisch-Amerikanischen Kultur' <sup>1)</sup> is intended to acquaint the German people, above all German students, with the religious life of the English people. During the world war it became evident that a good deal of misunderstanding and ignorance still prevailed about it, owing to which great mistakes were made on the German side that might have been avoided with a better knowledge of the English mentality.

With a laudable lack of prejudice Prof. Baumgarten deals with the various types of English piety, which he has learned to know and distinguish both by frequent stays in England and intimate intercourse with leading personalities and humble folk, and by a close study of English literature.

After a short survey of English church history, from the early middle ages down to the present day, the author discusses successively the State Church types (ch. 2), the Low Church (ch. 3) and High Church types (ch. 4), the Evangelical (ch. 5) and the Broad Church types (ch. 6), the Methodist (ch. 7), the Puritan (ch. 8), the Baptist (ch. 9), the Chiliasm (ch. 10), the Christian Socialist (ch. 11) and the aesthetic-religious types (ch. 12), winding up in the last chapter by indicating what is characteristically English in the various types of piety. Among these characteristic qualities Prof. Baumgarten reckons dependence on the Bible, a strong propensity for moralising, utilitarianism and a large measure of formality.

This study in which such a concise but at the same time clear picture is drawn of religious life and tendencies in England, will undoubtedly contribute to a better understanding of the English people, both by Prof. Baumgarten's countrymen for whom the booklet was written and by others for whom spiritual life in England was a closed book thus far. Also the English themselves may learn much in this respect from a foreigner who approaches their religious life objectively and psychologically, and profit by many a shrewd remark and characterisation of this able German scholar.

Amersfoort, 12 Dec. 1922.

DR. R. MIEDEMA.

<sup>1)</sup> See E. S. Dec. 1922, p. 234

### Brief Mention.

*The Sentence and its Functional Units.* A new method of displaying the relation of words in organised speech. For the Use of Schools. By the Rev. A. DARBY, M. A., B. D. London, Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., 1921. 76 p. p. 3/-.

The author of this little book claims that "the principles of sentence-structure embodied in this book are not altogether those commonly accepted". The claim is perfectly just as the reader will see from the following example. The man carrying the parcels passed very quickly: *The man carrying the parcels* — subject — (*passed*) copula — *passed very quickly* — predicate. And in parsing the word *passed* is called an adjective. Some readers will be surprised to hear that every sentence, "if complete", must contain three parts: the subject, the predicate, and — the copula. "Many sentences can be framed which do not, at first sight, appear to present these three elements, for we may frame sentences as follows: — The man runs. The girls laugh. They write. The Copula appears to be missing in such sentences but is not really so".

It is not necessary to make any further quotations. Those who know the elements of formal logic will recognize the source of this 'grammar'. It is the sort of book that might have been written by a real student of language some fifty years ago. Historical students who wish to have an idea of what a grammar based on logic is like will find this book very interesting. But it is naturally not the sort of interest that the writer desires. He does not want his book to be looked at as a curious specimen of bygone times. As a book to be used at the present time, in school or elsewhere, however, we naturally cannot recommend it. The author is clearly a logician, not a student of language. — K.

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*The Chapbook.* No. 32. Dec. 1922. *One Day Awake (A Morality).* By HAROLD MONRO. Poetry Bookshop. 1/- net.

*Id.* No. 33. Jan. 1923. *Poems* by various authors. *Literature in 1922: a survey.* By RECORDER.

*The Three Lovers.* By FRANK SWINNERTON. 7½ × 5½, 383 pp. Methuen. 7 s. 6 d. net.

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*The Tragedy of Sir John Van Olden Barnavelt.* Edited from the M.S. with introduction and notes by W. P. FRUJLINCK. 1922. pp. CLX + 119.  
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#### HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

*The Golden Bough: A Study in Magic and Religion.* By SIR JAMES GEORGE FRAZER, F.R.S. 9 × 8, xiv + 756 pp. Macmillan and Co. 18s. n.  
(Abridged edition. See W. VAN DOORN, *Fruit from the Golden Bough*, E. S. IV, 81 ff.)

*English Critical Essays* (Sixteenth, Seventeenth, and Eighteenth Centuries). Selected and edited by EDMUND D. JONES. (The World's Classics.) viii. + 460 pp. Milford. 2s. n.

*Shakespeare and Spain.* By H. THOMAS. 9 × 5½, 32 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 2s. n.  
The Taylorian lecture, 1922.

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*English Lyric in the Age of Reason.* By OSWALD DOUGHTY. 9 × 6. xvi. + 461 pp. D. O'Connor. 15s. n.

*Mary Wollstonecraft and the Beginnings of Female Emancipation in France and England.* By J. BOUTEN. 1922. pp. 182.  
Diss. Amsterdam.

*Scott and his Influence on Dutch Literature.* By H. VISSINK. 1922. pp. 306.  
Diss. Amsterdam.

*Blake, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb, &c.* Being Selections from the Remains of HENRY CRABB ROBINSON. Edited by EDITH J. MORLEY.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , xxiii. + 176 pp. Manchester: University Press; London: Longmans. 1922. 7s. 6d. n.

The remains of Crabb Robinson, one of the most conspicuous of social figures and recorders of social history in the first half of the nineteenth century.

*William Wordsworth and Annette Vallon.* By EMILE LEGOUIS.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xiv. + 146 pp. Dent. 5s. n.

The substance of these pages appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* last spring. Every one is now familiar with the story of Wordsworth's early amour with Annette Vallon, and of his daughter Caroline, at any rate since the publication of Professor Harper's "William Wordsworth" in 1916. The researches of M Legouis and others have added details to the story; and he is able to give the curious history of the Vallon family, which he compares to a novel by Balzac. The preface states that the story of Wordsworth and Annette is to form the subject of a novel by Mrs. Margaret Woods [T.]

*Mr. Dickens Goes to the Play.* By ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.  $9\frac{1}{4} + 6\frac{1}{4}$ , xi. + 239 pp. Putnams. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Woolcott, the dramatic critic of the *New York Times*, here collects and surveys the record of Dickens' affection for the theatre and connexion with it. It did not content Dickens, the author declares, to be a novelist. "It is impossible to explore far in the half-shrouded byways of Dickens without surprising again and again this secret of his heart — that he wanted to be an actor" The evidence for this Mr. Woolcott finds in Dickens's correspondence — the Macready letters and many others — from which a liberal selection is made, and in the descriptions of and references to the stage in his novels, long passages from which are quoted. Mr. Woolcott also adds a chapter on the dramatizations of Dickens's works. The book contains several illustrations of Dickens portraits and Dickensian relics such as playbills and lists of stage properties drawn up in Dickens's hand. [T.]

*The Year's Work in English Studies.* Vol. II. 1920-1. Edited for The English Association. By SIR SIDNEY LEE and F. S. BOAS.  $9 \times 6$ , 192 pp. 1922. Milford. 7s. 6d. net.

*Contemporary American Literature.* Bibliographies and study outlines. By JOHN MATTHEWS MANLY and EDITH RICKERT.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xix. + 188 pp. Harrap. 1922. 5s. net.

*The Catholic Spirit in Modern English Literature.* By GEORGE N. SHUSTER.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ , xi. + 365 pp. Macmillan and Co. 9s. net.

*The Quintessence of Ibsenism.* By BERNARD SHAW. Now completed to the death of Ibsen. 3rd Edition.  $7\frac{1}{4} + 5$ , xxiii. + 210 pp. Constable. 3s. 6d. net.

*Essays and Studies.* By Members of the English Association. Vol. VIII. Oxford, Clarendon Press. 1922.

The eighth annual of the English Association contains, as usual, several articles of literary criticism. There is a study of *Tragedy*, by JOHN S. SMART; *The Mystical Element in English Poetry* by A. HAMILTON THOMPSON; *Romanticism in the modern world*, by PROF. HERFORD; *Haslitt* by PROF. KIRK. Besides these there is a critical text with commentary of a mock-heroic fifteenth century poem *The Felon Sau*, edited by G. H. COWLING; notes on the *Meanings of Certain Terms in the Anglo-Saxon Charters* by G. E. GRUNDY, and an article on *English Grammar and Grammars* to which we refer in our Notes and News.

#### LINGUISTICS, HISTORY.

*Hali Meidenhad.* An alliterative homily of the Thirteenth Century. From MS. Bodley 34 Oxford and Cotton MS. Titus D. 18 British Museum. Edited by the late F. J. FURNIVALL. Being a revised edition of No. 18 of the original series, *Hali Meidenhad*, from MS. Cotton Titus D. xviii. Edited by OSWALD COCKAYNE.  $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 116 pp. For the Early English Text Society. Milford. 12s. net.

*An Enquiry on a Psychological Basis into the Use of the Progressive Form in Late Modern English.* By J. VAN DER LAAN. 1922. pp. 135.  
Diss. Amsterdam.

*Metaphor.* By "E. B." H. W. FOWLER, and A. CLUTTON-BROCK. S. P. E. Tract. No. xi.,  $9 \times 6$ , 22 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 2s. 6d. net.

*English Synonyms explained and illustrated.* By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. 4th ed. Wolters, 1922. pp. VII + 575. f 5.90. [A review will appear.]

*The Infinitive, the Gerund and the Particles of the English Verb.* By H. POUTSMA. V + 240 pp.  $16 \times 24$  c.M. Noordhoff, 1923. f 4.50, geb. f 5.50 [See Review.]

*A Short History of Scotland.* By CHARLES SANFORD TERRY. Cambridge University Press. 8/- n.

*British History in the Nineteenth Century* (1782-1901) By G. M. TREVELYAN. Longmans. 1922. 12/6 net.

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*The Manchester Guardian.* By W. HASLAM MILLS. Chatto & Windus, 1921. 6/- net.  
A century of history.

*A History of the Cambridge University Press, 1521-1921.* By S. C. ROBERTS, M.A. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  × 6, xv.+190 pp. Cambridge. 17s. 6d. n.

*Some Account of the Oxford University Press, 1468-1921.* Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1922. 5/- net.

*A History of the Perse School, Cambridge.* By J. M. GRAY. 8 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ , vi.+161 pp. Cambridge: Bowes and Bowes. 10s. 6d. n.

A scholarly history of the ancient school founded by Stephen Perse, physician, of Cambridge, who died in 1615. [T.]

*Catalogue of Western Manuscripts in the Old Royal and King's Collections in the British Museum.* By SIR GEORGE F. WARNER and JULIUS P. SILSON, successive keepers of the Department of Manuscripts. In four volumes. Printed for the Trustees. £11 11s. net.

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## Notes on Macaulay.

The characteristics of Macaulay's prose writings, their manliness, sincerity, clearness, their wealth of illustrations and abundance of detail, have often been enumerated. Their faults, indeed, are so numerous and conspicuous that one is apt to forget in analysing his compositions that the biographer of Addison and of Clive is a great and brilliant writer. We marvel at the stupendous power that must always have been at his disposal to keep up to the last page that peculiar old-fashioned excellence, that intensity of attention and expression, that profusion of imagery which marked the opening paragraph. Never, throughout his essays, as full of various information as an egg is full of meat (and for the inordinate length of which he had repeatedly to apologize to his editors) is there any sign of flagging. Sidney Smith, a virile writer, whose treatises show many points of resemblance, was a weakling, compared with this intellectual athlete; Coleridge's dissertations, though sounding far greater depths, are dull, involved and inconclusive; de Quincey, when uninspired, writes page after page of mere twaddle; Lamb seems a trifler. Macaulay, easily victorious in all his undertakings, has no rivals in constructive grasp, in masterly execution, in his supreme art of dovetailing paragraphs. There are few writers who so powerfully impress us with the sense of their superiority. The audacious plan and microscopic finish of the History, the Victorian soundness and the panoramic vision of his richly illuminated Essays, the clarity and sustained force of his rhetorical prose, the unwavering conviction of his critical estimates and ideas suggest a powerful and universal mind, which has probed all things within human ken. An innate, titanic force propels his lucid sentences. There are no clumsy transitions and no obscure passages. He has evidently not read up his subject to write about it and his ideas have not ripened while he was composing. But he exhibits his overwhelming and long-familiar erudition with masterly craft and the almost playful ease of an expert stylist. Macaulay is a great teacher and in spite of spontaneity and virtuosity his structures have the characteristics of massive build and imposing, though somewhat old-fashioned, grandeur. Descriptions, expositions, reflections, arguments all seem flawless and final. Nevertheless it is clear upon a little consideration that our respect and admiration are chiefly induced by the author's deep-rooted self-confidence. The fault we find with most modern thinkers (blaming ourselves the while for being unreasonable) is their apologetic attitude of mind; the frank or implied confession that their philosophic quest has been in vain. None has solved the haunting enigma of life. But about Macaulay there is no half-heartedness. For him there are no social problems and no metaphysical mysteries. He has known no struggles of the soul, no contrition, no devastating passions; above all he has never doubted the palpable correctness of his own views. He has one unshifting point of view whence the Universe looked intelligible and transparent to him and, therefore, there is an enviable repose and equilibrium about all his writings. His soul has never yearned for something higher than his own achievements. Nothing could ever shake his convictions, confound, surprise, disillusion him. In his conception of life all had been foreseen and arranged, fathomed and appraised. There were precedents and rules of conduct, acknowledged duties, a code of morality and "honour". He had his unalterable opinions and methods. His information had been boiled down to ever accessible facts and figures. His simplicity of outlook is incredible and he staggers even sincere admirers

with some critical enormity like the following. "Mr. Southey is . . . . utterly destitute of the power of discerning truth from falsehood." What a childish conception of man's mind and its organs and of the meaning of the word "truth" a thinker must have to write this egregious dictum.

He took the greatest pains not only to be intelligible, but also to be amusing. "Obscurity and affectation" he writes, "are the two greatest faults of style. Obscurity of expression generally springs from confusion of ideas; and the same wish to dazzle at any cost which produces affectation in the manner of a writer, is likely to produce sophistry in his reasonings." His nephew tells us that it was Macaulay's ambition to write a history which every young lady would read in preference to the latest novel, and we know that he "really prized" a vote of thanks from Manchester "for (his) having written a history which working men can understand." It is, indeed, impossible even for the dullest or most careless reader to misunderstand him. He formulates the simplest proposition several times, proves it over and over again and illustrates it with a number of examples, often of the most homely and familiar type. In discussing the inductive method in philosophy he makes his "plain man" reason thus. "I ate minced pies on Monday and Wednesday, and I was kept awake by indigestion all night. I did not eat any on Tuesday and Friday and I was quite well. It cannot have been the brandy which I took with them. For I have drunk brandy daily for years without being the worse for it." etc. Here is an instance of redundancy. "It is," he says of one of Milton's Latin writings, "well written though not exactly in the style of the prize essays of Oxford and Cambridge. There is no elaborate imitation of classical antiquity, no scrupulous purity, none of the ceremonial cleanliness which characterizes the diction of our academical Pharisees. The author does not attempt to polish and brighten his composition into Ciceronian gloss and brilliancy. He does not, in short, sacrifice sense and spirit to pedantic refinements." He never scruples to write the baldest truism, if it may serve as a link in some involved argument. "In nations broken to the curb, in nations long accustomed to be transferred from one tyrant to another, a man without eminent qualities may easily gain supreme power."

He rarely wrote except about subjects with which he had long been familiar and only when some event had called public attention to them. "The dexterous Capuchins never choose to preach on the life and miracles of a saint, until they have awakened the devotional feelings of their auditors by exhibiting some relic of him, a thread of his garment, a lock of his hair, or a drop of his blood." And he could not rest, writes Trevelyan, until every paragraph concluded with a telling sentence. His pages are full of bright things, a remarkable anecdote, a memorable metaphor, a startling paradox, a cutting bit of sarcasm. The melancholy of Dante "resembled that noxious Sardinian soil of which the intense bitterness is said to have been perceptible even in its honey"; he tells of "writers compared with whom Lucian and Gulliver were veracious, liars by double right, as travellers and as Jesuits." "So intense and ardent was the fire of his mind that it not only was not suffocated beneath the fuel, but penetrated the whole superincumbent mass with its own heat and radiance" — a fine metaphor, which might with perfect justice be applied to himself. Of course, his colours are often too glaring. "Milton retired to his hovel to die." Charles the First's "most attached councillors turned away with shame and anguish from his false and hollow policy." In the famous essay on Addison Macaulay notices "the advantage which in rhetoric and poetry, the particular has over the

general." Of this advantage, which he may frequently have found in Hazlitt, he availed himself with great felicity. "It was before Deity embodied in a human form, walking among men, partaking of their infirmities, leaning on their bosoms, weeping over their graves, slumbering in the manger, bleeding on the cross, that the prejudices of the Synagogue, and the doubts of the Academy and the pride of the Portico, and the fasces of the Lictor, and swords of thirty legions, were humbled in the dust."

The unique lucidity of Macaulay's prose amply repays the trouble of a little analysis. It may be partly explained by his purely intellectual attitude of mind as a writer, and partly by the fact that he solely addresses himself to the reader's understanding. It is not hard to explain what is meant by a purely intellectual attitude of mind. Our whole life is a protracted conquest of sub-conscious inner regions by the mind. A man of culture constantly directs his attention to his inner life and by a slow process of introspection strives to observe, to distinguish and to give names to its various phenomena. He learns, for instance "to explain" a vague dislike of some person of his acquaintance by discovering certain definite repulsive qualities, such as the man's insincerity or stinginess, or may be, his aquiline nose or the colour of his eyelashes. Intellectual people feel the need of reducing the whole world to a vast mental diagram, which is ever growing more complete. Macaulay has mapped out his universe, down to the minutest details. He has divided and subdivided, grouped and classified his material with unusual comprehensiveness. When professor Heymans of Groningen University began his researches in the field of "special" psychology, he had lists of character qualities printed, after each of which his students were to note down coefficients for each "object" they studied. Of these lists one is frequently reminded in reading Macaulay. Repeatedly we find characterizations like these. "A sensible man, of powerful and independent mind." "A candid enemy, sagacious, adventurous, intrepid." He distinguishes intellect, morals, temper, spirits, wit, ingenuity, imagination and the like as a botanist counts petals and stamens. His criticism follows the same method. "The version (of some translation) is not very easy or elegant, but it possesses clearness and fidelity." He mentions languages "from which either pleasure or information may be derived". A certain style has "grace, energy, music"; another is "weighty and massive." Somebody's eloquence is "not florid or impassioned, but grave and sober." All life is dissected, labelled and shelved. For him there is an official standard of excellence for all things and it is the censor's duty to enforce it. He has due respect for his ancestors, who have bought the blessing of "liberty, security, toleration" with their blood. He is as rich in strings of abstract nouns as Victor Hugo. "Fruits of liberty are wisdom, moderation and mercy." Society requires "a system of justice and order." "National honour should be upheld abroad." Life has "its private calamities, temptations, dangers." "We must not abandon eternal principles for accidental associations." His man of culture is a regular clock-work figure equipped with learning, accomplishments, judgment, sensibility, taste, doctrines, maxims, first principles, estimable and ornamental qualities, breeding, "law and punctilio," elegant amusements, fortune, dignities, family ties, friendships; or stained with vices, crimes, folly, errors, appetites, evil passions, as the case may be. His descriptions of "external appearance" are enumerations of features according to pattern. "Ample and majestic foreheads, brows strong and dark, but not frowning, eyes of which the calm full gaze while it expresses nothing seems to discern everything, cheeks pale with thought and sedentary habits, lips formed with feminine delicacy but compressed with more than masculine decision."

The danger of such intellectualism is very evident. To reason in detail about life in abstractions would require universal knowledge and perfect dialectic powers. A mental diagram of the phenomenal world is, at best, but a very defective and coarse reflexion of reality. It is manifestly and painfully incomplete. Natural science proceeds in the same way, but its aims are far more modest and attainable. Yet even a chemical formula represents but partially the reactions that are actually taking place in the test-tube or crucible, and when we have to deal with such complicated and enigmatic beings as living men and women, their nature, relations and activities, even the most erudite sagacious author blunders hopelessly.

Macaulay had no high opinion of Montesquieu's merits as a political philosopher. "Specious but shallow, studious of effect, indifferent to truth, eager to build a system, but careless of collecting those materials out of which alone a sound and durable system can be built, the lively President constructed theories as rapidly and as slightly as card-houses," says the critic with his usual rhetorical energy in the essay on Machiavelli. Yet it requires very little perspicacity in the student to discover the great debt which Macaulay owes Montesquieu. We have only room for a single quotation from "*l'Esprit des Lois*," but it suffices to show the curious results to which the 18th century method of logical inference from decidedly insufficient data led. In the chapter entitled "*Les pays ne sont pas cultivés en raison de leur fertilité, mais in raison de leur liberté*," it says: "Il est naturel qu'un peuple quitte un mauvais pays pour en chercher un meilleur, et non pas qu'il quitte un bon pays pour en chercher un pire. La plupart des invasions se font donc dans les pays que la nature avait faits pour être heureux; et, comme rien n'est plus près de la dévastation que l'invasion, les meilleurs pays sont le plus souvent dépeuplés, tandis que l'affreux pays du nord reste toujours habité, par la raison qu'il est presque inhabitable." The reader will perceive that the conclusion itself is not illogical. But how can a philosopher and man of the world trust to results derived from a few ill-verified observations which a truly critical mind would reject even when based upon the most extensive geographical, anthropological, historical and psychological learning.

In his earlier essays, notably in the afore-mentioned essay on Machiavelli, Macaulay makes copious use of the same synthetic method. Some traces of democracy, he says, lingered in Lombardy and Tuscany when the rest of western Europe was ruled by the nobles. "A people when assembled in a town, is far more formidable to its rulers than when dispersed over a wide extent of country." The observation is so evidently just that we forget to ask, if, then, there were no towns in the rest of Europe. The reputation of Montesquieu is explained in a few sentences. "He caught the eye of the French nation, at the moment when it was waking from the long sleep of political and religious bigotry; and, in consequence, he became a favourite." If Cromwell the younger had not been such a weak character, his father's institutions would have been preserved to this very day! Such were the random assertions that, in spite of the common experience of ages, passed muster as logical deductions.

Another danger of intellectualism is that its expression so easily degenerates into rhetoric, especially if its author is fond of grandiloquent phrases and images, as Macaulay certainly was. The modern essayist whose object is to make his readers feel as well as think, is far less likely to forget the world of reality which his words can but faintly represent — than a dealer in abstractions. Rhetoric is defined as fine words without conviction or

earnest feeling. A rhetorician is essentially an untruthful man. Yet we can understand perfectly what Matthew Arnold meant by calling Macaulay, who was the soul of honesty, a rhetorician. For his sentences and periods flow so smoothly that it frequently seems the words come of their own accord and the craftsman appears so frigid and aloof that one is tempted to question his sincerity. Still such impressions may be very misleading. There is no more rhetorical, no more artificial among all Byron's minor pieces than the notorious "Fare thee well." Yet the emotions which inspired the poem were genuine and deep as his contemporary letters and diary entries conclusively prove. To the indolent, however, "mental" prose has one advantage over "impassioned" prose: it keeps the student constantly employed on one identical level of his being; there is no tiresome shifting of the attention from ideas to sentiment. Macaulay's reader surveys the world as from some mountain, like the gods of old, beyond the reach of earthly passion or emotion.

It is very necessary to explain what is meant by "mental" prose, by saying that Macaulay addresses himself only to the reader's mind. It was the only mode of expression during the greater part of the 18th century; and the new prose which has been invading all literature ever since Burke and Chateaubriand marks a novel phase in the growth of sensitive man. The older school to which Macaulay almost entirely belonged makes us understand facts. Its function is to collect the essence of a host of inner experiences in a convenient formula. The reader receives the cipher, the skeleton, knowing quite well what it represents, but does not trouble to "live" it, to realize it imaginatively. All thinking at bottom is but a make-shift to command a multitude of untractable, unco-ordinated facts pertaining to real life — and to manipulate them; and all abstract writing is a code for communicating such formulae. It is, therefore, a convenient but necessarily roundabout way of transmitting knowledge. But no one — outside the sphere of science — is content to live in a world of formulae, in pictures, instead of in the world of living passions, moods and intuitions. Therefore the later prose tries to operate directly. A word represents an idea, but it may also affect our feelings immediately and appeal to the imaginative sensibility. The 19th century authors frequently choose their words so, and arrange the music of their sentences in such a manner that they actually create in their readers even the most subtle, evanescent emotions.

A few illustrations may make this necessary bit of analysis intelligible. "George of Trebisond and Marsilio Ficino," says Macaulay, "would not easily have been brought to believe that the inventor of the printing-press had done more for mankind than themselves, or than those ancient writers of whom they were the enthusiastic votaries." This is Macaulay's Marsilio Ficino: a rather silly and pedantic votary of ancient writers. We read, understand and pass on unmoved. But who can read Walter Pater's sketch of Ficino without becoming aware of a dreamlike world of strangely beautiful presences, suggested rather than called up by the languid flow of carefully modulated sentences? "And now the scholar rested from his labour; when there was introduced into his study, where a lamp burned continually before the bust of Plato.... a young man, not unlike the archangel Raphael, as the Florentines of that age depicted him. During this conversation Ficino formed the design of devoting his remaining years to the translation of Plotinus, that new Plato, in whom the mystical element.... has been worked out to the utmost limit of vision and ecstasy."

Or again compare Macaulay's description of Westminster Hall, opening

that truly magnificent piece of rhetoric, Warren Hastings' trial at the bar of the House of Peers, with de Quincey's night at Shrewsbury.

"The place was worthy of such a trial. It was the great hall of William Rufus, the hall which had resounded with acclamations at the inauguration of thirty kings, the hall which had witnessed the just sentence of Bacon and the just absolution of Somers, the hall where the eloquence of Strafford had for a moment awed and melted a victorious party inflamed with just resentment, the hall where Charles had confronted the High Court of Justice with the placid courage which has half redeemed his fame.... The peers, robed in gold and ermine, were marshalled by the heralds under Garter King-at-arms. The judges in their vestments of state attended to give advice on points of law."

To Macaulay the moment of the famous trial had its peculiar solemnity, which was heightened by "military and civil pomp", and the historical associations of the scene were, as always, present to the eye of his mind. But the past had no mystery for him; mankind as seen through the hallowing vistas of many centuries was mankind of his own day, and the destiny of individuals, no more than the destiny of nations, was simply the outcome of certain well-known forces operating according to familiar laws, which had nothing of a brooding fatality, or poetical retribution in them. To de Quincey the outward appearances of things are but like so many windows through which we catch a significant glimpse of an unfathomable universe alive with occult happenings springing from hidden causes.

"This single feature of the rooms — their unusual altitude, and the echoing hollowness which had become the exponent of that altitude — this one terrific feature (for terrific it was in effect) together with crowding and evanescent images of the flying feet that so often had spread gladness through these halls on the wings of youth and hope at seasons when every room rang with music — all this, rising in tumultuous vision, whilst the dead hours of night were stealing along, all around me — household and town — sleeping, and whilst against the windows more and more the storm outside was raving, threw me into the deadliest condition of nervous emotion.... and I saw London expanding her visionary gates to receive me, like some dreadful mouth of Acheron."

And yet Macaulay's purple patches are as beautiful in their own way as both de Quincey's and Pater's. The famous passage about Warren Hastings' knowledge of India is a marvel of craftsmanship. It might be compared to a base relief carved in oak, without a trace of the mellowing influence of time (in blurred outline or ripened colour of worm-eaten wood) but bold, clear-cut and vigorous.

It has been frequently observed, sometimes with quite unnecessary acrimony, that Macaulay was no original or profound thinker. He probably knew this quite well himself, for he was a truly modest man who fully knew the limitations of his peculiar genius. "I have done my best", he writes to Napier, "to ascertain what I can and what I cannot do". "I have never written a page of criticism on poetry, or the fine arts, which I would not burn if I had the power. Hazlitt used to say of himself, I am nothing if not critical. The case with me is directly the reverse.... Such books as Lessing's *Laocoön*, such passages as the criticism on Hamlet in *Wilhelm Meister*, fill me with wonder and despair." He was, at any rate, a man of many thoughts, which sometimes rose to the dignity of ideas.

No one outside his family circle has ever known his opinions on religious matters. His reticence in this respect was very remarkable. His view of

metaphysics, according to his biographer was much like Voltaire's in *Zadig*: "Il savait de la métaphysique ce qu'on a su dans tous les âges, — c'est à dire, fort peu de chose." Although he violently attacked Mill in his younger days, he was a utilitarian at heart. In this connection the essay on Bacon is enlightening. The speculative paragraphs amount to a panegyric on utility and progress. Multiplying human enjoyment and mitigating human suffering are the true objects of philosophy, science, legislation, morals. The ancients desired to be independent of comfort and to disregard misery. But their sages did not live according to their own precepts and their discourses effected nothing. An ordinary shoemaker may look back on a life better spent. "It may be worse to be angry than to be wet. But shoes have kept millions from being wet; and we doubt whether Seneca ever kept anybody from being angry." Plato's philosophy begins and ends in words. To elevate the mind in order to contemplate abstract, essential, eternal truth; to withdraw the mind from the visible and tangible world and fix it on the immutable essence of things seemed hateful cant to the Victorian essayist. "An acre in Middlesex is better than a principality in Utopia." All this, of course, is most unjust. The ancients regarded philosophy as a discipline and not as a science. They advocated a special control and training of the passions and of the mind, not for moral or social ends, but as part of a necessary system of higher culture preliminary to various religious initiations. It seems curious that a classical scholar like Macaulay should not have known this; and curious, too, that the mere poetical appeal of Platonist writings should have had no effect on the ardent admirer of Milton. But he was a utilitarian in all matters regarding the conduct of life and there is a distinctive note of broad and tender benevolence in his rather crude materialism, that is strangely touching and endearing. Such ordinary habits as eating and drinking, "lighting fires in cold weather", acquire an unlooked-for, quiet dignity when he writes about them. The author's whole-hearted generosity unwittingly hallows "corks for learning to swim" and garden chairs for invalids. "That a valetudinarian who took great pleasure in being wheeled along his terrace, who relished his boiled chicken and his weak wine and water, and who enjoyed a hearty laugh over the Queen of Navarre's tales, should be treated as a *caput lupinum* because he could not read the *Timaeus* without a headache, was a notion which the humane spirit of the English School of wisdom altogether rejected."

Macaulay did not believe in metaphysics as an avenue to truth; indeed he had no patience with speculation of any sort. "What is the highest good, whether pain be an evil, whether all things be fated, whether we can be certain of any thing, whether we can be certain that we are certain of nothing, whether a wise man can be unhappy, whether all departures from right be equally reprehensible.... this sort of philosophy, it is evident, could not be progressive." In the essay on Ranke the same thought is fully worked out. "All the great enigmas which perplex the natural theologian are the same in all ages. The ingenuity of a people just emerging from barbarism is quite sufficient to propound them. The genius of Locke or Clarke is quite unable to solve them." "Natural theology, then, is not a progressive science." Kant's critique of cognition should suffice to refute such assertions, but Macaulay's sturdy common sense heartily despised the German's inevitable jargon. He notes in his diary (November 23, 1848): "I received to-day a translation of Kant from Ellis's friend at Liverpool. I tried to read it, but found it utterly unintelligible, just as if it had been written in Sanscrit.... I can understand Cicero's Academics, and most of Plato: and it seems odd

that in a book on the elements of metaphysics by a Liverpool merchant I should not be able to comprehend a word."

But the case for Christianity is different. It is, to his mind, a practical religion and it promotes the "well-being of the human race." It sanctions "everything which promotes happiness and virtue." It is a pure, merciful religion to the evidences of which the highest intellects have yielded. Its morality is benevolent and exquisitely adapted to the human heart, "the facility with which its scheme accommodates itself to the capacity of every human intellect, the consolation which it bears to the house of mourning, the light with which it brightens the great mystery of the grave." (*Essay on Southey*). All this does not alter the fact that we are reasonable creatures, says Macaulay, and in theological matters have to argue from observed facts. If we trust that God will avert some threatening calamity, we should not forget that he has permitted a good many calamities to scourge our faulty race. "We, too, rely on his goodness not in extraordinary interpositions, but in those general laws which it has pleased him to establish in the physical and in the moral world." Reformation is "that impetuous and appalling rush with which the human intellect moved forward in the career of truth and liberty." The doctrines of the Reformers are agreeable to reason and to revelation (*Essay on Bacon*). His ideal Christian is "rationally pious".

Literary criticism was not Macaulay's forte. A critic who ignored Carlyle and Ruskin, who pronounced Wordsworth's "Prelude" to be an endless wilderness of dull, flat, prosaic twaddle and "Uncle Tom's Cabin" the most valuable addition which America had made to English literature, cannot hope for mercy at the hands of posterity. Macaulay the pleasant and witty versifier (as he proves to be in his letters and occasional pieces), the writer of stirring and polished ballads, was not, of course, a poet at all in the modern sense. He is not outraged by what is ugly and vulgar in real life. In this respect his article on Southey is instructive. Southey, says Macaulay, judges of a theory, a public measure, a religion or a political party, peace or war, as men judge of a picture or a statue, by the effect produced on his imagination. But a philosopher should have opinions based on reasoning. Southey hates the factory system which forces men to lead lives of monotonous toil and to live in naked cottages, all in a row. The old cottages had ornamented chimneys, low slate roofs covered with lichens and mosses; hedges of clift box enclosed the little patch of flower garden and the orchard had its banks of daffodils and snowdrops. Macaulay on the other hand proves that the poor rates are lower in manufacturing than in agricultural districts and concludes that the people in the former are better fed, lodged, clothed and better attended in sickness. The Whig M. P. is too much a man of affairs to care about "external beauty" where economic progress is evident. The great socialists of the later Victorian era held greatly different opinions. Macaulay is never enthusiastic about natural scenery, although he manages topographical descriptions with consummate literary tact. The charm of blending or contrasted colours, the sculpturesque element, chiaroscuro, grouping, drapery, all that delights the painter in the tangible world, remained a mystery to him. But it is obviously unjust to say that he did not understand great poetry. The essay on Milton is worth studying. His contention that as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines, though plausibly presented, rather surprises us in a contemporary of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats and Byron. But it cannot be denied that he very happily defined at least one essential component of Milton's power. "The effect of Milton's poetry is produced, not so much

by what it expresses, as by what it suggests, not so much by ideas expressed as by others connected with them. This poetry has an occult power. New forms of beauty start at once into existence and all the burial-places of the memory give up their dead." And he goes on to illustrate his point with his usual brilliance. No man who is not sensitive to the most impalpable influences of poetry could have written the passage. Nevertheless it must be granted that he equally enjoyed reading the most trashy novels "weeping copiously" as he notes in his diary. "Eugene Sue has quite put poor Plato's nose out of joint." Indeed, he seems to have regarded sentimentality as an honourable distinction.

There was one department of literature — for as such it was reckoned in his day — in which in spite of all deductions he was truly eminent. His views on historical writing have often been quoted.

"History, at least in its state of ideal perfection is a compound of poetry and philosophy. It impresses general truths on the mind by a vivid representation of particular characters and incidents. But, in fact, the two hostile elements of which it consists have never been known to form a perfect amalgamation; and, at length, in our own time, they have been completely and professedly separated. Good histories, in the proper sense of the word, we have not. But we have good historical romances, and good historical essays."

In the same essay on Hallam he sketches such an ideal history. "To make the past present, to bring the distant near, to place us in the society of a great man or on the eminence which overlooks the field of a mighty battle, to invest with the reality of human flesh and blood beings whom we are too much inclined to consider as personified qualities in an allegory, to call up our ancestors before us with all their peculiarities of language, manners, and garb, to show us over their houses, to seat us at their tables, to rummage their old-fashioned wardrobes, to explain the uses of their ponderous furniture, these parts of the duty which properly belong to the historian have been appropriated by the historical novelist. On the other hand, to extract the philosophy of history, to direct our judgment of events and men, to trace the connection of causes and effects, and to draw from the occurrences of former times general lessons of moral and political wisdom, has become the business of a distinct class of writers." His bold attempt to unite the two functions of a historian is called *The History of England*.

F. HOPMAN.

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## On the Old English Fracture of *a* before *l* followed by a consonant.

In *English Studies*, vol. iv, p. 93 ff., Miss Serjeantson, of Lady Margaref Hall, Oxford, deals among other problems with the fracture of *a* before *l* + a consonant. The conclusions she arrives at differ in some important respects from my own in *Contributions to the History of Old English Dialects* (Lund 1917). Thus she concludes from her material that fracture did not take place in Dorset, Gloucester, Worcester, Warwick, that it was introduced into Kentish from Essex, and that it took place also in Cambridge and Suffolk. I do not think these conclusions are warranted by the material. The method adopted is open to criticism.

Miss Serjeantson alludes (§ 5) to the possibility that Old English charters

may not "reflect the ordinary language of the districts to which they belong". But "as the old Suffolk and Surrey charters contain so many features evidently characteristic of the local dialects there is no reason why the charters of Worcester or Gloucester or Hampshire should not be equally reliable". However, even if the early Surrey charters are in genuine Surrey dialect, it does not of course follow that later charters, that is, charters written after the West Saxon dialect had come to be recognized as the standard, are equally to be trusted. And if some charters show marked dialectal, non-West-Saxon features, it would be rash to conclude that all O. E. charters can be implicitly trusted from a dialectal point of view. In the second section (p. 191 ff.) Miss Serjeantson frequently has recourse to West-Saxon influence to explain forms in early charters not written in Wessex.

It must not be taken for granted that a charter by which land in a certain county is granted away must have been written in that county. It is important to note who the grantor was. This important circumstance is totally neglected by Miss Serjeantson. Thus Kemble 563 (= Birch 1266 f.) contains a confirmation by King Edgar of the establishment by Athelwold, bishop of Winchester, of Benedictines at Ely. This charter is one of those which Miss S. takes to prove fracture in Cambridgeshire. The charter was issued at Wulfamere (perhaps Woolmer in Hants). The language, as might be expected, is purely West-Saxon (cf. e.g. *aelmanhigum*, *gewylt* (from *wealdan*), *ræt*, *igland*, *forlæten*, *meeden* 'maiden', *eac*, *geeacnode*). No doubt the charter was written by the King's clerks in the royal chancery. It is irrelevant for our purpose. The same is true of Miss Serjeantson's second Cambridge charter, which is also one of Edgar's, Birch 1305. On Kemble 874 and 875 see infra under Suffolk charters.

In the case of charters issued by local people it is important to establish whether or no there are any other dialectal features in the language that point to influence from other dialects. A typical example is offered by Miss Serjeantson's third (and last) Cambridge charter (Birch 1306). This contains a grant by a local magnate, but there are other (West-)Saxon features in its language, as *aelfrede* (<-*brezde*), *aelfroden*, *eac*; *lið* 'lies', *ic cype*. On *gehyrsum*, *alyseednesse* Miss S. says herself, p. 191, that we cannot take these seriously. Evidently the *ea*-forms need not be taken any more seriously. In my opinion no proof has been brought forward of fracture having taken place in Cambridgeshire.

Many of the charters consulted contain no other material than personal names. These must be used with caution, especially when they are not in the text, but in the list of witnesses. A witness who wrote his own name would employ his usual spelling, and he might insist on this being used even if he did not write his name with his own hand. In the Kentish charter O. E. T. 33 (803) are found a few personal names with *a* before *l*-groups. All are those of witnesses. Aldulsus (!) was bishop of Lichfield, while Alhheard was bishop of Elmham (East Anglia) and Ealhmund bishop of Winchester. These prove nothing for Kentish sound-history. There are further in the charter two names in *-bald* (admittedly a type of little importance) and one Alhmund, which may be relevant. — It should also be remembered that names and name-elements wander from one district to another. A typical instance is the common Old English *Ælf-*, which is an Anglian form.

The conclusion that fracture took place in Suffolk is founded in the first place on the well-known charters of *Æthelfled* and *Ælfled* (Birch 1288 f.). We are not told on what grounds these charters are referred to Suffolk; perhaps the reason is simply that Sweet (Second A. S. Reader) states they

are Suffolk texts. I see no valid reason for this attribution. The fact that the charters seem to be copies made out for the Abbey of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk is not proof enough; with equal reason one of Miss S.'s Cambridge charters (Birch 1306; cf. § 23), which seems to be an exemplification for preservation by the Westminster Abbey scriptorium, may be looked upon as a specimen of the London dialect. In my opinion the charters are in Essex dialect.

Ælfled was widow of Byrhtnoth, the famous alderman of Essex. He was a great landowner; his widow's will enumerates some 21 manors in Essex, some 12 in Suffolk and a few in other counties. Ælfled's morgengifu was Rettendon in Essex. We do not know if she continued to live in Essex after her husband's death, but I see no reason to doubt that she did. Her will would probably be drawn up in Essex.

It is more difficult to judge of Æthelfled's charter. She was widow of King Edmund I, and we know nothing of her life after her husband's death. She owned large estates, some 9 being in Essex, while some 7 or 8 were in Suffolk, and some in other counties. She left a great part of her property to her sister Ælfled and her brother-in-law. Possibly she took up her abode in Essex, perhaps with her sister, when her husband died.

It seems to me strong arguments must be brought forward in support of the theory that the charters are Suffolk rather than Essex ones, especially as their language is obviously Saxon, not Anglian (e. g. *yldran*, *gæhyrð*, *mearca*, *bœahges*, *beagas*; *stent*, *rest*, 'rests'; *ic bidde*).

Kemble 874 and 875, which are held to prove fracture in Suffolk, are charters issued by Edward the Confessor. They are both written in pure West Saxon and are irrelevant.

Miss S. thinks fracture did not take place in Dorset (or at least part of it). It is then curious that fracture is well evidenced in Dorset in Middle English times (§ 55) and remains longer there than in most other counties (§ 8). The theory is based on Kemble 260 (A. D. 847). This charter has 4 *ea* (Miss S. forgets one *weal* and makes the number 3) against 5 *a*. This does not seem very conclusive, especially as two of the *a*-forms are names in *-bald*, *-wald*, while the two *Alhstans* are witnesses. The only remaining instance is *alda*, which occurs in *se alda suinhaga*; *a* may be due to the position after *e*.

The charter is one by King Æthelwulf of Wessex, who grants to himself 20 hides called *Homme*. The charter was witnessed at Dorchester in Dorset, which does not prove that it is in the Dorset dialect. As will be seen the charter is not satisfactory proof that fracture did not take place in Dorset.<sup>1)</sup>

Incidentally a few words may be said on the Ham mentioned in the charter. The place was near the sea and a river Avon. So Ham in Wilts cannot be meant. Of the present Avons only the two in S. W. Hants fall into the sea. If Ham was on one of them the charter refers to Hants. But no Ham is now known in this part of Hants. There is a Ham, however, in Gloucester on the Little Avon, which falls into the Severn estuary. I suppose this is the place meant; the Severn estuary may have been referred to as the sea.

We come to Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick. Miss S. here forgets the important fact that the counties were annexed at a very early date by Mercia.

<sup>1)</sup> Kemble 741, quoted in § 37, has fracture regularly. *Wale*, given as an example of unfractured *a*, is not a case in point; see Bosworth-Tooler under *walu*. The charter refers to Dorset, but is of doubtful value, being a royal charter (Cnut A. D. 1024).

Several of the early charters adduced are those of Mercian kings, are stated to be in Mercian hands, and contain Mercian dialect forms. Thus O. E. T. 9 (736) is by Æthelbald; 14 and 15 (779, 791–6) are by Offa; Kemble 237 is by Wiglaf, Kemble 243 by Berhtwulf, Birch 513 by Burgred, all kings of Mercia. Mercian forms are e.g. *-berht* (O. E. T. 14), *siollanne, aec, aelmaehtigan* (Kemble 243), *berh, berge, strete* (Birch 513).

Charters issued by Uhtred, subking of the Hwicce (O. E. T. 13) or by the bishops of Worcester may seem more trustworthy. But even in the case of such Mercian influence is plausible. Letters from the royal court would be constantly received by the local authorities and would be taken as patterns by them. The 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> century charters, moreover, are very short; they contain, of examples in point, a few personal names and one place-name (*Cymedes halh*). The charters have a few other Mercian forms (as *Berhtuuald* O. E. T. 10, *Ecg-, Ciolberht, Dæhheh* Birch 490). The regular *a*-forms found in these early charters, under the circumstances, prove little or nothing as regards the early dialect of Gloucester, Worcester and Warwick. With the 10<sup>th</sup> century the material becomes fuller and *ea*-forms often appear, but now West Saxon influence is plausible. The charter that has most material, moreover, Kemble 570, was issued by King Edgar. Incidentally I remark that Miss S. does not do quite full justice to the *ea*-forms in the last-mentioned charter. She omits at least 6 examples of *healh* and 2 *weal-*.<sup>1)</sup> The two examples of *fald* should be eliminated.

I do not think the O.E. material throws much light on the early dialect of Gloucester etc. The M.E. material shows that the language at least of Gloucester and Worcester was on the whole South-Western (West Saxon), but that fracture apparently did not take place. Robert of Gloucester has forms such as *calf, holde, old*. But there are also forms that point to fracture, viz. such as *fulle, fulde 'fell, felled'* (O.E. *fiellan*) Rob. Gl., *uldere, uldest* 'elder, eldest', Rob. Gl. MS. a. Both the types *calf, holde* and *fulle, uldere* cannot be the genuine forms of the same dialect. I take it that the fractured forms are the genuine Gloucester forms, while *calf, holde* are imported Mercian forms. The place name *Chauson* proves that fracture once took place in Worcester. This renders it likely that also Gloucester once had it, though it was later displaced in most cases by Mercian unfractured forms. It is quite possible that introduction of forms like *calf, haldan* took place before the beginning of the middle English period.

The Kentish material offers particular difficulties. The earliest charters have no certain instances of fracture; yet *aeldredi*<sup>2)</sup> in O.E.T. 4 (A.D. 679) is probably an attempt at rendering a form *Ealdred* (Chadwick, *Studies in Old English*, p. 183). The charters before 800 contain of examples in point only a few personal names: *bercuald, aldhodi* 679, *berhtuualdus* 700 or 715, *balihhardi, dunuualhi, duunuuallan, aldberhti* 740.<sup>3)</sup> Here *a* may be due to Mercian influence, but there is also another possibility to be reckoned with. It is of importance that all occur in Latinized forms, which may have *a* instead of *ea* partly because Latin had no *ea*, partly owing to Continental influence. There are other curious forms in these charters, as *berht-, bernhaerdi* with *e* instead of *eo*. The first may be due to Mercian influence, but hardly the latter. Finally, Miss S. has overlooked the fact that O.E.T. 8 (770) has a fractured form: *uuealhhunes*.

<sup>1)</sup> The passage is corrupt; Birch has *Wealhgeate* (2).

<sup>2)</sup> Omitted by Miss Serjeantson.

<sup>3)</sup> Miss S. gives the date wrongly as 770 and the forms incorrectly as *ald-; -uualh* (2).

In the 9<sup>th</sup> century charters *a*-forms are well evidenced, but they do not preponderate quite so much as Miss S. would have us believe. In two cases forms from the same charter are given twice. O.E.T. 34 and Kemble 191 are identical; *alre, halfe* are quoted from both, while *Wealh* is omitted. O.E.T. 38 and Kemble 228 are also identical. From one are taken *weald-, -beald, ealh-, -wald* (3), from the other *salde, aldon-, -wold* (4). The *wald* are given twice, while one *-weald* is omitted. Yet it is not to be denied that *a*-forms are in the majority in some charters. Miss S. assumes that the fractured forms have been introduced from Saxon dialects. But Chadwick's suggestion (*Studies in Old English*, 183) that the *ea*-forms represent the genuine Kentish development while the *a*-forms are due to the influence of the Mercian court-language is equally possible. Such influence is indeed very plausible, as Kent was in the 9<sup>th</sup> century and earlier under Mercian supremacy. If Miss S.'s opinion is right, we must assume that the fractured Saxon forms were introduced wholesale into Kentish, a very improbable suggestion, as no other Saxon features have been pointed out in Kentish dialects, and as Kent is the district where fractured forms are preserved longest.

It remains to discuss the Surrey documents from about 870, viz. Kemble 317 (= O.E.T., ch. 45) and the Codex Aureus Inscription (O.E.T. p. 175). In these *a* is always preserved before *l + a consonant*. Miss S. gives only Kemble 317 under Surrey, while the latter text is placed under Kent. As the charter is the will of, and the inscription contains a grant by the same *Ælfred, alderman of Surrey*, we expect both to be in the same, the Surrey, dialect. As a matter of fact the two texts have practically the same language; the differences are chiefly of an orthographical kind. Thus the charter usually has *ɛ* (rarely *æ*) for O.E. *œ*, while the Inscr. has *œ*. The sound *œ* is evidently meant. The charter has usually *o* for *a* before nasals. The Inscr. has regularly *o*, but the text is much shorter. The only difference of any importance concerns the *i*-mutation of *ð*, which is regularly *eo* (i.e. *ð*) in the charter (3 exx.), while the Inscr. has 2 *eo*, 3 *e*. There are no distinctly Kentish features in the language of the Inscr.

A careful examination of the two texts reveals the following remarkable facts.

1. W. Germ. *ā* appears as *e*, while *i*-mutation of *ai* usually appears as *œ* or *ɛ*: (with W. Germ. *ā*:) *mege, -mega, megum, foresprec, swe, Werburg* (4), *wepned-* (Charter); *lecedome, Wérburg* (4), *árede* (Inscr.); (with *i*-mutated *ai*:) *clennisse, ̄restan, hūete, gedele, lene, gelestān, netelhaemstyde, ðem* (5), *p̄em, ðæra, eghwelce* (Charter); *dæghwæmlice, hæðnum, claene, clæne, hæðenesse, nænig, rærað, ðæm* (Inscr.). We find *e* only in *eghwylc, -e, gemene, gemenum, lestan, pem, ðem* (3), *perto* (Charter); *eghwelce* (Inscr.). In *eghwylc* *e* may be due to some special circumstance and denote *ē*. In the other cases *e* is no doubt miswritten for *ɛ*. We must conclude that West Germ. *ā* had become *ē*, while *ai* with *i*-mutation was *æ*.

2. W. Germ. *ā* after *z* is *e*: *gere* (2), *begetan* (pl. pret.). W. Germ. *e* after *z* is *e* in *wergeld, eo* in *begeotan, ageofen, geofe*.

3. *i*-mutation of *a* is *ɛ* before *r + a cons.*: *erfe, -s*; *e* before *l + a cons.*: *gesellan, sello, áselle*; *ae* or *a* before *ht*: *almahtiges, œlmehtig, almahtig* (no doubt miswritten for *mahtig*).

4. *i*-mutation of *au* is *e*: *ceortesege, supregum*.

5. *ea, eo* are smoothed before velars: *reht-, rente, berhtsige*; *ec, oferecan, -lege, -lege*; once *eac*, once *ea[c]* (Charter); *ec* (Inscr.).

6. Velar mutation is common before dentals: *gewriotu, begeotan, -gecweodu, awrentene, weotum, geweotan, seondan*; once before *c*: *breoce.*<sup>1)</sup>

<sup>1)</sup> Cf. *breocan, gespreocu* and the like in Anglian texts (Büllbring § 243).

7. *h* has disappeared in *neste* 'next', *gelið* (from *lēon* 'to lend').

8. 1 sg. pres. has the ending *-u* (-o): *hatu*, *sello*.

9. 3 sg. pres. ends in *-eð* without syncope: *gehaldeð*, *weorðeð*, *forðcymeð* etc.

The remarkable thing is that all these features are good Anglian, and some of them can only be Anglian, as the smoothing, and *gelið* (= W. Saxon *liehð*), *neste* (= W. Saxon *niehst*). Forms such as *meg* cannot be Saxon. If these texts are written in the Surrey dialect, this was an Anglian, not a Saxon (or Kentish) dialect. If the Surrey dialect was Saxon, as we expect it to have been, these texts are not in the Surrey dialect.

On the old Surrey dialect we get some information in the 13 cent. Chertsey charters, dealt with by Wyld, *English Studies*, III, p. 42 ff., and from place names. A comparison between these and the old charters reveal remarkable discrepancies.

1. The Chertsey charters, according to Wyld, have absence of fracture in some cases, as *Chaluedune*, *alle*, *Aldeburi*, but also fractured forms as *eald*, *helden*, *onwealde*, *Ealdeburi*, etc.; cf. especially *ælde* 'old'. But *Chaluedune* has had fracture, as shown by the Ch-. *Aldeburi*, *alle* and the like may go back to O.E. forms with *ea* or *a*, as O.E. short *ea* became M.E. *a* regularly. The fractured forms, such as *eald*, *healden* (where *ea* was long and did not become *a*) show that *alle* etc. must go back to O.E. *ealle* etc. Place name forms such as *Chaldon*, *Eldebury* and *Eldemede*, *Chalfegarston* in late Chertsey charters corroborate this. On this point early and late Surrey texts show marked discrepancy.

2. O.E. *æ* from W. Germ. *ā* appears in Chertsey Ch. as *æ*, *e*, *a*, as in *streæte*, *strete*, *strate*, *made*. This proves O.E. *æ* (not *ē*) for the old Surrey dialect. O.E. *æ* is also proved by the place-name *Stratton*. The old charter has *ē*.

Other points referred to by Wyld are irrelevant.<sup>1)</sup> O.E. *æ* appears in the old texts with the pronunciation *æ*; the same sound is indicated by such forms as *weteres*, *kneppē*, *ðat* in Chertsey charters. O.E. *i*-mutated *ēa* is *ē* in *flemnesfremðe* Chertsey Ch., but *ē* was the regular development of *ēa* with *i*-mutation in most dialects. The coincidences are irrelevant.

The Chertsey charters do not show any Mercian traits; they tell us that the Surrey dialect was Saxon, as we expect it to have been. It follows that the old Surrey texts are not in the Surrey dialect. This may seem a remarkable conclusion, but I do not see how it can be avoided. The difficulty is to account for the startling fact that two texts apparently written in Surrey are in a Mercian dialect.

There is no reason to suppose that alderman *Ælfred* was a Mercian; nor is it probable he wrote the texts with his own hand. No doubt he used a scribe for the purpose. This scribe — or these scribes — must have written a Mercian dialect. The assumption that the alderman employed scribes who were Mercians or were under the influence of Mercian scribal tradition is not quite so fanciful as it may seem. London in the ninth century stood in curiously intimate relations with Mercia. In 840 Berhtwulf King of Mercia confirms a charter of *Æthelbald* concerning the port of London (Birch 152). In 857 Burgred of Mercia grants land in London<sup>2)</sup> to the bishop of Worcester (Birch 492). In 872 the Danes came to London, and the Mercians concluded peace with them (Ags. Chron.). In 886 Alfred the Great recaptured London from the Danes and handed it over to *Æthelred*, alderman of Mercia (ib.). In 889 Alfred and *Æthelred*, subking of Mercia,

<sup>1)</sup> Of other points we may mention that the Chertsey Ch. has the syncopated 3rd. sg. pres. *start*. The old charter has forms such as *haldeð*.

<sup>2)</sup> Birch takes "vicus Lundonie" to refer to Sandwich in Kent.

granted a house in London to the bishop of Worcester (Birch 561). In the light of these facts Mercian influence on the official language of London becomes extremely plausible.<sup>1)</sup> If we assume that alderman Aelfred of Surrey had in his service (or employed temporarily) a scribe or scribes trained in London, the Mercian character of the Surrey texts is easily accounted for.

It is extremely interesting to note that the Mercian character of the charter is confined to the body of the text, while the names of the witnesses are not Mercian in form. Thus we find *Beorhtuulf*, *Beornheah*, *Beagstan*, *Wulfheah* without smoothing; *Wealdhelm* with fracture (*Eadwald* has a in an unstressed syllable). Aelfred's wife is referred to in the text as *Werburg*; as a witness she is *Waerburg*. It may be added that Archbishop Æthelred writes: "ic ... festnie and write." These discrepancies are easily explained if the scribe wrote an official language different from that used in Surrey.

In the Codex Aureus Inscription, on the other hand, the names subscribed have the same forms as in the text: *Werburg*, *Alhðryð*.

From what has been said it also follows that the Old English so-called Surrey texts give no support to Professor Wyld's theory as to the localization of *the Owl and the Nightingale* in Surrey. In fact, there are not, so far as I can see, any marked points of resemblance between the charters and the M.E. poem except the fact that both have a before l + a consonant.

To sum up, I can find nothing in the material and discussions of Miss Serjantson that gives me any reason to revise the opinions as regards the Old English fracture put forward by me in my *Contributions*. This, of course, does not imply that I look upon my contribution as the last word on this difficult subject.

Lund.

EILERT EKWALL.

## Notes and News.

**Shakespeare in English Literature of 1922.** No attention has yet been called to the fact that in what are possibly the three most outstanding literary products published in 1922, Shakespearian influence is unmistakable: Galsworthy's *Loyalties*, Barrie's *Dear Brutus* and Walpole's *The Cathedral*.

Both *The Merchant of Venice* and *Loyalties* present a racial conflict. In each play the author has been careful not to emphasise his own view, with similar results. Through the ages Shakespeare critics have, in their interpretation of such characters as Shylock, Antonio and Bassanio, largely been guided by their pro- or anti-Semitic feelings. Christian theologians like W. W. Lloyd have energetically condemned Shylock's conduct, whereas Heine called Shylock the only decent male character in the play. With *Loyalties* it has been exactly the same. When De Levis exclaims in the Club: "You have called me a damned Jew, my race was old when you were all savages. I am proud to be a Jew", the applause invariably comes from the same quarter. On the other hand, when Gilman in Mr. Twisden's office remarks: "I've nothing against them, but the fact is — they get on so . . . . . I prefer my own countrymen, and that's the truth of it", the anti-Jewish elements among the audience are equally emphatic in their approval.

The position of Shylock amidst his enemies is analogous to that of De

<sup>1)</sup> Cf. Oman, *England before the Norman Conquest*, p. 424, who remarks that "Beorhtwulf of Mercia came down [to London] to defend his chief port" (A.D. 851).

Levis. Both are wanted only for their money. As soon as their actions tend to hurt the interests of a Christian, the other Christians, however little else they may have in common, herd together to ward off the blow directed against one of them. Morally considered, they are most of them very respectable people, except for a Dancy or a Bassanio among them. But when their dealings are with a despised Jew, it needs no severe critic to find fault with their ethics. And the manner in which Shylock and De Levis react on this treatment is strikingly similar. Almost verbally so. For, just as Shylock's obstinate cry "I will have my bond" echoes through the whole play, De Levis repeats with equal insistence: "I want my money back". By this unamiable trait both forfeit the sympathy which broad-minded opponents might not otherwise have withheld from them.

*Dear Brutus* is avowedly an imitation, or if you like, a twentieth century version, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Puck is also called Robin Goodfellow, and Hobgoblin and a 'lob of spirits'. That there was a Lob in Shakespeare Sir James Barrie is careful to inform us through dear Mrs. Coade, in whose perplexed brain he was mixed up with Robin Goodfellow, and Joanna defines her host as something which 'Puck might have grown into if he had forgotten to die'. All the events in *Dear Brutus* take place on Midsummer Eve. It is Puck who brings about the love between Titania, who is somewhat like Lady Caroline, and Bottom, who is very much like Matey. In general those things please him best that befall preposterously. The same may be said of Lob, who, like his ancestor, is very quick and most unexpected in his movements. But just as Puck has a tender spot in his soul, which is shown in his love of flowers (in every cowslip's ear he hangs a pearl), Lob calls his flowers by pet names and tenderly ministers to their comfort, as if they were human beings. The enchantment thrown over the loving couples in *The Midsummer Night's Dream* and in *Dear Brutus* is of a temporary nature and is dispelled by the agency of Puck and Lob respectively. But its effect in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is lasting, whereas the wizard of our days has learned to be sceptical and gives us no more than a hint on which to found our hope that the supernatural interference may not have been entirely fruitless.

Lastly, we have Mr. Walpole's fine novel *The Cathedral*. Its hero is a clergyman who, at a critical point in his life, finds himself gradually forsaken by all his friends and relations except his daughter. His mind is unable to bear up against misfortune, and finally gives way. The parallelism with *King Lear* is too evident to call for comment. Lear is fully aware of the descent of madness upon him and implores Heaven to spare him: "O, let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven! Keep me in temper: I would not be mad", is his prayer. Before his last battle with Ronder the Archdeacon cries: "O, God, don't take my sanity from me, leave me that . . . . . Leave me my mind . . . . . save me from madness". Was it to forestall the critics, at the same time thereby heightening the irony of the situation, that Mr. Walpole made Bentinck major choose King Lear for "an evening of a little Shakespeare reading"?

As long as such analogies between the works of living writers and Shakespeare can be traced, we need not fear that our worship of the master tends to become mere 'bardolatry', or that constant study of his work will develop 'musty' qualities. As Brutus said of Caesar, so we may of Shakespeare, that he is mighty yet, his spirit walks abroad.

**English Studies in Czechoslovakia.** English intellectual and literary influence has played an important role in the development of Czechoslovak civilisation. In old times it appeared at one of the most decisive moments of Czech history, in the Hussite movement (John Wycliffe), and in the modern period, dating from the end of the eighteenth century, it has been permanent. A succession of great translations from English poetry belongs to the milestones of modern Czech literature (Milton's *Paradise Lost* by Josef Jungmann in 1811; two complete translations of Shakespeare's plays, the one in 1854—1872, the other in 1888—1922), and Macpherson, Byron and Shakespeare are often cited names among the formative influences which have helped to determine the growth of modern Czech poetry. Notwithstanding all these facts the systematic study of the English language and English literature is of but recent date among the Czechoslovaks. Critical essays and even monographs in book form have been appearing, it is true, ever since the middle of the nineteenth century (Durdík's book on Byron 1871, Malý's on Shakespeare 1873, Mouriček's Concise History of English Literature 1890, Janko's Shakespeare and his Works 1909), and in the sixties the first English grammars for Czech speaking readers were published (that by Straka 1862), soon to be followed by corresponding English reading books (that by Malý 1872) and English-Czech dictionaries (the two volume dictionary by Jonáš 1876 and 1877 respectively). But there was no directing centre of such efforts for a closer acquaintance with English civilisation, for English was not included in the curriculum of any widely attended Czech school. When, in 1870, a new type of non-humanistic higher schools was created in Austria (the so-called *Realschulen*), English was included, in addition to French, in the curriculum of the German schools only, while at the corresponding Czech schools German was so emphasised that there was no room left for English. Only at Czech higher commercial schools (the so-called Commercial Academies, the oldest of them founded in 1872), has English been taught from the beginning. Even for the small number of such schools it was, however, difficult to get adequately trained teachers, for no steps were taken for making English a part of instruction at the Czech university. At the old university of Prague, common both to the Czechs and the Germans, an English Seminar had existed since 1876 (*Seminar für französische und englische Philologie*), but when, in 1882, the old University of Prague was divided into two independent institutions, the Czech and the German Universities of Prague, the existing English Seminar was made a part of the German University and no corresponding institution was founded on the Czech side. It was as late as the autumn of 1912 that a chair of the History of English Language and Literature and an English Seminar were founded at the Czech university. After two years the normal development of the new centre of English studies was stopped by the war. The students were called away to military service, the yearly endowment was lowered practically to nothing, the contact with the Anglo-Saxon world cut off entirely. The proclamation of the Czechoslovak State and the end of the war in 1918 mark the opening of a new era for English studies in Czechoslovakia. To the regenerated English Seminar of the Czech University of Prague the English Seminar at the newly founded Masaryk University at Brno has been added and even at the new Comenius University at Bratislava steps have been taken for securing scientific instruction in English. The future of English studies in Czechoslovakia will very much depend upon the place which will be assigned to English in the reformed type of Czechoslovak secondary schools. As yet no definite outlines of the reform

are apparent. The problem is very difficult, for French, English, German and different Slavonic languages have all of them — not counting the classical languages — justified claims upon a place in the new curriculum. So far it is safe to say only that English will certainly win one of the first places in the competition of the modern languages, and that Czechoslovak research work in the field of English language and literature, for which some foundations were laid in the second decade of the twentieth century (Prof. Chudoba's book on Wordsworth, 1911, and his two books of essays on Modern English literature, 1915 and 1920; the two first volumes of the author's detailed History of English Literature, 1910 and 1915) has promising prospects before it.

Prague in March 1923.

VILÉM MATHESIUS.

**English Association in Holland.** On 12<sup>th</sup> February a new branch was started at Flushing, this being the ninth to join the Association.

Hon. Secretary: Miss R. Tweedy, 24 Boulevard Bankert.

Mention should have been made in the preceding number of the celebration of its second lustrum by the Haarlem branch, one of the oldest and most flourishing branches, and one of the six that founded the English Association in Holland in 1919.

The lecture-recital on *English Folksongs* which Mr. Steuart Wilson, member of the Madrigal Society "The English Singers", gave before the branches at Flushing, Haarlem, Hilversum, Nijmegen and Rotterdam on February 21, 22, 23, 24 and 26 respectively, proved a splendid finish of the season's work. Mr. Wilson showed himself an excellent speaker as well as a highly gifted singer, and his selection of folksongs contained many interesting specimens brought to light by the diligent searches made in recent years.

Members of the English Association may join the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam at an annual subscription of f 4.— (non-members f 6.—). Those wishing to do so should apply to their branch secretary. The subscription covers the period from 1<sup>st</sup> January—31<sup>st</sup> December. Books are sent free of charge on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members wanting addresses of English boarding-houses or of families taking paying guests, may apply to Miss F. J. Quanjer, 24 Weissenbruchstraat, The Hague. Special requirements should be stated, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed with each enquiry.

**The Training of Secondary Masters.** In the Gids of last February Dr. J. Aalbers published an article on the training of secondary masters which calls for some comment. The ideal of Dr. Aalbers is to give the universities the monopoly of the training of secondary masters, just as they have the monopoly of the training of lawyers and doctors. We are expected to take for granted that the universities are capable of training the lawyers and doctors. With regard to lawyers the growth of the private tutor system

is hardly a proof of the efficiency of the universities; but we will assume that the universities are really doing satisfactorily what Dr. Aalbers takes for granted that they are doing.

The first question that presents itself is whether the comparison of masters with doctors and lawyers is justified. Is the work of the professors of law and medicine of the same character as that of the professors in the faculty of letters? Let us ask a preliminary question: Are professors of law and medicine selected on the same principle as professors in the faculty of letters? Everybody will acknowledge that success as a doctor or as a lawyer is an excellent recommendation for a professorship. Indeed, it is most unlikely for a man who has failed as a doctor to obtain a professorship. And in letters? It is a matter of common knowledge that the question if a candidate for a professorship is a successful master is not even raised. And it is well-known that in many cases men have become professors who had proved abject failures as masters. What is the practical consequence? That most professors in the faculty of letters never think of the twofold nature of the task imposed upon them, and look upon their pupils as future men of research only, not as future masters. And it can hardly be otherwise: it is really impossible to train a man to do what one has never done or what one has unsuccessfully tried to do oneself. Whatever may be true, therefore, with regard to the faculty of mathematics and science, we hold that the faculty of letters, as at present constituted, is unable, even if willing, to give a full training to secondary masters. As to modern languages we go further: the university monopoly in these subjects would be deplorable both in the interest of the schools and in that of research. Competition is the only means of safeguarding the study of these subjects.

Dr. Aalbers is aware that his proposal to grant the monopoly to the universities is not likely to be accepted. So he declares that he would be satisfied if candidates for the M. O. diplomas were required to possess the same qualifications as are required by the universities, and if the A and B-examinations were held by the members of the faculties. As to the first of these proposals we are in full agreement. But if the examinations were entrusted to the faculties it would immediately become evident that the universities are by no means equipped to undertake this task. In modern languages Groningen and Amsterdam would share the monopoly; and Dr. Aalbers himself must be aware that the equipment of both universities is such that it must be supplemented by courses given by his own colleagues of the Gymnasium and others. As to Leiden it is true that there is a single lecturer for French and another lonely one for German; but one of these, at any rate, does not seem to share the wide-spread belief that a Government appointment is as efficacious for a teacher as the Roman Catholics believe episcopal ordination to be for a priest: in spite of his Leiden appointment Dr. de Boer has joined Dr. Valkhoff to give a non-university course in Utrecht!

But what would happen if Dr. Aalbers got his way? The examinations would be university examinations. In his praise of a university education Dr. Aalbers, quite rightly, lays stress on its social advantages. But he fails to see that university examinations at the present day do not necessarily mean residence in a university. They do not even mean residence in the case of subjects that entail laboratory or hospital work; how can they mean residence in the case of subjects that require a lecture-room only? And how can they mean residence if it is doubtful that the university is the best training-place? In such cases residence, or even attendance at the lectures, could be enforced only by professors prepared to abuse their position as

examiners, and a charge of this nature has up to the present been made only with regard to the German Committee<sup>1)</sup>). Dr. Aalbers, to be consistent, must require proof of residence as a qualification for admission to any university examination. This is the actual practice in Oxford and Cambridge, and far from reprehensible<sup>2)</sup>; but it is hardly an idea that can seriously be entertained in the existing organization of our universities.

To sum up: the only practical part of Dr. Aalbers's proposals is the levelling of the M.O. and the university examinations with regard to the diploma of admission. And this the Minister can do without the intermediary of the Chambers.

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**Die Neueren Sprachen.** The periodical press of Germany is naturally passing through an extremely difficult time. The editors and publishers of *Die Neueren Sprachen*, the periodical that suggests to all older men the name of Viëtor, appeals for support. Dutch friends of the paper can most effectively help by subscribing to it (f 6.80). Those who read the paper in some reading-room might contribute a small sum in Dutch money: it is a considerable sum in German money. As the sending of small amounts is inconvenient we suggest that contributions may be sent to our postal account (no. 13745, Amersfoort). The amounts could then be sent in one letter. So many Dutch masters owe a great deal to the *Neuere Sprachen*, including successful writers of schoolbooks, that we expect this opportunity to pay a debt will not be neglected. (Published by Elwert, Marburg.)

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**A-Examination 1922.** We quote from the report in *Bijvoegsel Staatscourant* no. 19, January 26 & 27, 1923: "Slechts omrent één onderdeel van het examen wenscht de commissie een oordeel uit te spreken, n.l. de spraakkunst. Zelden kon een hooger cijfer dan 3 worden toegekend. Zelfs bij tal van candidaten, die overigens een behoorlijk examen aflegden, was de kennis var. dit gedeelte matig. Misschien is dit een gevolg van de meening, dat de Engelsche spraakkunst zoo gemakkelijk is. De commissie raadt toekomstigen candidaten aan, een ernstiger studie van dit gedeelte van het examen te maken."

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## Translation.

1. I was the youngest of a large, noisy family, but was quiet and self-absorbed. 2. And it now astonishes me that I was. 3. I was a meek, gentle child; my sisters were grown-up ladies — at least that was how I regarded them; my brothers were big boys -- at least I thought them very big; and I myself, in every respect their inferior, could not but be meek and gentle, though I had not been oppressed. 4. My father always remained a comparative stranger to me, but my mother was very kind; with her I felt like a chicken

<sup>1)</sup> It is characteristic of this committee that it is the only one that has discovered that the M.O. candidates were worse this year than in preceding years. And the explanation is: the good candidates are naturally attracted by the university. In other words, any candidate who wishes to be well thought of is advised to go to a university, by preference to Groningen!

<sup>2)</sup> We wish to emphasize this, because a gentleman who is allowed editorial space in the *Weekblad M.O.* thinks Dr. Aalbers's opinions on the subject ridiculous.

under its mother's wing. 5. I was safe and warm with her and I loved her dearly because I was sure that she would always protect me from everybody and everything.

6. For I was a timid child; I was afraid of dark staircases, of bearded men, of murderers and especially of tigers and extremely afraid of ghosts. 7. From all this I felt sure my mother would protect me; but I was not always with her: I used to play in the nursery, and the nursemaid used to sit at the window, mending, and though she was kind, yet I sometimes longed for my mother.

8. Strange to say that longing has never left me, and even now I sometimes long for her. 9. And when she died and I was grown-up and married it seemed to me as if a protection had disappeared from my life.

10. Now I sometimes enjoyed being afraid, and made up stories of huge tigers and bearded murderers; the latter particularly were a constant source of fear to me, and I well remember the cold shiver which ran down my back when my little cousin once asked me:

"I say, which are you most afraid of, thieves or murderers?"

11. Then I faltered from the bottom of my quaking heart: "Oh . . . murderers . . . for they . . . they kill you." 12. For I was also afraid of death. 13. And once when I narrowly escaped seeing death I got such a bad fright that I shall never forget it. 14. We were then living at the Hague, on Mauritskade, opposite the bridge leading to Nassaulaan. 15. It was winter, the canal was frozen over, and while I was sitting at the window, pulling on my little stockings with red stripes — a skater fell through the ice under the bridge, and was pulled out lifeless, at any rate unconscious . . . 16. From my window I saw the pale, wet body with limp arms and dripping hair and closed eyes, and I thought the sight so shocking that with only one stocking on I scrambled to my mother in the drawing-room downstairs and burst into uncontrollable sobs in her lap . . . frightened to death and chilled to the bone because I had seen Death.

**Observations.** 1. *Boisterous family* is correct: Children who were sometimes shy, and sometimes a trifle boisterous (*Little Lord Fauntleroy*, Ch. II.). — *I was still*. The predicative use of the word 'still' in the sense of 'silent' is marked obsolete in the Oxford Dictionary. *Taciturn* is not suitable either. *Self-contained* is often used in a somewhat unfavourable sense: Pale and *self-contained* she met him with cold conventionality of tone. (*Strand Magazine* 1902 p. 752). *Self-contained*, austere, proud (*Century Magazine*, Jan. 1893, p. 468). For *self-contained* dignity give me a British peer. (*Cassel Magazine*, May 1903, p. 661.). The queen thought him cold, High, *self-contained*, and passionless (Tennyson, *Guinevere*). Another sense is 'complete in itself': The following back-numbers of "The Times History of the War," for which there has been a special heavy demand, the story in each being in a sense *self-contained*, have been reprinted. — The term *reserved* could hardly be applied to the behaviour of a little child.

2. *That I was so*. See Kruisinga, *Accidence and Syntax* § 1031, and especially § 1044: Don't call me censorious, Mark; you know I am not so (Trollope, *Framley*, Ch. I). As for women, they're all so (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, Ch. LIV). *That I was thus*: I was not ever *thus*, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on (Cardinal Newman's Hymn).

3. *I was a weak child* conveys an altogether different idea. — *My sisters were quite grown-up*. — *And myself*. The omission of the personal pronoun seems restricted to the language of poetry. See Kruisinga's *Accidence and*

**Syntax § 1063.** — *Far beneath them* would have a different meaning: *beneath contempt*, *beneath criticism*, *beneath your notice*, *beneath your dignity*. It is *beneath* a genius to draw corks (Douglas Jerrold, *Men of Character*). This is almost the only signification of the word in living English, according to the Oxford Dictionary, the spoken language preferring *below* or *under* for the other meanings. — *Could not be else but* had better be altered to *could not be anything else but*. — *Though I was not suppressed*. The pluperfect tense ought to have been used. *Suppress* is rarely said of persons, as in the following quotation from Burke (*Letter to a Noble Lord*): "I have never suppressed any man; never checked him for a moment in his course by any jealousy or any policy". In 1872 the Ballot Act intended to suppress bribery and intimidation at elections. (Parrott, *Life and Duties of a Citizen*, p. 76). She determinedly suppressed a dimple (*Strand Magazine*, 1910: p. 289). It goes very much against the grain with me that the name of a witness should ever be suppressed (Galsworthy, *Justice*, Act III). These banknotes have all been suppressed (= recalled) (*Strand Magazine*, 1894, p. 217.) *Grind down* is too strong a term: For the past eighteen months the people had been ground down by militarism (*Times*). The Scotch were ground down by their English governors. (Smith, *Smaller English History*, p. 73.).

4. *My father always held somewhat aloof from me.* This would mean that his father avoided him, whereas the text merely suggests that his father did not play with him. — *My mother was a dear = was een snoes.*

5. *I was safe and warm near her.* Instead of *near* write *with*. See note 7. — *I liked her very much.* *Like* and *love* differ greatly in strength or warmth, and may differ in kind. *Like* may be feeble and cool, and it never has the intensity of *love*. We may *like* or even *love* a person; we only *like* the most palatable kind of food. The difference is clearly marked in the following sentence from Charles Reade's *Never Too Late to Mend*: Had he *loved* the New Testament and the Saviour he would have fought Hawes tooth and nail, but he did not *love* either; he only *liked* them — he was commonplace. See Günther, *Synonyms*, p. 310. — *Everything and everybody:* I'm a fool, Nigel — that's the truth. I'm afraid of everything and everybody. (Hichens, *Bella Donna*, XXVI).

6. *For I was an afraid child.* As an adjective *afraid* never stands before a noun (Oxford Dictionary). A *fearful child* might be taken to mean a 'holy terror' (*enfant terrible*.). Yet its use is sanctioned by the Oxford Dictionary though the caution is added "Now somewhat rare": The impatient Greyhound... Bounds... to catch the *fearful Hare* (Addison). His *fearful* family would count in agony the hours of his absence. (Mrs. Shelley, *Swiss Peasant*). Also predicatively: If he is not too nervously *fearful* of being drawn into the dispute himself. (Mrs. Cook, *London*, p. 418). — *Beardy men.* The adjective *beardy* is not given by the big Century Dictionary, the Oxford Dictionary illustrates the word by a quotation from Carlyle. — *Above all of tigers.* — *Very afraid of ghosts.* Originally *afraid* was a past participle; hence the word is qualified by *much* (Compare: *much obliged*). Some participles which have to a large extent lost their verbal character are qualified by *very*: *very tired*, *very pleased*. See Kruisinga's *Grammar and Idiom*, § 140—141. —

7. *From all that my mother would protect me.* See Kruisinga's *Accidence* § 1185 ff and Poutsma II 1 B, p. 895 c. *I was not always near her.* You may be *near* a person without their taking any notice of you; if you were *with* them this would not be the case. The preposition *with* is therefore preferable. — *On the nursery.* Position in an enclosed space should be

expressed by *in*, not *on*. A young man... who lives *in* "rooms". (Lucas Malet, *Mrs. Lorimer*, Ch. XII.). Generally speaking the business-girl does not live alone in rooms; she lives with her parents. (*Royal Magazine*, 1912. p. 496). Compare further English and Dutch usage: *in* a pulpit (op een preekstoel); *in* a field (fields are enclosed with hedges). But on the other hand: *on* the heath (also: *in* a heath). — *The nurse*. The absence of the article expresses good-humoured familiarity. Cf. *Cook*, *teacher* etc. and see Poutsma's *Grammar of Late Modern English*, II p. 550; 3. On opening the door she saw a well-ordered, comfortable room..., *nurse* at her needle-work beside the large table, and a neat *nurse-maid* sitting on the floor showing a picture-book to a little boy. *Nurse* (nursery-governess) = *kinderjuffrouw*; *nurse(ry)* maid = *kindermeid*. — *Near the window* = *niet ver van het raam*.

8. *That longing has stayed with me.* I learned a good deal for a little girl and it has stayed by me (Gissing, *Unclassed*, p. 110.) Kramers Woordenboek translates *stay with* i. v. *Bij blijven*. The Oxford Dictionary records *stay with* in a different sense: I took a Draught of Water without Sugar, and that *stay'd with* me (*Robinson Crusoe*). *Haunted me*: "Don't Toussac; don't!" said the same gentle voice which had spoken first, "I saw you do it once before, and the horrible snick that it made *haunted* me for a long time. (Conan Doyle, *Uncle Bernac*, Coster's edition p. 30). — (*Even*) now. He did so mercilessly belabour me that the memory of it sets me writhing even now (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Sept. 1899, 110). I can see my mother now, looking out of the cab window as we passed Bread Street, and then turning to us... (*Pall Mall Magazine*, Sept. 1911). For three and ninepence I bought a new carpet-bag — I can see it now, a mixture of brown and green (Tom Murray, *Autobiography of a Self-made Man*, p. 696). In the sense of Dutch *nu al*: "Oh, if I only knew the way!" she lamented, "but my old head is muddled with all I've gone through and I've forgotten even now if you said 'turn to the right first or the left' (Jessie Pope, *Patsie's Christmas*). The lady hopes to keep the tiger kitten for some time, but experience has shown that a pet of this kind becomes somewhat dangerous when five or six months old. *Even now* when rolled over in its gambols with a puppy, it shows its temper. (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1907, p. 599).

9. *It has been to me as if.* Not possible in English. The impersonal construction must be changed to a personal one: I have felt (fancied) as if. — *I was already grown-up and a married man* is a bit awkward. *I had grown up to man's estate* is biblical.

10. *Invented stories.* — *The last especially.* *The last* is sometimes used to refer to a series of two: I can so clearly distinguish between the criminal and his crime. I can so sincerely forgive the first while I abhor the last (*Jane Eyre*, Ch. VI). — *Source of:* The very silence of the place appeared a source of peril [een gevaar] (R. L. Stevenson, *Markheim*). — *Tell me, which do you fear most.* A child would not speak in this manner. *Say, which are you most afraid of.* The 'I say' to call attention to a statement or a question is shortened to 'say' in the United States. In British English its use is restricted to the language of poetry: *I say, cabby, are you engaged?* (*Punch* 1854). *Say, lad, have you things to do?* (A. E. Housman, *Shropshire Lad*, XXIV). *Say, could that lad be I?* (R. L. Stevenson, *The Lad that is gone*.)

11. *Trembling heart* is correct. When the days are grudgingly counted to a blacker Monday than ever made a schoolboy's heart *quake* within him. (Anstey, *Vice Versa*) — *Quaking with terror* (*Century Magazine*, March 1901, p. 679).

13. *That I shall never forget.* The omission of *it* is not permissible in this context; it should be left untranslated when the object is only vaguely thought of. See Poutsma II, 736. 'I nearly forgot' he said (*Vice Versa*, p. 15). 'Nice day to-day, miss', he said cheerfully. 'Well, what is it?' 'Wait a minute', she said, wrinkling her forehead. 'What is a nice day to-day? No, I've forgotten it [i. e. the joke]. Give it up. What's the answer?' (Barry Pain, *Trouble at the Station*).

14. *Over the bridge* expresses a different idea from *opposite the bridge*. His brother slept over his study = boven zijn studeerkamer. Dutch *over* (*tegenover*) would be rendered by *opposite*. Before the names of streets etc. English usage generally dispenses with the article. *The Nassaulane* is impossible.

15. *Frozen-up* and *frozen over* are both good English. — We say: *put on* a hat, a coat, but *pull on* a stocking.

16. *Flabby arms* would be arms with more fat than muscles. *Flabby* cheeks (Hobbes, *Soulhunters*, p. 228). — Something entirely new, rich, plump and juicy, not *flabby*, like common sausages (Advertisement). Like a cat I crawled over that great *flabby* monster (a whale) (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1901, p. 589). Your heart is *flabby* as a laundry maid's hands (*Cassel Magazine*, 1903, p. 617). The tyre was all *flabby* (= flat, deflated) (*Humours of Cycling*, p. 17). — *She bursts into sobs* (Maeterlinck, *Blue Bird*, VI).

Good translations were received from Mr. G. J. K., Leeuwarden; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Miss T. O., Leeuwarden; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss T., Hilversum; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before June 1<sup>st</sup>. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Jules was een paar dagen niet naar school gegaan, om zware hoofdpijnen, die hem heel bleek maakten, en hem een trek van groote treurigheid gaven; maar hij was nu wat beter, en zich vervelende op zijn eigen kamertje, ging hij naar beneden, naar den leeren salon en zette zich voor de piano. Papa zat wel te werken in zijn studeerkamer, maar het zou pa zeker niet hinderen, dat hij speelde. Zijn vader bedierf hem, in zijn jongen iets ziende, dat hemzeiven vreemd was en hem daardoor aantrok, zooals hem dit misschien vroeger in zijn vrouw ook had aangetrokken; kwaad kon Jules in zijn oogen niet doen en als de jongen maar gewild had, zou hij geen geld gespaard hebben om hem een zorgvuldige muzikale opvoeding te laten geven, maar Jules kantte zich met handen en voeten tegen alles wat naar lessen zweemde en beweerde bovendien, dat het niet de moeite waard zou zijn. Eerzucht was er niet in hem; het streeelde hem niet, dat Vader zooveel in hem zag, zooveel meende te hooren in zijn spel; hij speelde alleen voor zichzelven, hij speelde om zich te uiten in de vase taal van muziekklanken. Op dit oogenblik voelde hij zich alleen, verlaten in het groote huis; al wist hij, dat papa twee kamers af zat te werken en dat hij zijn toevlucht zou kunnen nemen op pa's grote rustbank, in zijn borst was op dit oogenblik een bijna physisch gevoel van angst voor zijn eigen eenzaamheid. Zijn dunne, nerveuze vingers tokkelden tastend over de toetsen; dan liet hij zich gaan, vond een enkel motief, heel kort, van klagende mineur-melancholie, en liefkoosde dat motief, liefkoosde het tot het als eene monotonie van verdriet ieder oogenblik terugkwam. Hij vond het motief

zoo mooi, dat hij er niet van kon scheiden. Ze gaven zoo goed weer wat hij voelde, die vier, vijf tonen, dat hij ze telkens over speelde tot Suzette binnen vloog en hem zei, dat ze dol werd en hem vroeg, of hij ophield.

Zoo ook speelde hij nu, en het was erbarmelijk eerst; hij kende nauwelijks de noten weer; verscheurende cacofonieën kermden op en doorsneden hem-zelfen zijn arm, nauw van hoofdpijn genezen brein. Hij kreunde of hij weer pijn had, maar zijn vingers waren als gehypnotiseerd, ze konden niet uitscheiden, ze zochten door en de klanken zuiverden zich; een korte frase klaarde los als met een kreet, die terugkwam op één zelfden toon. En die toon was Jules eene verrassing en hij was nu blij ze gevonden te hebben, blij zoo een mooi verdriet te hebben.

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## Points of Modern English Syntax.

Under this heading we intend to quote sentences of present-day authors, whether in books or in periodical writings, that seem suitable to illustrate points of modern English syntax. The quotations will be accompanied by questions drawing the reader's attention to the point intended. For those who have no opportunity to call in the help of an expert in case of a difficulty there will be a reference to my Handbook, in its third edition.

1. "I see little of him now."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Utterson. "I thought you *had* a bond of common interest."

"We *had*," was the reply. "But it is more than ten years since Henry Jekyll became too fanciful for me." Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*, ch. 2.

Compare the functions of *had* in these two sentences. Handbook, 102, 105.

2. The other snarled aloud into a savage laugh; and the next moment, with extraordinary quickness, he had unlocked the door and disappeared into the house. ib.

What is the function of the pluperfect *had unlocked*? Handbook 115, 2.

3. "Sleep well," he said as he softly opened the door for her. Bennett, *Grand Babylon Hotel*, ch. XVIII.

Is there anything to show that the speaker is not English? Handbook 191 ff.

4. Miss Spencer could have withstood successfully any moral trial, but persuade her that her skin was in danger, and she would succumb. Ib. ch. IX.

What form of the verb is *persuade*? Handbook 552 f.

5. We can say *to mount a hill* and *to mount a horse*. We can also say *to ascend a hill*; but it would be absurd to say *to ascend a horse*. Why? Handbook 234—241.

6. And gradually, as time drew on, Mr. Utterson began to recover from the hotness of his alarm, and to grow more at quiet with himself. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is there unusual in the meaning of *drew on* in this sentence? Handbook ib.

7. "In the first place, it is possible you may be interested to hear that I happened to see Jules to-day."

"You did!" Racksole remarked with much calmness. "Where?" Bennett, *Hotel*, ch. XXI.

"It won't do any one good."

"Won't it?" repeated Racksole with a sudden flash. Ib. ch. XI.

What is the reason for using *to do* or repeating the auxiliary in these two sentences? Handbook 297.

8. We believe that from the perusal of these and many similar books which are now appearing most readers will rise still bewildered as to the real nature of the changes which our reformers would advocate in the methods of conducting international relations. We have had many suggestions. At one time we were told . . . . *Times Lit. Suppl.* 9/11, '22.

What is the meaning of *to have* here? Handbook 359.

9. Nor did he at all resent the fact that she had executed her plan in secret. She must have been anxious to get the room finished for the musical evening. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. I ch. 9.

Explain *must* as a preterite. Handbook 392.

10. This used to be the custom before the French took over the government of the country. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 12/10, '22.

What is the function of *used* here? Handbook 455.

11. It sounds nothing to hear, but it was hellish to see. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*, ch. I. What is the function of *to hear* in this sentence? Handbook 468.

12. A guest to stop at Iping in the wintertime was an unheard piece of luck. (Iping is a hotel). Wells, *The Invisible Man*, ch. I.

What part of the sentence is the infinitive? Handbook 474 a.

13. "Of course I shall be back for tea."

"Oh, yes, m'm!" Ada agreed, as though saying "Need you tell me that, m'm? I know you would never leave the master to have his tea alone." Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 7.

Is *to leave* construed with an accusative and infinitive here? Handbook 483 ff.

14. She preferred him to be seated. Ib. ib.

Is *him* an object here? Handbook ib.

15. It had a good garden to the back, and Mr. Clavering had built capital stables, with what were then considered the latest improvements. The point of good stabling was expected to let the house, as it was in a hunting county. Mrs. Gaskell, *The Squire's Story*.

Could we say *its back*? Handbook 1108.

What pronoun is *what* in the second sentence? Handbook 1151.

*The point of good stabling*: what is the relation of *point* and *stabling*? Handbook 1467.

What infinitive construction is illustrated by the last sentence? Handbook 502. Is *hunting* a gerund or a participle? Handbook 750—2.

16. "What!" he thought. "Henry Jekyll forge for a murderer!" And his blood was cold in his veins. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What function has the infinitive here? Handbook 567.

17. It was the first time that there had ever been question of him visiting a private house, except his aunt's, at night. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, bk. II, ch. VI.  
I don't like the idea of us living in Maggie's house. Ib. *These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 7.

What is the function of *him* and *us*? The case is not mentioned in Handbook 620.

18. The younger brother was flattered by this proof of esteem from the elder, but did his best by casualness of tone to prevent the fact from transpiring. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, bk. II, ch. 7.

Can *the fact* be looked upon as an object? Handbook 625.

19. It is a conversational style, and to read it is like hearing him speak. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 14/9, 22, p. 573/4.

Reading him is like looking at a series of pictures by Rubens, which are all so energetic and masterly in manner that we cannot tell which he painted only for the sake of painting. Ib. p. 574/.

To read the pages of M. de Labriolle's most interesting work is to be convinced that the literature he writes of so learnedly and excitingly ought not to be left so much to specialists. Ib. p. 582/4.

Account for the choice of the infinitive and the gerund as subjects. Handbook 657.

20. We behold sea power exercising its universal sway in the history of both the Hellenic and the Latin races. *Times Ed. Suppl.* 23/7, '21.

What part of the sentence is *sea power*? Handbook 693.

21. Edwin in the darkness could see him feeling in his waistcoat pocket, and then raise his arm, and throw in the direction of the dimly lighted yard. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. I, ch. 5.

Account for the change from *feeling* to *raise*. Handbook 703 f.

22. Under the table Flora was touching John's foot warningly; Nedda attempting to touch Derek's; Felix endeavouring to catch John's eye; Alan to catch Sheila's; John biting his lip and looking carefully at nothing. Galsworthy, *Freeland*, ch. 16.

What is the relation of the participle constructions to the rest of the sentence? Handbook 717, 1.

23. Presently after, he sat on one side of his own hearth, with Mr. Guest his head clerk, upon the other. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *with*? Handbook 719.

24. Two doors from one corner, on the left hand going east, the line was broken by the entry of a court. Ib.

What construction is *going east*? Handbook 727.

25. The testator devised the Ardmore estate in trust for his eldest son for life, with remainder to his male issue in fee, whom failing, to testator's other sons, according to seniority. Quoted by Wendt, *Grammatik* p. 35.

James's son-in-Law, the Prince of Orange, would not . . . . . have been accepted by the nation as king . . . . . and, failing him, there was no one but Monmouth. Garnett, *Age of Dryden*, p. 21'.

What is the construction with *failing*? Show how it could become a participle. Handbook 732.

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## Reviews.

*A History of English Philosophy*. By W. R. SORLEY, Professor in the University of Cambridge. C. U. P., 1920. 20/- net.

Modern man is spoiled, in a sense. So is the modern undergraduate. And just as he is offered every variety of delicacies at table, in cafés and bars, in teashops, on the stage, in light fiction, so he would like to hear only what is 'interesting' in the small University called H. B. S., and in the big University, called Alma Mater. The sensation of the 'interesting' is the demand many undergraduates also make on their professors. It seems they require more approximation and assimilation between University and teashop. Now it is the safest plan, in the long run, to live on plain, substantial food, without any special tickling of the palate. And we, for our part, are of opinion that only those ought to go to a university who are trained and accustomed to like the black or brown bread of the Baker or Professor.

The new *History of English Philosophy* is dry black bread without any marmalade of anecdotes. In ± 300 pages Mr. Sorley has given an account of the principal figures or groups of figures who together form what may, not without some pride, be called the English philosophers. Round about

them plenty of space has — purposely — been left to stars or constellations of lesser rank. Witness the Preface, the book meant to be objective, and it is. It has become a guide, a trusty and dutiful and therefore mostly reliable guide to the Museum of British Philosophy, written by an expert in a terse and pointed style, dry and matter-of-fact as guides to museums mostly are. Mr. Sorley is a *reporter*, not an *interpreter*. The compiler of the 'guide' has few expressions that suddenly light up the philosophic darkness like flashes of imagination. Still the root and essence of things is nearly everywhere indicated summarily and to the purpose.

Objections? Observations? Given the preface, given the objectivity of the book, they will be few.

One of the laudable qualities of the English is that they are and mostly remain themselves. Isolation, fidelity to tradition, etc. strengthen and preserve this characteristic element. Thus arises and exists an original people. The thinkers also are original. Bacon, Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Mill are pioneers. The English may be proud of their philosophers; they may speak, which we Dutch cannot do, of *their* philosophers, even though a German has somewhat slightly referred to 'das ganze Baconische Geschlecht'. Sorley, too, has performed an act of nationalism by confining himself exclusively to Englishmen. Thus the international interaction that prevails in the great republic of the United States of Philosophy has been too sparingly illustrated. The influence exerted by the English pioneers on the surrounding countries, rather than that exerted on them by foreigners, should have been included in the sketch.

The fact that the book arose out of 'Chapters contributed to the Cambridge History of English Literature', affords an explanation for the not very philosophic tone and spirit prevailing in it. It thereby often affects one as literary and external, while the lives have run to excessive length for this small compass.

*Vere scire est per causas scire* is the maxim that demands, as it were, a biological or naturalistic treatment of philosophy also. Partly owing to this division into chapters the continuity of the evolution has not always been followed, while social currents and scientific events and their influence on philosophic thought (Newton, Boyle) have found little or no room. We also regretted to see that the quotations from Mediaeval and later Latinists were not given in the original. It is better that the multitude should ascend to philosophy than that philosophy should descend to the multitude!

Where Mr. Sorley starts polemizing for once in a way, he is fairly weak. The attempt e. g. to defend Bacon against Pope's well-known epigram 'the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind', is a faint one.

On the whole the style is that of one who proceeds with strong, heavy, well-aimed blows. At the same time the structure and the architectonics of the book might have had more of that 'strict economy of phrase' of which Sorley speaks himself. Some rather lengthy lives, that of Locke e.g., present avalanches of dates.

We can certainly recommend this book. It is thorough in its way. But no one who has read it twice or thrice and digested it should think himself 'au fait'. He will be outwardly conversant with the subject. It may be a starting point for set and more penetrating study. If such a thing existed, it would be a suitable handbook for the L. O. or M. O. certificate in English Philosophy.

It remains to mention that to the book is added a 'Comparative Chronological Table giving the dates of the chief works in English philosophy'

along with the dates of some other writings, English, and foreign, and of some leading events'. An excellent idea!

At the same time a Bibliography. 'The list does not profess to be exhaustive.' Nor can Ueberweg-Heinze be dispensed with by the side of it. Yet it is, like everything external in this book, very useful, especially for the original editions.

October '21, Nijmegen.

Dr. P. VRIJLANDT.

*L'Evolution Psychologique et la Littérature en Angleterre, 1660-1914.*  
By LOUIS CAZAMIAN. Paris, Félix Alcan, 1920. VIII, 268 pp.

Though it is three years since M. Cazamian's book was published — an apology is due for a review so long delayed — there is still every reason for bringing it to the notice of students of English literature in Holland. Without giving new facts or documents it deals with what is well-known in such a way as to open up new perspectives and to stimulate research.

To the history of literature M. Cazamian applies his knowledge of psychology and of the social life of the present and past. His object is to relate the development of English literature to the psychological evolution discernible in the moral history of the nation; and at the same time to enquire how social conditions have influenced, and either promoted or retarded the course of this evolution. From the succession of alternate 'romantic' and 'classical' periods, he deduces the law of psychological rhythm. The moral life of the nation oscillates between two poles: emotion and intellect. The first decisive phase in English literature — the Elizabethan era — is predominantly emotional in tone. As artistic effects, however, gradually lose their force from being too often repeated, satiety sets in, and the collective mind of the nation turns away from its emotional 'pole', and seeks relief in an intellectual ideal in life and art. This subversion of the old ideal coincides with a great social change — the Restoration. As emotion ceases to be the motive power in art, so the religious fervour of the Puritans is discredited in public life. An age of reason sets in, and the sway of the intellect is confirmed when after 1688 the upper middle classes, though to some extent taking the place of the aristocracy as a power in social life, adopt the intellectual ideal of the literature of court circles in a chastened and matured form.

M. Cazamian proceeds to point out how this intellectual ideal, with its laws of reason and order, suited the minds of the middle classes who set the fashion in art, and how their social prestige upheld the classical norms long after their very absolutism would have made us expect a reaction. As a matter of fact there are early signs of such a reaction in the revival of sentiment in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the sentimental drama and later on in the sentimental novel, the middle classes effected a kind of moral reinsurance against the too absolute sway of the intellect. Together with this revival of emotion as a motive force in literature, a reviviscence of imagination took place, and the two helped on the reaction against classicism, which was not, however, overthrown till the end of the century. The abnormal duration of the classical period is ascribed by M. Cazamian to social causes, which retarded the pulse of the psychological rhythm, as they had accelerated it in 1660.

It would be tempting to follow the author in his detailed analysis of one period after another, illustrating the evolution of literature with the help of social history, and explaining it in terms of modern philosophy. His ideas are those of the psychologist, his metaphors are often borrowed from science. He speaks of the 'curve' of literary history, the 'axis' of his research, the oscillation of the rhythm. He symbolises the succession of romantic and classical periods, more and more contaminated as they follow each other more rapidly and tending towards ultimate stagnation, by the image of an ascending spiral described between two intersecting tangents in the shape of a cone. 'La mémoire collective et le souvenir subconscient' are shown to affect the primitive purity of the creative instincts. We are reminded of Schopenhauer's 'Wille zum Leben' by 'le vouloir-vivre national', of Nietzsche's 'Umwertung aller Werte' when we read of the 'incertitude des valeurs consacrées qui précède l'apparition des valeurs nouvelles', of Kautsky's ideal superstructure by the chapter on 'la préparation sociale du Romantisme'. A curious compound of German and French thought applied to the history of English literature. If for no other reason, the book would be worth reading for this one. In spite of its abstractions it never fails to interest, because of the supremely French lucidity of its thought and style. Its justification lies in the opening sentence of the first chapter — "Le besoin d'ordonner selon des lignes claires notre passé moral est vivace et obstiné." No doubt the prime object of literature lies in its aesthetic appeal; but in another aspect, literature is an index of the moral and social life of a nation. Those who wish to study it in this function will find M. Cazamian's book to be an invaluable guide.

R. W. Z.

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### Brief Mentions.

*Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, 1921. Edited for The Modern Humanities Research Association by A. C. PAUES. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1922. 4/6 net.

The first number of this Bibliography was announced in E. S. III, 94. The second, now ready, is more than twice its bulk, and in several respects an improvement on its predecessor. Thus the section 'General and Historical Grammars' with its incongruous contents has been replaced by one headed 'Historical and Period Grammars', including scholarly works only. The entries are still, however, given in alphabetical, not in chronological order, as is done with literary works. *Sixteenth-Twentieth Century Drama* has been distributed over the various chapters dealing with the literature of each separate century.

The Dutch entries are not quite complete nor always accurate. Thus Dr. Kruisinga's note on 'Ward in the Christmas Carol' in E.S. III, 172, is registered in the section 'Middle English Writings'; while on p. 126 his name is given instead of Mr. van Cranendonk's as reviewer of *Six Short Plays* by Galsworthy. It seems no one has troubled to supply the Dutch contributions, which had to be compiled by Miss Paues from such sources as were available at Cambridge. The present writer having, at the Editor's request, undertaken to supply the Dutch section henceforward, will be grateful if any errors of omission or commission that should appear in future instalments are brought to his notice. — Z.

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*Greater Britain. Englische Stimmen über das britische Weltreich.*  
Herausgegeben von DR. W. LÜHR. Teubners kleine Auslandstexte.  
1923.

The emphasis rightly laid by German (and other) scholars on the importance for Modern Studies of a knowledge of the social conditions, as distinct from the language and literature, of a country, would appear to be leading to undesirable extremes. Messrs. Teubner have forwarded the first instalment of a series of 'Auslandstexte' for use in the upper forms of higher schools. It consists of short extracts from writings by authors

like Froude, Seeley, Lord Milner, Chamberlain etc. designed to illustrate the opinions of British imperialists, and the main lines on which the British Empire has recently developed. It is a handy compendium, and a dangerous weapon in the hands of a master who takes his task to be the inculcation of political sentiments. For there is no doubt that this preoccupation with social and political, as distinct from literary subjects, is prompted by *political* considerations. This may be defensible from the German point of view, but in Dutch schools we have no use for such arsenals.

Apart from this aspect, the booklet has little to recommend itself as an asset in teaching English. Its subject matter falls almost entirely within the domain of the history master. Stripped of its subjective bias, the series might be used as illustrative material for the teaching of history in commercial high schools. Language teachers will do well, in our opinion, by continuing to concentrate on language and literature, and by going to social and political history for occasional sidelights only. „Kulturkunde”, as represented by this new series, should not be allowed to take the place of literary culture in the programmes of our schools. In how far „Auslandstudien” ought to form an integral part of modern studies at the Universities is an altogether different question. — Z.

## Supplement to the Shelley-Bibliography 1908-1922.

Owing to an inexplicable oversight on the part of the compiler many items were omitted from the bibliography published last year. Most of them have been kindly pointed out by Prof. S. B. Liljegren of Lund University, to whom the writer's sincere gratitude is owing, as is his apology to the reader. Among the works submitted below have also been included studies that have appeared since June 1922. Some selections and translations have been left out purposely. Articles in magazines etc. published in 1922 are wanting. For them the reader is referred to the Bibliography of English language and literature 1922, edited for to the Modern Humanities Research Association, by A. C. Paues, due to appear in the autumn of this year.

J. K.

*Shelley, a Poem.* By C. E. FOSTER. 1908.

*Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener.* London, 1908.

*Letters of Shelley to Peacock.* 1909.

*Bulletin of the Keats-Shelley Memorial.* 1910 ff.

*Leigh Hunt's Relations with Byron, Shelley, etc.* By BARNETTE MILLER. Columbia Univ. Stud. in English. 1910.

*A Day with the Poet P. B. Shelley.* By MAY BYRON. 1910.

*Shelley and Peacock.* By A. A. DIGEON. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1910, 41 ff.

*Nature Poems by P. B. SHELLEY.* Ill. by W. HYDE. London, 1911.

*The Sensitive Plant.* By P. B. SHELLEY. Introd. by EDM. GOSSE. Ill. by CH. ROBINSON. London, 1911.

*Note Books of P. B. Shelley* from the originals in the library of W. K. Forman. Boston, 1911. 3 vols.

*On the Portraits of Shelley.* By T. L. PEACOCK. 1911.

*The Diary of Dr. J. W. Polidori, 1816, relat. to Byron, Shelley etc.* By J. W. POLIDORI, 1911.

*Shorter Poems by P. B. SHELLEY.* Arden Books. 1912.

KASPROWICZ, *Arcydzista Europejskicj poezyi dramatyczniij II (Rodzina Cencich).* 1912.

ID. ID., I. *Oedipus Tyrannus.*

*Prométhée délivré, trad. par TOLA DORIAN.* Paris, 1912.

*Shelley.* By SYDNEY WATERLOW. The People's Books. 1913.

*The Protestant Burial-Ground in Rome.* By SIR J. R. RODD. 1913.

*The Protestant Burial-Ground in Rome.* By H. GAY. 1913.

*Shelley's Triumph of Life.* By F. M. STAWELL. 1914.

*Antike Einflüsse by P. B. Shelley.* Von O. INTZE. 1914.

*Notes on the Sources of Poe's Poetry.* By J. ROUTH. Mod. Lang. Notes. 1914, 72 ff.

- Shelley als Uebersetzer des homerischen Hymnus 'Εις Ερυνην.* Von THEODOR VETTER. 1914.  
*Shelley.* By C. H. HERFORD. Cambr. Hist. of Engl. Lit. 1915.  
*P. B. Shelley, I Cenci.* Traduzione di A. de Bosis. Milano. 1916.  
*The Influence of Horace on the Chief English Poets of the Nineteenth Century.* By MARY R. THAYER New Haven, 1916. [The poets considered are Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson and Browning.]  
*P. B. Shelley, Pamphlets.* Prima traduzione italiana di M. MARINI. Milano, 1917.  
*Byron and Shelley.* By H. M. BUELL. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1917. 312 ff.  
*The Lyrical Poems and Translations of P. B. Shelley.* With a Preface by C. H. HERFORD. London, 1918.  
*Literarische en Historische Studien.... Shelley.* Door W. G. C. BYVANCK. 1918.  
*Kant and Shelley.* By R. BLAKE. (pseud.) 1919.  
*A. M. Roos, Ett diktaröde.* Stockholm, 1919.  
*An Opinion the Writings of Tennyson, with a statement of his changed views regarding P. B. Shelley.* By R. BROWNING. 1920.  
*Shelley's Ode to the West Wind.* By H. S. PANCOAST. Mod. Lang. Notes, 1920, 97 ff.  
*R. RAYMONDI, Shelley in Italia.* Padova, 1920.  
*Naturalism in English Poetry.* By STOPFORD A. BROOKE. London, 1920. [Contains essays on Shelley's Interpretation of Christianity, on Wordsworth, Shelley and Byron, and on The Poetry of Shelley.]  
*The Defence of Poetry.* By P. B. SHELLEY. (Peacock's Four Ages of Poetry). 1921.  
*Friedensideale eines Revolutionärs. (P. B. Shelley)* Von T. VETTER. Zürich, 1921.  
*Shelley über Politische Reformen.* Von H. HECHT. Germ. Rom. Monatschrift. 1921.  
*Shelley's Swellfoot the Tyrant.* By N. I. WHITE. Publ. of the Mod. Lang. Assoc. of America. XXXVI, 3.  
*Shelley and the Abbé Barruel.* By W. E. PECK. Ib., XXXVI, 3.  
*A Poet's Science.* By M. A. DEFORD. The Open Court, XXXV, Sept. 1921.  
*A Note on Shelley, Blake and Milton.* By A. H. GILBERT. Mod. Lang. Notes, XXXVI, Dec. 1921.  
*New Fragments of Shelley.* By EDMUND GOSSE. Times L. S. Feb. 24, 1921.  
*Shelley and Westminster Abbey.* By E. P. HEWITT. National Review, April 1921.  
*Dr. Johnson and Shelley.* Notes and Queries, Nov. 5, 1921.  
*A Note on Shelley and Peacock.* By W. E. PECK. M. L. N. XXXVI, June 1921.  
*The Source book of Shelley's Adonais.* By W. E. PECK. Times L.S. April 7, 1921.  
*Shelley's Autograph Corrections of 'The Daemon of the World'.* By W. E. PECK. T. L. S. June 23, 1921.  
*Shelley's Unpublished After-the-War Message.* By ASHLEY H. THORNDIKE. New York Times Book Review, July 3, 1921.  
*The Historical and Personal Background of Shelley's Hellas.* By N. I. WHITE. So. Atlantic Quarterly. XX, Jan. 1921.  
*Shelley's Queen Mab.* By TH. J. WISE. T. L. S. June 30, 1921.  
*The Shelley Birthday Book.* London, 1922.  
*For the Centenary of Shelley's Death.* By C. H. HERFORD. Poetry Review, July 1922.  
*Shelley: The Poet of Idealism.* By I. G. A. HOLLOWAY. (Ib.)  
*Shelley als Dramatiker.* Von HEL. RICHTER. Germ. Rom. Mon. Schrift, 1922.  
*G. BIAGI, Gli ultimi giorni di P. B. Shelley.* Florence, 1927.  
*The Dramatic Poems of P. B. SHELLEY.* Ed. by C. H. HERFORD. London, 1922.  
*Shelley's Debt to Alma Murray.* By N. I. WHITE. Mod. Lang. Notes, Nov. 1922.  
*Shelley's Charles I.* By N. I. WHITE. Journ. Engl. Germ. Phil. 1922, 431 ff.  
*A Vindication of Natural Diet.* By P. B. SHELLEY. With notes by F. E. WORLAND. London, 1922.  
*Shelley, a hundred years away.* An address by JOHN T. DAVIS, Hull, 1922.  
*Shelley in Edinburgh, etc.* By W. E. PECK. 1922.  
*Proserpine and Midas.* Mythological Dramas by MARY WOLLSTONECRAFT SHELLEY. Edited by A. KOSZUL. London, 1922.

## On the Character of Desdemona.

On the 9th of January of this year, Miss Lena Ashwell lectured at the Bishopsgate Institute in London on the character of Desdemona. I was unable to be present, but read the report of her lecture in the next day's *Daily Telegraph*. According to the reporter Miss Ashwell said on this occasion — "that it was a literary tradition that made Desdemona a blameless, helpless, charming, delightful expression of the perfect woman. By a series of quotations from *Othello*, she explained her theory that Desdemona was just as guilty, in her way, of the crime as Othello was in allowing his jealousy to be aroused. Desdemona, she said, first deceived her father, who lavished every love and care on her. She was a coward and told lies. On her death-bed she told her last lie, and so redeemed her character. Miss Ashwell believed that it was the hypocritical interpretation of Desdemona's character which accounted for the lack of popularity of *Othello* at the present time. It was not necessary to have the character so camouflaged that it ceased to be real, to comply with the convention that the heroine of a play must be invariably faultless."

Either this report is not very good, or the lecturer did not express herself very clearly. One has some difficulty in determining whether the words "and so redeemed her character" are meant ironically or not. And that the heroine of a play must be invariably faultless, can only be a convention among the illiterate. But it is evident that Miss Ashwell's view of Desdemona's character differs from that generally accepted. Now, Miss Ashwell's views on anything concerning the Theatre, are not lightly to be dismissed. She is an actress of considerable repute, who has played such leading parts in Shakespeare's dramas as Rosalind and Portia, Brutus's wife. She has never, so far as I know, acted the part of Desdemona herself, though she did take, at one time, that of Emilia. Since I am of Furness's opinion<sup>1)</sup> that in the interpretation of Shakespeare's plays, our first appeal, and perhaps our last, should be made to the dramatic instinct, as it has been termed, with which eminent actors are especially endowed, and attach, therefore, a good deal of weight to the words of Miss Ashwell on this point, I resolved to look into the matter more closely.

Somewhat to my astonishment I found that Miss Ashwell's statement has been anticipated by a few Shakespeare critics, though most of them do not express their views quite so positively.

The great majority, however, are of the contrary opinion, and speak of Desdemona in words of unrestrained praise. Thus do Johnson, Campbell, Lamb, Dowden, Rose,<sup>2)</sup> Bradley, Raleigh, Brandes, and the Germans A. W. Schlegel, Franz Horn, Gervinus and M. J. Wolff<sup>3)</sup>. But there are others who are less enthusiastic: Heraud<sup>4)</sup>, Bodenstedt<sup>5)</sup>, Bulthaupt<sup>6)</sup>, and even Stopford Brooke is a little guarded in his eulogy.

Now it should, at the outset, be stated, that with most of the critics mentioned, the treatment of Desdemona's character resolves itself into an

<sup>1)</sup> Preface to the *New Variorum Edition of Othello*, p. vii.

<sup>2)</sup> *New Shakespeare Society Transactions*, 1880—82.

<sup>3)</sup> *Shakespeare, der Dichter Und sein Werk*.

<sup>4)</sup> *Shakespeare, his Inner Life*, 1865.

<sup>5)</sup> *Jahrbuch der Shakespeare Gesellschaft* 1867.

<sup>6)</sup> *Dramaturgie des Schauspiels*. Bd II (Shakespeare) 1894.

ethical discussion which has very little bearing on the subject and is, as such, of no significance for the student of Shakespeare. Whether a girl is or is not justified in opposing the will of her father, even to the extent of making him thoroughly unhappy, when her love is at stake, may form the subject-matter of highly edifying controversy, but is irrelevant to an appreciation of Desdemona's character, as developed in the play. As long as it does not come into conflict with her other deeds, the opposition of her father's wishes offers, in itself, little material for the tracing of character qualities. It is an entirely different matter to try and find out if the words used by Desdemona to defend her course of action throw any light on her innermost motives, which may quite well be hidden from herself. In the same way, it is fruitless to argue whether fear can justify the telling of untruths. What matters is if the telling of the untruth is consistent with other revelations of character in word or deed.

Broadly speaking, the faults ascribed to Desdemona by her detractors come under four heads:

- (1) Lack of filial feeling.
- (2) Lack of modesty.
- (3) Untruthfulness.
- (4) Cowardice.

Before we set out to test Desdemona's character on these four points, we may well try and find out, if the genesis of the play gives us any clue to Shakespeare's view of the matter. That is, after all, the most important point but one, to be considered. The play itself, the concrete form that the author gave to his views, is and will always remain more important still.

Now, for the genesis of the play two channels of information are accessible to us: firstly the *Hecatomithii* by Giraldi Cinthio, from the seventh novel of the third decade of which Shakespeare borrowed his plot for *Othello*, and secondly the texts of the first and second quartos (respectively dated 1622 and 1630) and the first folio. For our purpose, the second of these helps is the more important. Even if Cinthio's novel should in any way yield corroborative evidence to Desdemona's guilt, this would prove very little. For we know that in other plays Shakespeare modified his raw material for purposes of dramatic effect or to create contrasts in character (compare the characters of Macbeth, Macduff and Banquo in the play with those in Holinshed). But, as it happens, there is no trace of guilt in Cinthio's Desdemona (sic): she is 'una virtuosa Donna', Othello is represented as 'vinto dal nobile pensiero della Donna', and the Italian author dwells on the courage which makes her follow her lord into perils. But it might be argued that in this case Shakespeare's representation of the character is worse than his original. The answer is that no dramatic purpose would be served by such a change. Besides, there is another circumstance which prevents the assumption. In Cinthio's story, the ensign's wife is, likewise, virtuous ('honesta giovane'), whereas Shakespeare's Emilia does certainly not deserve this epithet. Her character has been made more unfavourable than its original. What other reason could Shakespeare have for this change than this, that by Emilia's shortcomings Desdemona's virtues should appear all the more conspicuous?

A comparison between the first quarto and the first folio is not without interest. If we knew with anything like certainty to what causes the differences between these two texts are attributable, the material presented would be very valuable indeed. Unfortunately, we are totally ignorant of the influences that have been at work here. Whether Shakespeare had anything to do

with the changes which, for example, the first quarto underwent at the hands of the Editor of the second quarto, has not yet been brought to light. All we can do, therefore, is to put these changes before the reader to be used or neglected at his discretion. Those concerning the presentation of Desdemona are three in number. In these three cases the folio has lines which are absent from the quarto. They all occur in Act IV, the act which shows the heroine in her moments of intensest suffering. They contribute to enhancing the pathos and to ennobling the character of Desdemona. The lines in IV, ii, addressed by Desdemona to Iago:

Here I kneel :

If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love  
 Either in discourse of thought or actual deed,  
 Or that mine eyes, mine ears or any sense,  
 Delighted them in any other form ;  
 Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
 And ever will, though he do shake me off,  
 To beggarly divorce, love him dearly,  
 Comfort forswear me ! Unkindness may do much ;  
 And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
 But never taint my love. I cannot say 'whore' ;  
 It does abhor me now I speak the word ;  
 To do the act that might the addition earn  
 Not the world's mass of vanity could make me —

emphasise both her fidelity towards Othello and the purity of her mind.

The lines in IV, iii, spoken to Emilia, have the same effect :

*Desd.* Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia,  
 That there be women do abuse their husbands  
 In such gross kind ?

And the whole of the willow-song with the dialogue pertaining to it which does not appear in the first quarto tends to heighten the pathos<sup>1)</sup> in the condition of one whose virtues have already won our sympathy.

We must now consider the four charges that have been brought against Desdemona. First there is the accusation of unfilial conduct. All the evidence lies in the second Act, in Desdemona's answer to her father's question where most she owes obedience, and in her refusal to remain at Brabantio's house while Othello is fighting against the Turks. The tone in which she speaks to her father is highly respectful ('my noble father . . .'). She is conscious of her obligations ('To you I am bound for life and education'), and her resolve is not made without a struggle ('I do perceive here a divided duty'). Her reminder that Brabantio's wife, at one time likewise preferred him to *her* father shows a skill in debate which we shall not find in her again, when issues of equal or greater importance are at stake; it may, therefore, be judged slightly inconsistent, but morally considered, it can never be called by a worse name than 'adroitness', or, as Mrs. Jameson has it, 'the instinctive unconscious address of her sex,' and even

<sup>1)</sup> In the introduction to his facsimile of the first quarto, H. A. Evans considers the omission of the willow-song etc. in Q, as a 'cut', to shorten the play for representation, the absence of Desdemona's solemn protest IV, ii, 151-169, however, as least likely to be due to intentional excision, for it is difficult to suppose that the most prosaic "cutter" would not have spared them if he found them in his copy.

The Editors of the *Cambridge Shakespeare* say :

'Many passages are omitted in Q, by accident or design, and some which we find only in the later editions look like afterthoughts of the author.'

this is called in question by Bradley. As regards her refusal to live in her father's house, the fact that it is made after Brabantio's and Othello's refusal, should not be lost sight of. Her husband's word makes the matter for her one of conjugal obedience, and her father's 'No' cannot but put all thoughts of pleasing him that she may have entertained, at once out of her head. I do not, therefore, see any reason to doubt her sincerity in saying: 'I would not there reside, to put my father in impatient thoughts by being in his eye.'

Whether she ought or ought not to have added something more, in the nature of comfort to these words, which happened to be the last she ever addressed to her father (but Desdemona could not know that) is matter for general moralists to decide, not for the Shakespeare student, because it deals with the quite imaginary drama of *Othello*, as these gentlemen would have written it.

The same scene contains Brabantio's well-known words:

'Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see;

She has deceived her father, and may thee.'

It seems to me that the wrath and spite which animate the speaker at this moment, sufficiently account for the strength of the word "deceive", and that to found on this passage a surmise that 'in word, deed, thought, she must have been guilty of falsehood', as Heraud<sup>1)</sup> does, is highly fantastical<sup>2)</sup>. We are not forgetful of what Iago says to Othello: 'She did deceive her father, marrying you; and when she seemed to shake and fear your looks, she lov'd them most', nor of Othello's affirmative answer: 'and so she did'. But Iago was working on the passion of jealousy which he had already managed to excite in the Moor. Naturally, in doing so, he put things as unpleasantly as he could, and equally naturally Othello, who had by this time come to that state in which anything that seemed to confirm his fears gave him a kind of perverse satisfaction, agreed to the correctness of Iago's words.

We then come to the second charge, that of immodest behaviour. No one has worded this more bluntly than John Quincy Adams, Sixth President of the United States, in his correspondence with Hackett<sup>3)</sup>. He does not scruple to call Desdemona 'little less than a wanton . . . . Desdemona is not false to her husband, but she has been false to the purity and delicacy of her sex and condition when she married him.' He strongly emphasises the unnaturalness of her love for a 'blackamoor'. Less forcibly, Bulthaupt<sup>4)</sup>

<sup>1)</sup> J. A. Heraud, *Shakespeare, his Inner Life*, London, 1865.

<sup>2)</sup> In this connection I cannot refrain from drawing the reader's attention to a remarkable case of verbal similarity between the statements of two writers on the subject. I shall place side by side the words of Heraud and those of W. R. Turnbull, in his book *Othello, a Critical Study*, London, 1892 (please note the date of publication!).

#### Heraud.

The tragedy, however, might not have been possible at all but for a defect in Desdemona's character. In word, deed, thought, she must have been guilty of falsehood --- She has one foible. It is the slightest of foibles but one frequently fatal — a habit of fibbing. From a timidity of disposition, she frequently evades the truth . . . . Practically, too, she dallies with falsehood.

<sup>3)</sup> J. H. Hackett. *Notes and comments upon certain plays and Actors of Shakespeare, with criticisms and correspondence*, New York 1864.

<sup>4)</sup> H. Bulthaupt. *Dramaturgie des Schauspiels* 1894 (*Bd II Shakespeare*).

#### Turnbull.

In her courtship she probably practised some craft and cunning both in word and deed. When difficulties present themselves, she evades the truth from a sort of natural timidity, and openly toys with falsehood . . . . She manifests that fatal foible of fibbing, but for which the tragedy might not have been possible at all.

does the same, when he says: 'Schon ihre Neigung zu dem Afrikaner hat einen Beigeschmack von sinnlicher Pikanterie'. Stopford Brooke<sup>1)</sup> harps on the same string, though in more subdued tones. 'No amount of greatness of mind, of nobility of character in Othello can entirely — as some think it can — do away with the natural improbability, the physical and racial queerness of her love for the Moor.' — It is clear that here again we are in the domain of general ethics, the subject of the discussion being no longer Shakespeare's play, but the question whether it is ever allowable or advisable for a white woman to marry a black man. To get away from this domain as quickly as possible, let us see what Shakespeare says about it. Then we find that Brabantio, indeed, agrees with John Quincy Adams on the point. The father of Desdemona would never have charged Othello with obtaining the affection of his daughter by magic arts, if this affection had not seemed unnatural to him. But there are other testimonies regarding Desdemona's relation towards Othello. In the first place, there is Brabantio's own description of his daughter's disposition. 'A maiden never bold; of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion blushed at herself'. Now this is, it is true, Brabantio's idea of her, but why it should *not* be Shakespeare's we fail to see. And we cannot, like Stopford Brooke, consider the many great actresses who took this description as the basis for the presentation of Desdemona as foolish. Even the fact that, while her father harboured this opinion of her modesty, she was — in the harsh words of Heraud — 'carrying on a love intrigue with a man of another race and colour, in which she was half the wooer', cannot alter our view.

For what was Desdemona's attitude in this wooing? We know it from the celebrated passage, where Othello informs us how his accounts of the sufferings and hardships he had gone through, aroused Desdemona's pity. She even loved him for the dangers he had passed, and encouraged his suit by bidding him

if I had a friend that lov'd her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would win her.

Seeing what barriers racial difference had erected between them, the strength of which Desdemona must have perceived as clearly as those around her, was it so very 'bold' in her to intimate that, to her at least, such barriers were of no account? The Duke does not consider these things nearly so unnatural as Brabantio or John Quincy Adams, for he says: 'I think this tale would win my daughter too.' Desdemona herself explains all unnaturalness quite away by saying: 'I saw Othello's visage in his mind.' But, interposes Bulthaupt, her whole behaviour contradicts this assumption, for — and I confess his reasoning here becomes almost unintelligible to me: 'Ihr ganzes heiteres, harmloses, leichtsinniges Verhalten, ihre fortwährende Verliebtheit widerspricht der Annahme, dass sie ihn *trotz* seiner Abkunft, *trotz* seines Alters, *trotz* seiner "Häszlichkeit" liebt — sie liebt ihn, *weil* er der Mohr, allerdings eben dieser, sogleich als Mann, als Mensch so hochstehender Mohr ist.' As I said, I can hardly make sense of this, but if it means anything, then this view of the matter certainly leaves no room either for unnaturalness or for immodesty. A far more clear-headed witness than the German critic, however, is Iago. And he, who never in the course of the action, paints her better than she is, confirms Desdemona's words I, i, 225, where he says to Roderigo: 'Mark me with what violence she

<sup>1)</sup> A. Stopford Brooke. *Ten more Plays of Shakespeare*, London 1913.

first loved the Moor but for bragging and telling her fantastic lies'. This, then, on the authority of Othello, Desdemona herself, and Iago, was the fountain, head of her affections: pity mingled with admiration. We can perfectly agree, because we think it is borne out by all internal evidence, with the fervent eulogy of Lamb<sup>1)</sup>: 'Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the noble parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black Moor*.... it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses.'

A propos of the continued display of fondness, laid to her charge by Bulthaupt, — the austere Adams thinks 'her fondling with Othello is disgusting' — what lines, what line even in the whole play justifies this new attack on Desdemona's modesty? She calls her husband by no more endearing names than 'good love', 'my dear Othello', 'my good lord', and only once 'sweet Othello', (IV, i, 251), when he is on the point of striking her; evidently this appellation is intended to enhance the dramatic effect of the blow. As soon as dangers begin to thicken around her, it is always, not in fondness, but submission: 'my lord!' Judged by this test, Macbeth, who calls his wife in turns 'my dearest love', 'love', 'dear wife', and 'dearest chuck', might with equal show of justice be accused of uxoriousness.

Iago's unfavourable criticisms of Desdemona are not valid, first because he had all the cynic's contempt for women, secondly because it often served his purpose to paint her worse than she was. Without further comment we quote:

(To Roderigo) 'a frail vow betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian' (I, iii, 362-3).

(to Roderigo) 'The woman hath found him already,' etc. (II, i, 254-271)

(to Cassio) 'She is sport for Jove,' etc. (II, ii, 17-20).

A more serious obstacle in the way is the willingness with which Desdemona listens, on the quay, to the smutty talk of the Ancient (II, i, 109-164). The rigorous Adams has, naturally, not overlooked this. "She allows Iago almost unrebuked, to banter with her very coarsely upon women." "Almost unrebuked" is untrue, but one would, indeed, have expected Desdemona not to listen to Iago's ribaldry at all. But as Stoll<sup>2)</sup> rightly observes, this readiness to listen to or partake in obscene conversation, is a trait which Desdemona has in common with other pure-minded ladies in Shakespeare. He instances Helena (*All's Well that Ends Well* I, i), and Portia, the wife of Bassanio, shall not pass quite scot-free either. But as soon as we admit that many Shakespearian heroines show this trait of character, we can no longer charge Desdemona in particular with it. Whether we choose to attribute the phenomenon to the morals of the time or, as Prof. Stoll does, to the exhibition of an irregular and 'Gothic' taste in the Elizabethan dramatist, does not matter: in either case the phenomenon itself has no bearing on the character of the heroine<sup>3)</sup>.

<sup>1)</sup> C. Lamb. Works, London, Moxon, Son & Co., 1870.

<sup>2)</sup> *Othello, An Historical and Comparative Study*, Minneapolis 1915.

<sup>3)</sup> Personally, I think that of this and similar scenes may pre-eminently be said what Prof. Stoll says in another connection: 'Again and again it appears that theatrical effect, or the light and shade of the whole, is more precious in the Dramatist's eye than a character's integrity'. This may sound blasphemous to those whose business it seems to be to justify the ways of the Bard to men, but it is a standpoint to which continued Shakespeare study is slowly leading us again. Again, for it was already taken up a hundred years ago by no less a person than Goethe who, according to Eckerman, (*Gespräche*

The words, spoken by Desdemona to Iago in IV, ii, 'I cannot say "whore", it does abhor me now I speak the word', and the question she asks Emilia in IV, iii, 62, 'Dost thou in conscience think, tell me Emilia, that there be women do abuse their husbands in such gross kind,' prove without any room for doubt, that her thoughts were pure and her knowledge of the world's sins pathetically limited.

Before we pass on to the alleged untruthfulness and cowardice in Desdemona, let us consider two minor charges brought against her: want of delicacy and tact. Both qualities are said to show themselves in her pleading with the Moor for Cassio. Adams, with characteristic Puritanism, sternly asserts that it is not for female delicacy to extenuate the crime of drunkenness and bloodshed. And Heraud, likewise, speaks of the 'lenity' with which she makes light of Cassio's fault. Well, seeing that her primary object was to have Cassio restored to his office, she could hardly do otherwise than represent the offence as a slight transgression. And was the offence, after all, so 'heinous', as Adams makes it out? Cassio had got drunk and been involved in a fight. This, in itself, is a thing that — I was almost going to say — may happen to anybody. Nor does Othello seem to lay much stress on the moral aspect of his Lieutenant's misconduct, but he does emphasise its military aspect: 'What, in a town of war, yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear, to manage private and domestic quarrel in night, and on the court and guard of safety! 'Tis monstrous.' That Desdemona should not see the offence in this light, who can blame her for it? Women have at all times been averse to militarism. In this respect Desdemona was no exception to her sex, as is shown by the spirit of indifference and ignorance combined in her parenthetical clause: 'And yet his trespass, in our common reason — *Save that they say, the wars must make example out of their best* — is not almost a fault To incur a private check'. Needless to remark, I do not agree with Heraud, who discovers in the same parenthetical clause "false arguing, not unconsciously."

That the insistence with which she keeps worrying her husband about Cassio's recall is tactless, cannot reasonably be denied. And the attempt made by Wolff to motivate this insistence by putting it as if she meant to do her husband a service by interceding for his best friend, is absolutely doomed to failure by her words: 'my lord shall never rest, I'll watch him, tame, and talk him out of patience; His bed shall seem a school, his board a thrift: I'll intermingle everything he does with Cassio's suit'<sup>1)</sup>). Such behaviour would gall the most patient of husbands. And we can well agree with Stopford Brooke, who calls it overdone and wishes that we might have less of it. The most plausible explanation of this exaggeration seems

*mit Goethe, ed. Houben, Leipzig 1910), said (with regard to Lady Macbeth's words 'I have given suck' and Macduff's 'He has no children'): 'diese Worte wollen weiter nichts beweisen, als dass der Dichter seine Personen jedesmal das reden lässt, was eben an dieser Stelle gehörig, wirksam und gut ist, ohne sich viel und ängstlich zu bekümmern und zu kalkuliren, ob diese Worte vielleicht mit einer anderen Stelle in Scheinbarem Widerspruch gerathen möchten.... er sah seine Stücke als ein Bewegliches, Lebendiges an, das von den Brettern herab den Augen und Ohren rasch vorüberfließen würde, das man nicht festhalten und im Einzelnen bekriffeln konnte, und wobei es blos darauf ankam, immernur im gegenwärtigen Moment wirksam und bedeutend zu sein'.*

<sup>1)</sup> I suppose that Wolff bases his interpretation of Desdemona's motives on her lines to Othello: 'Why, this is not a boon: 'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm, or sue to do you a particular profit to your own person'. But this is merely her way of putting it, to win Othello over the more easily. There is no reason, however, why she should to Cassio represent her intentions other than they are.

to me that Shakespeare wants to impress the audience, who have already been informed of Iago's designs by himself, with the danger she is by these words calling down on her own head, to make them with every word she utters tremble for what she will say next. In his zeal the Author did not know where to stop; he rode the jade of dramatic irony to death.

The element of untruthfulness has entered sidelong into the discussion of Desdemona's behaviour towards her father and her appeals for Cassio. The main points on which the charge is founded, have not been mentioned yet. There is, first, her remark, made on the quay: 'I am not merry, but I do beguile the thing I am by seeming otherwise'. Heraud gives on these lines the following comment: 'To seem otherwise than she is, in order to obtain her end, is at all times lawful in her estimation, not meaning ill but to make matters easy'. Really, this sort of reasoning is highly irritating. What end was there for Desdemona to attain? She is anxious about her husband: her first question on landing was after him, and now she is involved in a piquant conversation with Iago. Before entering into it, she once more asks if anyone has gone to the harbour for news, and then resigns herself to listening to the ancient's scurribilities and even replying to them: if it will do nothing else, it will help her to pass the time of waiting, and so she speaks, more than half to herself, by way of excuse for her seeming light-heartedness, the incriminated words. Coleridge's comment on these lines: 'The struggle of courtesy in Desdemona to abstract her attention' is somewhat vague, but seems to go still farther in exculpating the speaker.

The next clause in the indictment brought in against Desdemona is furnished by the words which she addresses to Othello. 'What! Michael Cassio, That came a-wooing with you and so many a time, when I have spoke of you disparagingly, Hath ta'en your part'. 'So that', says Heraud, 'Desdemona had not only disguised her sentiments from her father, but had idly sought to do the same for Cassio, who was in the secret'. And Adams is of opinion, that the exercise of concealment and disguise 'in satirical censure upon the very object of (her) most ardent affections is certainly no indication of innocence, simplicity, or artlessness'. If this is not putting the worst possible construction on matters, I do not know what is. Othello himself, as presented by Edwin Booth, certainly took it very differently. In the interleaved copy of *Othello*, in which he wrote out for Furness much of his 'business' it says *re* 'disparagingly': 'Reprove her playfully. Throughout this colloquy gaze lovingly in her face and seem to encourage her to coax you by your teasing silence'. Why not assume that Desdemona — this is certainly not far-fetched — in order to hear her lover praised by Cassio, drew the latter out by disparaging him? Another explanation would be that in her eagerness to dispose her husband favourably toward Cassio she wilfully harms her own interests by accusing herself of something of which she was never guilty, that Cassio may shine all the more brightly by the contrast.

The attack is levelled with full force at the lines in which Desdemona denies the loss of the handkerchief. The accusation of cowardice is here conveniently coupled with that of double-dealing.

Desd. It is not lost, but what an if it were?

Oth. How!

Desd. I say, it is not lost.

Oth. Fetch it, let me see it.

Desd. Why, so I can, Sir, but I will not now.

E. E. Stoll, the learned Professor of Minnesota University, seems at this

point to join the chorus of detractors, but halfway his argument changes and directs itself against the author. He says: 'It has been urged that innocent women and children have recourse to deceit from fear. But Desdemona was brave enough and trustful enough, in running away with the noble black man and in pleading her friend Cassio's suit; and even a timid innocence does not look altogether like guilt. Our discussion of a similar situation in other dramatists . . . shows how for the situation's sake they have tampered with the integrity of the character'. This position is easily tenable; it would have been wiser, perhaps even more natural, for Desdemona to confess the loss. And it is true that such a confession would have spoiled the scene, even the play. My only objections to Prof. Stoll are these: Desdemona's attitude does *not* carry the impression of guilt to anyone but the inflamed Moor, who has, by this time, lost all faculty of distinction. Secondly, Desdemona's courage has hitherto been shown in a period of her life when she was sure of Othello's love, and in this certainty fought against circumstances; but now her husband's love threatens to fall from her; in the terrible consciousness of this calamity, her courage fails her, and she seeks refuge in delaying the decision, in warding off the blow by an unreasoned denial of the truth. Moreover, as the late Professor Raleigh rightly observes, the most important statement that she makes in this connection, is 'but what an if it were?' This is no untruth, on the contrary, it expresses the truth that she has done her husband no wrong. The whole of Professor Raleigh's impassioned appeal to tenderer feelings and nobler judgment is well worth reading<sup>1)</sup>, although one feels inclined at the end to agree with Sterne's Yorick: 'In transports of this kind, the heart, in spite of the understanding, will always say too much'.

No defence is needed for Desdemona's anguish in the last act, when the Moor, whose age, size, strength, and colour must now be an additional source of terror to her, comes to her bedroom, raving, with his eyes rolling. There is, as Rose says, 'no spring, no elasticity, about her mind, no reflection, almost no thought . . . At the end her words have the directness and the oneness of a child's begging helplessly for delay of punishment.' Only a barbarian can think of cowardice, when he sees such torturing going on before his eyes. It has rightly been said that the fourth and the fifth Act of *Othello*, if perfectly performed, would be unbearable to witness.

As for the last words, the splendid lie by which she saves her husband from the censure of the world, Franz Horn may be quoted: 'Die Lüge mit der Desdemona stirbt, ist eine himmlische Wahrheit, zu gut um in das Gebiet eines gewöhnlichen Moralsystems gezogen zu werden.'

There remains little to prove or refute. Most of the passages which put Desdemona in a favourable light have already been quoted as material for disproof of some accusation. The few following isolated lines which help to bring out her character may still be adduced. In IV, ii Desdemona says to herself: 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet; How have I been behaved, that he might stick the small'st opinion on my least misuse?' It seems almost superfluous to remark that Turnbull is entirely wrong in believing that in the first of these three lines Shakespeare distinctly suggests retribution and repentance. A comparison with the second and third lines and a reference to line 252, IV, i ('I have not deserved this') sufficiently shows that these words are spoken in bitter sorrow and meant to convey the opposite of what they express.

<sup>1)</sup> Shakespeare, p. 271-2 (Macmillan & Co. London 1909).

Attention has been called to Desdemona's seemingly inconsequential remark to Emilia about her relative Lodovico : 'This Lodovico is a proper man.' Emilia's thoughts are all on sensuality ; she replies : 'A very handsome man,' but Desdemona continues : 'He speaks well'. This allusion to her cousin's interference in her behalf, when Othello struck her, is her only reference to that sorrowful scene ; so gentle she is that when her thoughts wander back to it, his kindness outweighs her husband's brutality.

I will finally quote two judgments on Desdemona's character, both of unassailable authority. Iago, in hatching his plans, (II, iii 369) says : 'so will I turn her virtue into pitch, and out of her own goodness make the net that shall enmesh them all.' And after the strangling scene Emilia says to Othello (V, ii, 197) 'Thou hast killed the sweetest innocent that e'er did lift up eye'.

I do not know of the present unpopularity of which Miss Ashwell speaks. If it exists, this investigation will, I hope, at least have shown that a less favourable interpretation of Desdemona's character can hardly be the way to remove it. On the contrary, we heartily agree with Bulthaupt<sup>2)</sup> : "Die Schauspielerin, die alle, auch die scheinbar widersprechendsten Züge in Desdemona's Natur auf diese eine Liebesquelle zurückführt, ihr das blühende Colorit der Venetianerin und jenen künstlerischen zarten Anhauch verleiht, dessen Othello in seiner Trauer wörtlich gedenkt, wird, wenn ihre Erscheinung und ihre innere Grazie mit ihrer Auffassung Hand in Hand gehen, in der Darstellung der reizvollen Gestalt nicht irren können."

J. KOOISTRA.

## War Words and Peace Pipings.

(Materials for a Study in Slang and Neologism.)

III.<sup>3)</sup>

**B. C.** = Bad Character (of soldiers dismissed).

**B. O.** = Bombing Officer.

**baby**, soldiers' name for one of the smaller guns :

The guns are going strong this morning. There goes our big gun. The men call him "Mother," and his smaller companion "Baby" (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

Also a small model aeroplane, a baby aeroplane :

BABY AEROPLANES.

BY CLARENCE WINCHESTER.

Few people realise the important part played by "baby," or model, aeroplanes in peace and war aviation. Just as models are employed in shipping tests which are carried out in and on tanks filled with water, so models are used in aircraft tests, which are carried out in what are known as wind channels or tunnels. (*Daily Mail*, 12 Sept., 1918).

**baby elephant**, kind of dug-out :

There was at one time a small form of dug-out known as a baby elephant, similar in design to the German pill-box (de Cadogan, ed. of *The British Empire Fortnightly*).

<sup>1)</sup> Shakespeare's Schauspiele erläutert (Leipzig, 1823) Bd II, p. 336.

<sup>2)</sup> *Vide supra* p. 231.

<sup>3)</sup> Cf. E. S. IV, 10 sqq. and 60 sqq.

**baby porpoise, a hydrophone:**

He lets us know that its [the hydrophone's] friends call it a "baby porpoise" and that real porpoises try to play with it. We gather that it conveys sounds.... and that its attachment to a ship superinduces a sense of pleasing and unaccustomed security among the ship's company while at sea in time of war. (*Times*, L. S. 26 Febr. 1920).

**back area,** see quotation from the *Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918:

Before the battle the "back area" is a hive of industry, making ready for the attack. Rifles and guns are cleaned, bombs detonated, gas masks tested, water bottles filled, and battle gear put into order.

**back of the line,** behind the firing line, out of enemy gun-range.

**bachelors' mess,** the name commonly applied to the quarters of commissioned officers who are unmarried (E. S. Farrow, *Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

**badgy,** an enlisted boy (O'Toole, *The Way they have in the Army*, p. 38).

**baggies,** Tommy's name for sailors in the Navy — obviously a reference to the sailor's wide trousers (O'Toole, *The Way they have in the Army*, p. 38).

**bait,** see quotation from *The Times*, 15 Dec., 1915:

I am at main camp now, but that is not free from excitement. One of our men on the bait patrol had a nasty experience a little while ago. The patrol is called a "bait" because it consists of a small number of men sent round the camp before dawn to see if the enemy are going to attack.

**balloon apron,** a net which, suspended at a great height over certain London suburbs, proved a great obstacle to the Gotha raiders; cp. the following cutting from the *Pall Mall Gazette*, 27 May, 1918:

Mr. Whitehead said the balloons were used in the defence of London. It was known as the "apron" defence. A pianoforte wire was stretched between the two balloons, and to this wire further wires were attached in the form of streamers, the object of which was to entangle an enemy aeroplane or other aircraft seeking to make its way to London, and so bring it down.

**balloonatic,** an expert in ballooning in jocular parlance:

But every "balloonatic" knows that when a balloon is attacked it is only once in twenty times that it is saved. He knows that he will have to jump. (*Daily Mail*, 20 Sept., 1918).

**bandstand,** a navy man's name for a gun carriage, as appears from the following cutting from the *Daily Mail*, 12 Sept., 1918:

Even for this "No. 1" had no eyes, for he had had a weary middle watch and bed was his only interest. But he did notice a weird figure, apparently human, crawling about near the "bandstand" of the after gun.

He went to investigate and found the surgeon probationer, clad in a chamois leather overall suit, in which he had been sleeping on the wardroom couch below — for everyone must sleep more or less clad, ready to turn out at a moment's notice. He was feeling about in the dark, apparently in search of something.

**banjo, réservoir d'huile circulaire, fixé au vilebrequin d'un moteur rotatif** (L. F. Plugge, *A Glossary of aeronautical Terms*).

**bank,** incline, said of an aeroplane (F. H. Vizetelly, *Soldier's Service Dict.*).

**Bantam,** infantryman below 5 ft. 3 in. in height:

The little men — the men who are no taller than five-foot-three and as short as four-foot-eleven — have formed themselves into a special battalion. They are called the "Bantams", and Glasgow is highly delighted with them. When the "Bantams" get to the front, in the opinion of Glasgow, the end of the war will be soon. They will run through the legs of the Germans, and attack them, with the concentrated ferocity of the sturdy little Scot, in the rear. (*Sketch*, 14 April, 1915).

**barbed wire disease,** a form of nervous break-down — see quotation:

The word Ottoman still suggests a rather pleasant languor. From Lord NEWTON'S racy account of his negotiations with the Turkish envoys over the exchange of prisoners we gathered that they were charming fellows, ready to talk about anything but the

business in hand, and particularly about a mysterious ailment called the "barbed wire disease", supposed to be rampant in British internment camps. But they had only the vaguest notions of the number of their British prisoners and showed no desire to part with them. (*Punch*, 1 May, 1918).

**barndook** see **bundook**.

**barrack-room lawyer**, a soldier's name for an argumentative brother-in arms: an argumentative soldier is a "barrack-room lawyer" (*Wyndham, Following the Drum*, p. 79).

**barrage**, a wall of shell fire thrown against an advancing enemy with such regularity that troops cannot pierce it (*Farrow, Dict. of Mil. Terms*); very often used figuratively:

There is a barrage fire of interrogations in every language and every accent. A veritable babel! Poor M. Pichon! (*Daily Mail*, 5 March, 1918).

Mr. Chaplin, enduring a barrage of questions, said: "There seems to be an impression that my next picture will be Charlie the Bolshy." (*Daily Mail*, 17 Sept., 1921).

Also used as a verb both in the proper and the figurative sense, as appears from the following quotations:

I WISH I did not dream of France  
And spend my nights in mortal dread  
On miry flats where whizz-bangs dance  
And star-shells hover o'er my head,  
And sometimes wake my anxious spouse  
By making shrill excited rows  
Because it seems a hundred "hows"  
Are barraging the bed.

(*Punch*, 10 Oct., 1917).

Mr. Justice Darling was neither consistent nor conciliatory, and the whole case got out of hand. It became a wrangle of personality and irrelevancy, and Mr. Billing, having "barraged" the law, played recklessly to sensation (*Sunday Pictorial*, 9 June, 1918).

**barrage bumping**, jocularly for **barrage pumping**:

"Well, and what atrocity have they invented for us to-morrow, old man?"

"Oh, you and I are down for that pleasant little pastime known as 'barrage bumping' at 5.30 a.m., Jimmy, and the Commanding Officer wants to see you at once about it." (*Daily Mail*, 15 May, 1917).

**base kit**, soldier's kit worn at the base:

Them [pocket Testaments] as didn't [stay behind] must 'ave gone into "Base kit", cos any'ow there wasn't one to be raked out o' the Battery later on exep' the one that Pint-o'-Bass was carrying' (*Boyd Cable, Between the Lines*, p. 234).

**basker**, a slacker:

He doesn't want to be Duke of Cheviot. He just wants to go on being a "basker," which is the new word for what his mailed ancestry would have called a *faineant*. People who bask, when they have an easy income, nice manners, a perfect valet, and a pretty talent for big-game shooting, are popular. (*Times*, 7 Jan., 1916).

The manager of St. James's Theatre had almost a shock as a result of an interview with a lady who called one day this week to buy seats for a performance of "The Basker". "Will you kindly tell me," she asked, "what is a 'basker'?" "Well," he answered, "he is a man who takes things very easily — 'lazes,' in fact." "Oh! really," said the lady. "I have no patience with people who take things easily. (*Daily Mail*, 3 Febr.; 1916).

**bathing-station**, a place where soldiers can have a bath:

The numerous large buildings in this part of France afforded ideal wash-houses, and "bathing-stations", as they are called, are now established in all divisional areas. (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 134).

**battle-bowler**, soldier's jocular name for his tin-hat or steel helmet:

BATTLE HATS.

Soldiers are even more conservative than schoolboys, but to most of them the "tin-hat" or "battle bowler" is by now an accepted part of the "Christmas tree" which the soldier carries about with him. (*Daily Mail*, 17 July, 1918).

I left my battle-bowler in the company billet a mile or so away from the battalion parade-ground. It was a bad beginning to a two-hundred-mile march. True, the thing was merely a tin hat, and these trifles may be acquired surreptitiously, but it was my very own original tin hat, served out to me when tin hats first came into fashion and people thought it looked "windy" to wear them. (*Punch*, 11 Dec., 1918).

**battle 'plane, a fighting-aeroplane :**

A British airplane went forth on reconnaissance accompanied by what the Germans call a battle plane. (*Daily Mail*, 25 Jan., 1916).

**GIANT BATTLE 'PLANE.**

The new giant battle-aeroplane J. 6856, one of the most wonderful of the machines that have been built at Farnborough, Hampshire, is to carry out its first tests with a full crew shortly. Gunners and bombers, who are accommodated in bulletproof chambers on either side of the main fusilage, will carry out firing and bomb dropping practice. (*W. Daily Mail*, 15 Oct., 1921).

**bazar,** the sutler establishment which accompanies a native regiment in the India service wherever it goes (*Farrow, Dict. of Mil. Terms*).

**bed-board, a soldier's bed :**

"Boards" loom largely in the administration of the present-day Army.

They are of all sorts—medical boards, clothing boards, stock-taking boards, and audit boards. There are even bed-boards (or "boards, bed, soldiers' common," as they are officially termed) on which the troops sleep, and inventory boards containing a schedule of barrack-room furniture. Also boards (shove-halfpenny) for use in canteens. (*Daily Mail*, 17 July, 1918).

**beggar in the boat,** see quotation from Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 86 :

They [the targets] are not of the usual bull's-eye pattern, but are what is known as "figure" targets [= kopschijf]. The lower half is sea-green, the upper white. In the centre, half on the green and half in the white, is a curious brown smudge. It might be anything, from a splash of mud to one of those mysterious brown-paper patterns which fall out of ladies' papers, but it really is intended to represent the head and shoulders of a man in khaki lying on grass and aiming at us. However, the British private, with his usual genius for misapprehension, has christened this effigy "the beggar in the boat."

**Bertha,** a German long-range gun, also called *Big Bertha, Busy Bertha*, and *Fat Bertha* with allusion to Krupp's wife, whose Christian name was Bertha :

The Austrian (Skoda) 17in. howitzers are believed throughout the war to have played even a greater rôle in the various Germanic campaigns than the "Fat Berthas" of Krupps. (*Daily Mail*, 1 July 1916).

To-day there is no more outward sign of elation than there was of anxiety when "Bertha" was firing on Paris every quarter of an hour. Paris, indeed, was extraordinarily subdued to-day, and the flags will be put out only when victory is final. (*Daily Tel.*, 14 Oct., 1918).

A novel use for the one-time terror of Parisians, the German giant gun known as "Big Bertha," is foreshadowed by the Paris "Journal," quoted by the Exchange to-day.

"Big Bertha" has repented her evil life (says the newspaper) and is about to become an engine of use to man. Her propulsive power is to be employed in the study of the high atmosphere by means of a special projectile. Pointed at an angle of 41 degrees, "Bertha" can send the projectile eighteen kilometres, or about eleven miles into the air, and pointed vertically she can send it 78,700 metres, or very little short of fifty miles. We have no knowledge of what the ether is like at such a distance from the earth. Does density exist there, does terrestrial attraction, or would a projectile freed from it continue its way towards the stars? It is an experiment worth making. (*Pall Mall Gazette*, 27 May, 1918).

**big-boy,** one of the larger English guns, the caliber being 8 inches or something over :

Perhaps he wanted to scare us, to weaken our morale by spoiling our sleep. He surely did spoil mine. The shrapnel was screeching, the bombs were crashing on the

edge of town, and all the while the Big Boys roared defiance. If the raid was made against them it was a joke, because they never let up firing until dawn. (*Sunday Evening Paper*, 3 July, 1918).

**Big Five**, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 15 Febr., 1919:

The general effect is to extend the present alliance of free nations, under the immediate control of "the Big Five" — Great Britain, the United States, France, Italy and Japan.

**Big Six**, see quotation from the *Overseas Daily Mail*, 3 Dec., 1921:

An interim report to the Cabinet will be presented in about three weeks dealing with what are known as the "Big Six" spending Departments — the Admiralty, War Office, Air Force, and the Ministries of Labour, Education, and Health.

**big stuff**, an army word for large shells (A. G. Empey, *From the Fire-Step*, p. 228).

**Big Three**, viz., Wilson, Lloyd George, Clemenceau, a *Daily Mail* invention (see *D. M.*, 5 May, 1919):

A forecast of the peace terms was published yesterday by the *Sunday Times*, a newspaper which strongly supports Mr. Lloyd George, and we reprint it to-day. Its statements are fairly circumstantial; and they generally agree with the facts which the "Big Three" have already permitted to be disclosed.

In later *slang* the Big Three are the three corporations commanding the whole labour movement, viz. the railway workers, the transport workers, and the miners.

**billy**, a soldier's mess tin:

The old soldier who carries his "billy" filled with the scraps from the last meal and merely has to heat it up on a little fire at a convenient halt is the envy of all his comrades (Baden Powell, *Quick Training*, p. 57).

**bird**, an aeroplane:

There is a whirr — the low, ominous Boche whirr — and coming straight for the balloon at 100 miles an hour is an evil looking "bird."

Now the teaching is "Don't jump too soon — don't jump too late." If you jump too soon you may jump unnecessarily, for the "Archies" may drive the "bird" away. (*Daily Mail*, 24 Sept., 1918).

**bird man**, an aviator (*Webster Dict.*).

**biscuit**, see quotation from the *Daily Mail*, 1 Jan., 1916:

At a bedding store in a dark passage a couple of blankets and a couple of "biscuits" — mattress sections rather like gigantic biscuits in appearance — were thrown at him, and he was taken to a corner of another passage and told to put them down there tidily, for there he was to sleep.

**a bit of stuff**, a bullet, a shell fragment:

This pad what the minister gave me is fine. I keep it in my left breast pocket. Please tell him it hasn't stopped a bit of stuff yet, but I am sure it will soon. Remember me to everybody. Love and kisses from your Elijah." (*Punch*, 8 Aug., 1917).

**bivvy**, from bivouac, also in the sense of improvised shelter:

Now that the winter is drawing near a Boche overcoat makes a welcome supplement to an Army blanket o' nights. Bivouacs made of German ground-sheets buttoned together are as common as shell-holes. We cook in German mess-tins over German pocket-cookers, illuminate our "bivvies" with German nightlights, wash in German steel helmets, cut our bread with knives of Solingen steel, draw our rum issue in the peculiar flat grey cups in which Fritz keeps his butter and jam, and carry spare kit in haversacks or sandbags of genuine Fatherland fabrication. (*Daily Mail*, 31 Oct. 1918).

The first is the supply of bivouac sheet or "bivvies," as they are popularly called, for the accommodation of troops where billets are scarce. A "bivvy" cover is very similar to a wagon sheet, and is about 13 feet by 10. It may be stretched over a shell-hole or thrown over a centre pole, with its sides fastened to the earth or to a hastily built wall of sods. (*Daily Mail*, 23 Sept., 1918).

**black list**, the list with the names of pro-Germans firms that were to be boycotted by the trade:

At Clerkenwell Police Court yesterday Sidney Richardson, of Hatton-garden, was fined £ 40, with 10 guineas costs, for offering to trade with L. Sonneborn Sons, of 262, Pearl-street, New York, a firm included in the "black list" issued under the Trading with the Enemy Act. (*Times*, 31 March, 1917).

Hence the verb *blacklist* as used in the following quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 11 March, 1919:

The food will be paid for in four ways:

(1) By freights which will be credited to the Germans; (2) by the export of certain goods which are not "blacklisted" and which Germans will be allowed to export to neutrals and to such of the Allies as require them; (3) by liquid assets in the form of bills of exchange drawn on foreign countries for goods sent abroad, and in the form of securities; (4) by the German gold reserve.

**Black Maria**, a high-explosive German shell producing a cloud of black smoke when bursting, mistakenly applied to one of the German guns as appears from the second of the following quotations:

FACING the guns, he jokes as well  
As any Judge upon the Bench:  
Between the crash of shell and shell  
His laughter rings along the trench;  
He seems immensely tickled by a  
Projectile which he calls a "Black Maria."

(*Punch*, 14 Oct., 1914).

Compared to these monsters, the 8-inch howitzer, known as "Black Maria" or "Jack Johnson", which bombards our trenches all day long, is but a small affair. (*Ill. London News*, 2 Jan. 1915).

**black squad**, ?

Seldom heard of, the "black squad" is responsible for more than one of our successes. Without the excitement of being in the fighting they have to keep things going at top speed all the time. (*Sunday Herald*, 12 March, 1916).

**blanket**, balk the gun-fire from the enemy:

On the Lorraine front our "blanketing" action and our curtains of fire stopped a violent bombardment by the German artillery and infantry and machine-gun fire in front of Letricourt. We directed effective *rafales* on the enemy's works north of Reillon. (*Times*, 16 Oct., 1915).

**blanket-bath**, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 30 Aug., 1918:

All wounds are examined and dressed by the night sister, "blanket baths" being given where the patient is too ill to wash himself, and the pulse and temperature are noted.

**Blighty**, the British soldier's name for his native country, popularized by Thomas Atkins in the first years of the war and already so universally known in 1917 that *Punch* is enabled to poke fun at one of his victims as he does in the following quotation — see *Punch*, 26 Dec., 1917:

There is nothing like taking precautions not to talk over the heads of your readers. We offer a few suggestions on similar lines:—

"Germany, the powerful enemy against whom we are contending in the present War (1914 onwards) . . ."

"SHAKSPEARE, the immortal author of *Hamlet* (the tragedy) . . ."

"'Blighty,' the British soldier's name for England . . ."

The word remained a puzzle to many for some time, though any doubt about its origin might have been solved at once by turning up that wonderful mine of out-of-the-way information, *Hobson-Jobson*, a glossary of Anglo-Indian colloquial words and phrases, compiled by Col. Henry Yule and A. C. Burnell (1903). It is true the word is not yet found there in its latest stage of corruption but it is properly traced back to Arabic *wilāyat*, "a kingdom, a province," as he that runs and can read will find under the entry

**bilayut, billaït.** This word has the sense of "Europe", whereas the original word is variously used with some specific denotation, the Afghans terming their own country *wilāyat*. What is exotic is indicated as such with the adjective *wilayati* or *bilayati* and in this way *bilayati pānī*, or *billdee panee* is the usual name for soda-water in Anglo-India. Here we have the phonetic forerunner of *blighty*, transplanted from British India to the North of France with the meaning of "home" or England. A wound entitling the soldier to be sent home as an invalid until his complete recovery was soon called a *Blighty wound* or a *Blighty touch*, a *blighty one*, or simply a *blighty*:

It is a privilege to be shown, through the medium of an imaginative temperament, the fine comradeship of the trenches, the heroism that shines through the haunting fear of death, mostly conquered with a laugh, but sometimes frankly expressed in the pathetic desire for a "blighty" wound — a wound just serious enough to send the envied hero home. (*Punch*, 16 Febr., 1916).

All day long the wounded were streaming down the road, but they were all pretty cheerful. I met one man who had been buried and shot through the right wrist, but he was wearing a Boche helmet, had been recommended for the D. C. M., knew he had a "Blighty," and did not care a snap for anyone. The first of our boys to come through was riding on an ambulance with a bandaged arm. He waved it to us and shouted "Blighty" as he went by. (*Times*, 29 Sept., 1916).

Hence he comes to the point of envying the man with a "blighty" — that is to say, a man seriously enough wounded to be sent back to England. (*Graphic*, 19 Febr., 1916).

There is also a phrase *get one's Blighty ticket*.

**blimp**, the colloquial name for the small airship known more authoritatively as the S. S. or sub-marine Scout:

The "Blimp," as it is popularly called, belongs to the non-rigid type of airship. There are two species — a single-engined ship, which is officially designated the S. S. Zero, and a larger and newer two-engined machine styled the S. S. Twin. The former has been the airship principally used. Her powers of air endurance are remarkable, and demonstrate an extraordinary development of small airships during the war. With an engine of only one-third of the horse power of a modern war aeroplane, she is capable of flying fully equipped with a crew of three for periods ranging from 12 hours at full speed to anything up to 50 hours without a stop. At full power she has a speed of about 50 miles an hour. Speed has not been an essential consideration in convoy work and submarine hunting. Reliability and the capacity for flights of long duration have been of far greater importance. (*Times*, 17 Jan., 1919).

**blister**, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 10 April 1918:

Details were given by Sir E. Tennyson-d'Eyncourt, Director of Naval Construction, of the cure for the torpedo which he had discovered and fitted to a large number of ships. This is the so-called "bulge," or "blister," running round the ship, or nearly, and containing material to deaden the blow of a torpedo. Our newest battle-ships and our battle-cruisers Renown and Repulse are fitted with it, as also are all the monitors. No "bulge" ship was sunk in the war by a torpedo. Several of them were hit — the monitor Erebus three times in succession — but all got back safely.

**block ship**, see quotation from *The Sunday Pictorial*, 12 May, 1918:

I'm assured that the effect of the block ships sunk in Zeebrugge Canal are becoming greater every day. And with our airmen "keeping busy" the Hun has little chance of freeing the port quickly.

Also called *blocker* — see quotation :

The warships of any nation may be divided into six classes, viz.: (1) Battleships; (2) Armoured Cruisers; (3) Unarmoured Cruisers; (4) Torpedo Craft; (5) Submarines; and (6) Miscellaneous, such as Blockers, Boom-smashers, and Mine-layers. (*The Searchlight*, 1916, p. 278).

**blond(e) beast**, a war-time indication of the German:

Nothing is better calculated to show the world, neutral and warring, that the Central Powers must be crushed if there is to be civilisation and not the dominance of the Blonde Beast. (*Sketch*, 6 Oct., 1915).

The officers, though there might have been more of the blond beast about them, were sufficiently Prussian.

**blood**, see quotation :

But, perhaps, the most curious term is that of "blood," to indicate a third class shot (H. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

**blood boat**, another name for the jolly boat, so called for being employed in the daily transfer of fresh meat etc. from the shore to the ship when in harbour (Note to a *Life of Sir Clements Markham*, p. 81).

**blood money**, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 18 Jan., 1918 :

Q. — Are we Colonial soldiers entitled to the allowance granted Imperial soldiers under the Royal Warrant dated Dec. 19, 1918, and better known as "blood money"?

**blow**, an underground explosion of a mine :

They prefer to burrow in an ominous silence and get at their antagonists from underneath with a thousand tons or so of blasting powder; but their chief delight is to discover the other lot burrowing towards us, with intent; and, approaching them with a smaller charge, to have underground what they are pleased to call a "blow," as opposed to the above-board method known as a "show." When an R.E. officer, using what to you or me would seem a mild and inadequate expletive, says, "Blow that German!" it is all up (literally) with the German in question. (*Punch*, 17 Aug., 1915).

**Blue**, an artilleryman ; the *Blues* also stands for the *Blue Boys*, q. v. :

Numerically the "Reds" (Light Infantry) far outnumber the "Blues" (Artillery). One finds the former in all of H. M. ships, from light cruisers upward, while "Blues" are carried in big ships only. When the two colours are blended this method of drafting will doubtless change. There will be only one type of marine — and that all-pervading. What will be the effect of the alteration on the prestige and efficiency of the corps? That is the question now being discussed on many a mess deck. (*Daily Mail*, 19 March, 1918).

**Blue Bird**, a Red-Cross worker :

Miss Hargrave Martin . . . is making pictures of Red Cross workers at 2, Cavendish Square, and the girls look charming. Most of them are dressed in white; all of them wear wimples, like a nun's head-dress. Some wear a blue ribbon across their breasts, like an order; they are called the "Blue Birds." Others — the "Scarlet Runners" — wear red ribbons; while those in charge are dressed in grey. (*Sketch*, 29 Dec., 1915).

**Blue Boys**, wounded soldiers in their blue hospital uniform :

Lady Cowdray's motor-bus is a boon to wounded soldiers. She lends it to the various hospitals to use in conveying the Tommies to the entertainments and teas given for them. It rolled up to the Savoy on Tuesday afternoon with a jolly lot of "Blue Boys" who were going to the soldiers' tea concert there to be entertained by some members of the Gaiety company, a Charlie Chaplin film, and Miss Mabel Funstone, of "Mr. Manhattan." (*Weekly Dispatch*, 21 May, 1916.)

"You simply must come to the Madoxes," she tempted; "the 'Blues' from Broadmead Hospital are going to be there — seventeen of them. I simply love the wounded in their blue suits" (*Punch*, Sept. 1915, p. 228).

**Blue Devils**, see quotation from *The Daily Mail*, 15 July, 1918 :

This splendid procession of fighting men included half a regiment at least of strong, hefty Frenchmen picked for their weight and endurance, with blue Tam o' Shanter caps slung jauntily over their left ears, officially Chasseurs Alpins but to all France "The Blue Devils."

**blue-hat**, a member of the military police :

Blue-hat didn't need to ask him what his rank was; he recognized at a glance just the very type of officer he was looking for (*Punch*, 21 Febr., 1917).

**boarding-steamer**, a steamer employed during the war for stopping and searching vessels suspected of carrying contraband (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*).

**bobajee**, a military cook, one of the many words the European Tommy learnt from his Indian brethren-in-arms; it is the Anglo-Indian *bobachee*, which means 'a male cook' (Cp. Yule & Burnell, *Hobson-Jobson*).

**Boche, see Bosch.**

**body shield**, a metal shield to be used in the trenches as a protection against enemy bullets, largely advertised at one time. In *The Times*, 12 May, 1917, *Useful Suggestions on the Selection of a Soldier's Body Shield* is announced as a new publication.

**body-snatcher**, military slang for *sniper*. (A. G. Empey, *From the Fire Step*, p. 229).

**boiling up tactics**, see quotation from *The Sunday Pictorial*, 7 April, 1918 :

All reports upon the situation to-day seem to suggest the idea that the Germans may be developing what are termed "boiling up" tactics, namely, that the fighting will swell into another very heavy push.

**Bojer, Bulgarian :**

And, d'you know, that corporal nipped out again under the same fire to recover some papers that had dropped from the colonel's tunic. Said he didn't know; thought they might be of some use to the enemy . . . would never do to let the colonel help the Bojers—(oh, yes, they're still Bojers)—so he brought them in." (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

**Bolshie**, familiar abbreviation of the Russian word *Bolshevik*, used both substantively and adjectively :

Mr. Wilson replied, amid cheers, "The Bolshies are no sportsmen. They don't like to be touched under the fifth rib, and the only complaint they have against me at this moment is that I am telling the honest truth." (*Times*, 5 Sept., 1918).

The "Bolshie" Bosses control the Labour Party machinery and political funds.

They have appealed and are appealing for funds. Patriotic Labour must also appeal.

The "Bolshie" Bosses will continue to work and intrigue against every patriotic Labour candidate.

Our object is to support every patriotic Labour candidate and to prevent the return of any "Bolshie," Defeatist, or Pacifist candidate, whether he belongs to the Labour or any other party. (*Daily Mail*, 11 Sept., 1918).

**bolt-hole**, a hole in the trenches where a soldier can take shelter :

I seldom saw prisoners with less sign of battle upon them, though they had lived in a cauldron of fire and tumult. The moral is that if head-cover is thick and bolt-holes numerous no artillery can harm you. (*Daily Mail*, 14 May, 1917).

**bomb**, given in the *Concise Oxf. Dict.* as a substantive only, came to be widely used as a verb, both transitive and intransitive, during the war. In these functions it now occurs in the *Pocket Oxf. Dict.*, where it is explained as 'assail with, throw bombs'; see the following quotations :

In the afternoon of the same day, from the position gained in the morning, he captured a further length of trench under similar conditions, and continued personally to bomb the enemy at close range under very heavy fire until he was severely wounded, losing his right hand and left eye. (*The Times*, 1915).

We also find the verb *bomb out* :

On this front the contest became a bombing duel, and because the British were woefully short of bombs . . . , they were once again "bombed out" and forced to retire (Boyd Cable, *Between the Lines*, p. 146).

**bomb-carrier**, a bomb-carrying aeroplane.

**bomb-crater**, a crater or large hole formed by the explosion of a bomb.

**bomb-dodger**, see quotation from the *Daily Telegraph*, 17 Oct., 1918 :

"If the London Brighton Railway Company continue as at present they will be soon imploring people to use the railway." This was one of the many remarks made at a meeting of the Brighton, Hove, and Worthing Season Ticketholders' Association, held to protest against the action of the company in refusing business men tickets while allowing luxury travelling. Allusion was made to the so-called "bomb dodgers" who were merely fleeing with their families from murder. This, it was pointed out, was not joy-riding.

**bomber**, 1. a bomb thrower; 2. a bomb-carrying aeroplane or other aircraft used for bombing :

Every grenadier (the word "bomber" is dropping out of use) had his bayonet-man, the bomb being regarded in this division as, in a general way, the accessory of the bayonet, the bayonet-man rushing in as soon as the bomb has exploded. (*Daily Tel.*, 20 Nov., 1915).

**bombing-party**, see *Bosch*.

**bombing-raid**, 1. an air-raid for dropping bombs on enemy forces, towns, etc.; 2. a raid by infantry in which the enemy are attacked with grenades (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*).

**bomb officer**, an officer in charge of a company of bomb throwers.

**bomb proof**, proof against bombs or shells :

The management of the Globe Theatre announce that they have made the roof of the house thoroughly bomb proof, under the supervision of several experts. "Peg o' My Heart" can therefore pursue her wilful ways in security both to her audiences and herself.

Also used as a substantive with the sense of a bomb-proof shelter (*Pocket Oxf. Dict.*).

**bomb thrower**, (1) a soldier throwing bombs; (2) a mechanical device for throwing bombs :

Although marked for hospital, he declined to leave, and volunteered to throw bombs for another company which had lost its bomb throwers. He continued to bomb the enemy till the situation was relieved. (*Times*, 1915).

**bong**, a corruption of the French word *bon*, also used in the familiar saying *no bong*, a trench substitute for 'no good'. *Punch*, 8 March, 1916, has the following rag-time song :

ROLL up, rally up!  
Stroll up, sally up!  
Take a tupp'ny ticket out, and help to tote the tally up!  
Come and see the Raggers in their  
"Mud and Slush" revoo.  
(Haven't got no money? Well, a cigarette 'll do).  
Come and hear O'Leary in his great tin-whistle stunt;  
See our beauty chorus with the Sergeant in the front;  
Come and hear our giggers  
In their "Lonely Tommy" song;  
Come and see the Raggers,  
We're the bongest of the bong.

**boost**, see quotation :

A "boost" is opening a fairly heavy fire, or a raid, or an attack. (*The Globe*, 16 Febr. 1916).

**boy**, a soldier, the boys in blue being the "woundeds". There is a felicitous play upon the double meaning of the word in the following cutting from *Answers*, 11 Dec., 1915 :

"Nuts and Flappers," the title of another series of popular crackers, needed such verses as this one :

"When you wish a 'nut' to annoy,  
You should say he's only a boy;  
If you want to add to his joys,  
Tell him that he's 'one of the boys'!"

**Boy's Friend**, see quotation from *The Times*, 8 Jan., 1917 :

There is much that attracts in welfare work, and some of the hard things that have been said against it are untrue. So a Boy's Friend finds it after some six months' work with boys of all descriptions in one of the largest munitions establishments. Why is this? Because boys are naturally responsive creatures, and, though many are inveterate grumblers, all good lads are generous and open-handed, and when they see the Boy's Friend is out to help them they will meet him more than half-way.

True, self-interest may be at the back of his mind, for the munitions lad is keen to improve his material position, and his pre-war or pre-factory standards of financial respectability are subject to a remarkable degree of elasticity. His subsequent views on this matter are quickly adjustable to any anomalies in the pay of more fortunate workers. For, like the public school boy, the munitions lad hates a rival, especially a better-paid one. And if the rival happens to be a girl he says hard things, for with all his virtues he is not chivalrous.

But, whatever his motives, he will support the Boy's Friend, and generally abides by his decision, even as to whether his dinner is composed of to-day's joint or yesterday's, and whether it is cat or rabbit that he is being called upon to eat after a morning's toil; and if the latter—for he knows how to push a complaint home—was it factory grown? The steaming and very savoury mess is thrust under the unflinching nose of the accommodating Boy's Friend. "Tiste that; do you call that pudden?" is the next peremptory command, as he finds a grain of barley has found its way into the rice pudding. Not disconcerted—for he knows his boy—the Boy's Friend pronounces both rabbit and rice to be excellent, for has not the lad paid for his dinner? and in this strong position he hopes to be one "up" on the management. Not altogether sure that the lad's fastidious palate will be satisfied, the Boy's Friend perhaps adds that rice is now a fashionable West-end dish, but the quick retort that they are not West-enders rather complicates his authority on gustatory matters.

**Bosch**, from the French *Boche*, a German, used in English as a substantive meaning: 1<sup>o</sup>. a German; 2<sup>o</sup>. the German language; but also as an adjective with all the senses of the adj. German. The true etymon is not the French *caboche*, as hesitatingly stated in Webster, but simply *Alboche*, which stands for *Allemand*. In a mood of good-humoured condescension Thomas Atkins used to call his enemy also *Boschie*, *Brother Bosch* and *Brer Bosch* and the Fatherland *Boschland*. From one of the quotations given below it may be seen that the word *Bosch* has occasionally been made into a verb:

At this point the Machine Gun Officer walked in. "The Bosches," he said, "have been potting at my dug-out the whole blessed afternoon." The C.O. straightened himself out.

"You mean to say the Germans have been directing their artillery fire upon and towards the bomb-proof shelter which you are accustomed to occupy." (*Punch*, 19 July, 1915, p. 35a).

Half-an-hour later a sentry brought him down the trench at the point of the bayonet for muttering as he rounded the traverse, "Galoot—Gunning—Grumble—Grumpy," in pseudo-Wessex. Naturally, to Native Yorkshire this sounded like pure *Bosch* (*Punch* 28 Nov., 1917).

"Well, the next day the attack was made, and at one end of a *Bosch* trench there was some pretty hand-to-hand work. An old Rittmeister held it, his breast covered with decorations, and he just wouldn't give in. Of course, so long as he stuck it the other Bosches did too, and there was nothing doing in the Kamerad line. (*Punch*, 19 Sept., 1917).

"Come on, young fellas!" he exclaimed when the bundle showed signs of life; "bombin' party forward. Brother Bosch is playin' the piccolo just outside Fosse 19."

The Subaltern scrambled out of his wraps and, with incredible dispatch, gathered together the Davids of his section. "All guaranteed," so he boasted, "to hit the cocoanut every time." (*Punch*, 23 Febr., 1916).

#### THE BOSCHING OF AUSTRIA.

The Kaiser threatened to send a few German Generals to teach the Austrian Army how to win the war. (*Punch*, 10 July, 1918).

**bow-cap**, a metal plate fitted on the nose of a submarine (Cassell's *Engl. Dict.*).

**box-respirator**, a gas-mask fitting over the respiratory organs, with a tube from the mouth drawing air through a box containing chemicals acting as a filter (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*):

Our men have complete protection from gas thanks to the Box Respirator, and the P. H. Helmet also gives security. We have in fact beaten the enemy on land in every invention which he has produced. (*Times*, 1917).

**box-tail**, a tail or rudder in the shape of a box kite attached to a flying machine.

**bracket**, in artillery language: the space enclosed by the shots beyond and short of the target; the verb means: to fire a shot or shots beyond a target and others short of it, so as to determine the range by gradual approximation (Cassell, *Engl. Dict.*).

**Bradbury**, a familiar name for one of the paper currency notes — usual value one pound — issued with the signature of Bradbury:

At five-thirty to the tick the hooter shrieked across the moor, and the flurried peewits cried where their nests were not, as old John Lyly says, being an old trick of theirs. Men and women, lasses and lads, streamed out of the mill into the streets of the little cotton town. It was pay-day, and they were all agog to turn their week of work into hours of joy and comfort.

We are interested in three of the men, each of whom had a "Bradbury" to spare. And, as in economics it is things that matter, not words, this means that each of them, reckoning up his doings and expenses till next pay-day, found that the "brass" in his pay-envelope would cover them all and leave a "quid" untouched. By old habit they still spoke of "brass" and "quids" in these days of "Bradburys". (*Daily Mail*, 17 April, 1918.)

**brass-hat**, soldier's name for a Staff Officer; also *brass lid*, and jocularly, *a brazen one*:

Never was such a variety of military caps seen together before: many variations of the "brass-hat" of the Staff Officer, from a hideous kind of Sandford-and-Merton pattern with a swollen crown, which some of the arbiters of fashions have imported from Piccadilly, to the faded red and tarnished gold of the Brigade Major from the trenches; the forage-cap of the Royal Flying Corps, the Glengarry and Kilmarnock bonnet, the kepi with its khaki cover — badge of the French interpreter — the slouch hat of the Gurkha, the puggaree of the Indian cavalry, the common — or garden service - cap of Mr. Thomas Atkins (G. V. Williams, *With our Army in Flanders*, p. 163).

A Staff moves on and disappears, and before the old house has had time to relapse into its secular sleep there is another irruption of "brass-hats" in motor-cars and mess orderlies in motor-lorries (*Ibid.*, p. 145).

Out here the telephone exists largely as a vehicle for the *jeux d'esprit* of the Brass Lids. It is a one-way affair, working only from the ins' e out, for if you have a trifle of repartee to impart to the Brazen Ones the apparatus is either indefinitely engaged, or *Na poo* (as the French say). (*Punch*, 8 Aug., 1917.)

**bread line**, a queue of people with bread coupons waiting outside a baker's shop:

But never mind that now. Look about you; but let me guard you against mistakes. That waiting group of women and children is not a "bread line". They are awaiting admission to a cinema show — that's all! The fact is we have no bread tickets, no butter cards, no "allowancing" of foodstuffs. There is enough for all and to spare. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 9 April, 1916.)

**break through**, a breaking through the enemy lines of defence:

In addition to words denoting German institutions the British newspapers have extensively employed certain expressions, which are merely 'Lehnübersetzungen' (to use an untranslatable word), e. g. 'break through', 'barring position', 'forefield', 'U-boot', 'culture,' or 'kultur', 'frightfulness', and — I suggest with diffidence — the ubiquitous 'secretariat' and 'directorate' (German 'Direction'), though with regard to the latter I may be withholding credit due to the French (W. E. Collinson, *Mod. Language Rev.*, 1919, p. 87).

**Bristol**, a type of aeroplane:

Away to the east one could see clusters of little black specks, all moving swiftly in one direction and then another.

Farther north we could see formations of our own machines— "Camels," "Pups," S.E.s. Spads, and Bristols—and lower down in the haze our artillery R.S.8s. We were just on the point of engaging six Albatross scouts away to our right when we saw ahead of us, just about Poelcapelle, an S.E. half spinning down closely pursued by a silvery blue German triplane at very close range. We changed our minds about attacking the six strutters and went to the rescue of the unfortunate S.E. (*Daily Mail*, 13 July, 1918).

**British warm**, a soldier's greatcoat, especially the kind worn in the trenches; see *Burberry*.

**Brodrick cap**, the British soldier's cap introduced by General Brodrick:

When you set out to perform those marches which you could not (in theory) accomplish, you looked like some new kind of zebra — blue cap, brown jacket, blue trousers, brown puttees, or blue puttees, brown trousers, blue jacket, and brown 'Brodrick' cap (A. Neill Lyons, *Kitchener Chaps*, p. 29).

**broke**, see quotation:

The chevrons worn by a non-commissioned officer are his "skaters". Should he be deprived of them for misconduct, he says he is "stripped" or "broke" (H. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

**brown**, as used in "the brown of a general advance" means the mêlée of such an advance.

Cp. also :

A "browning" salvo at four miles' range struck his quivering fugitive command amidships (*Strand Mag.*, 1919, p. 52).

**bubble**, the globule of air in the spirit tube of a level:

No neater adaptation of means to end could be devised than your eighteen-pounder. She is as docile as a child, and her "bubble" is as sensitive to a touch as mercury in a barometer. (J. H. Morgan, *Leaves from a Field Note-Book*, p. 199.)

**buckshee**, one of the most popular words during the Great War, is the Anglo-Indian *Bucksheesh*, a Trinkgeld, pourboire. We don't seem to have in England any exact equivalent for the word, though the thing is so general; 'something for (the driver)', is a poor expression; *tip* is accurate, but is slang; gratuity is official or dictionary English, it says in *Hobson-Jobson*. The word is also used as an adjective and as a verb at present. It has developed new and very significant special meanings in the last few years of Armageddon, for which see the following quotations:

"Buckshee" is one of the most over-worked words in the vocabulary of the New Army. Where it came from nobody seems to know. The Indian Army is said to have coined it, but it does not figure in any of Mr. Kipling's stories. Perhaps the Egyptian Army got hold of "backsheesh" and anglicised it.

"Buckshee" means "something for nothing." If after the "gippo" has been rationed out a little of the stew is left in the dixie, you will hear the sergeant shout out : "Who wants a buckshee bit?" The lucky fellow who lights up a cigarette when cigarettes are very few and far between will be greeted on all sides by the cry: "Got a buckshee, mate?" Like all words that your real soldier-man favours, it is made to serve a variety of purposes.

A buckshee man is a man too many when a fatigue has been numbered off. If he is lucky he may be told to stay behind; but more often than not he is given a buckshee shovel and told to carry on.

Sometimes a man who is brought up before his company commander for a minor offence and given an hour's pack-drill will be ill-advised enough to resent it somewhat openly—say, by a scowl—as he is marched out of orderly room. He is brought back just as the sergeant-major has shouted to the police-corporal, "One hour's pack," and is given an additional hour to teach him better manners. Then, as he is marched out the second time the sergeant-major adds: "And one hour buckshee!"

An unpaid lance-corporal wears a buckshee stripe. When the Army Council issued the instruction that all second-lieutenants of 18 months' service should be promoted full lieutenants and thousands of junior subs rushed into the nearest town to purchase their second "pips," those were called buckshee pips. D.S.O.s given to hard-working staff officers on the Whitehall front are buckshee decorations. The recent increase in Tommy's pay was known throughout the Army as "the buckshee tanner." (*Daily Mail*, 1 Aug. 1918).

Along the western front when the airman possessed himself surreptitiously of any article he was said to have "hotstuffed" it. Other branches of our Army termed this proceeding "scrounging" or "bucksheeing." But names do not matter very much. Call the thing whatever you liked, everybody knew what it meant—and everybody did it

whenever he had the chance. In any case it wasn't stealing. Between the two there existed a well-understood difference and a distinction—one more easily appreciated, perhaps, by those who were there than by those who were not. None the less, it existed, which is disquisition enough upon the moral aspect of the subject.

Although I have taken part in a good many "hotstuffing" enterprises, often in quite distinguished company, I feel no twinges of conscience. Neither did I ever observe these afflicting anybody else. About the only difference I could observe was that in "hotstuffing" one worked on the grand scale, whereas "scrounging" and "bucksheeing" applied mainly to little things. Usually it was the Service that benefited rather than the individual. Certainly, that was the case in regard to "hotstuffing." Materials were needed; they had to be got. In saying that one said all. A holy war could not be permitted to lag for want of a few superficial feet of scantling.

**bulge, see blister.**

**silver bullets**, the money necessary for carrying on the war:

Since this terrible conflict takes on more and more the appearance of a war of attrition, surely the financial factor becomes a vital consideration in the successful prosecution of the war. Mr. Lloyd George himself gave emphasis to this fact when he used the famous phrase "silver bullets", and not to regard a Surveyor of Taxes as being on war service is to ignore the fundamental necessity of the situation. (*Daily Tel.*, 1915).

To-day I venture to make the further suggestion that the Allies should mobilise all their economic forces, and coin out of these the "silver bullets" of which we have heard so much and seen so little. (*Engl. Rev.*, 1915, p. 207).

A trick cyclist steering his way through irregular rows of bottles is a clumsy fumbler compared with a naval Boy Scout playing at "The Silver Bullet" or "The Way to Berlin" with mines. A naval Boy Scout treasures mines as other Boy Scouts collect birds' eggs or postage stamps. When two naval Boys Scouts meet they invariably swap mines. (*Daily Mail*, 1915).

**bump**, an air disturbance causing an aeroplane to bump:

Many pilots who have flown continuously along well-defined routes or over limited areas can tell you exactly where the principal air pockets are, as well as the general direction and normal velocity of the prevalent winds. There is, for example, a very famous "bump" near one of the well-known aerodromes not far from London — a "bump" which is, to all intents and purposes, permanent. It is caused by a big sewage farm, over which you generally have to fly in order to land on the aerodrome. (*Daily Mail*, 17 Febr., 1919).

**bunch, close up in a bunch:**

This enfilade fire from the Fosse is most unpleasant . . . Steady there, on the left, don't bunch, whatever you do! (Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 374).

**bunk, see quotation:**

When all their preparations are complete Sisters and nurses adjourn to the "Bunk" (as their own particular sanctum is called) and make tea. (*Blighties*, by one of those V. A. D.'s, p. 7).

**bunting, bunting tosser, bunty, a signal man in the Royal Navy:**

Perhaps you have seen him. As a distinctive mark he wears a pair of crossed flags on his right arm, accompanied, in some cases, by a star or stars. On his left arm he may have an anchor or two and some stripes.

But the "crossed flags" is the thing. This designates him as a "Signalman, Royal Navy."

"Signalman," however, is only one of his many sobriquets. His admirers term him "The Eyes of the Fleet" and describe him as belonging to the "Intellectual Department." His intimates on board know him as "Bunting," "Bunting Tosser," or "Flag-wagger." (*Daily Mail*, 15 Aug., 1918).

But it is around "Bunty," the Yeoman of Signals, that the deepest interest centres. All through the dog-watches he may be seen sitting amid endless convolutions of bunting, stitching away for dear life. He is making a red and white pennant, many yards long, and there is always an enthusiastic audience gathered round the door of his little caboose.

For Bunty is making the paying-off pennant, and on the day he hoists it we shall pack up our wool mats and get ready to go home. (*Daily Mail*, 14 March, 1919).

**bundook**, a rifle, from Arabic *bunduk*: originally the common Hobson-Jobson term for a musket or matchlock. According to Yule and Burnell, the history of the word is very curious. *Bunduk*, plural *banādik*, was a name applied by the Arabs to filberts (as some allege) because they came from Venice (*Banadik*, cp. German *Venedig*). The name was transferred to the nut-like pellets shot from cross-bows, and thence the cross-bows or arblasts were called *bunduk*, elliptically used for *Kaces-al-bunduk*. From cross-bows the name was transferred again to fire-arms, as in the parallel case of *arquebus*:

I had words with a sentry at the frontier, but I put it across him with his own bundook. (Sapper, *Men, Women & Guns*, p. 129).

**bun-strangler**, or **bun-scrambler**, a soldier's derisive name for a total abstainer belonging to the Royal Army Temperance Association:

Teetotallers are described as "bun-stranglers," or "pop-wallahs" (K. Wyndham, *Following the Drum*, p. 80).

**Burberry**, a kind of greatcoat, for which see the following advertisement:

#### BURBERRY'S WINTER KIT

including The Burberry, with or without Detachable Fleece lining; Uniforms in Tenace Whicord or Serge; British Warms, Tielocken Belted Coats, and every detail of Equipment.

Cp. also the following quotations:

Captain Jones showed me the officers' dug-out, where a figure was sleeping, wrapped in a burberry. (*Engl. Rev.*, 1915, II. p. 76).

We had a smart spare saddle.... a special burberry, and a gorgeous canary-yellow woolen waistcoat (*Ibid.*, p. 73).

**Burglar**, a Soldiers' nick name for a Bulgarian:

Part of the British troops in the Balkans are now in the first line face to face with their enemy. So far, however, they have hardly even caught sight of him, for along this eastern wing of the arc which the Allied line makes the "Burglar" (as the men call him, often with an alliterative epithet) is at the moment an easygoing and unobtrusive opponent (*Times*, 29 Nov., 1915).

**bus**, airman's word for aeroplane: also another word for tank:

"Oh, don't—don't" said Mr. Jones. "I suppose I am a cow—nervous about some things. But I always feel so safe in the old bus."

"The old 'bus?" queried Mollie.

"I mean the aeroplane, you know," said Mr. Jones. "Not a real 'bus—not a motor-'bus. Motor-'buses are such beastly dangerous things, you know. I hate them." (*Sketch*, Jan., 1915, p. 40).

Save for a hut or two, a sentry and two silent "buses" undergoing some operations at the hands of the Tank engineer, the M. O. and bloodless surgeon of all Sick Tanks, the place is deserted. (*Daily Mail*, 11 June, 1918).

**business as usual**, the famous phrase of the first days of the Great War:

They [the Germans] think that you will be ready to kiss, make up—and do "business as usual" with them (*Canada in Khaki*, II, p. 23).

**Butterfly Corps**, the Flying Corps:

Because the author had so strong a wish to expose the misdoings of a certain organism in the B. E. F., poor Felix, once landed in France, declines from a human hero to a peg upon which to hang denunciations of the inefficiency of the "Butterfly Corps". (*Punch*, 1 Oct., 1919, p. 300).

**butter line**, a queue of people with butter coupons waiting outside a dairy-shop:

Every line was like the rest. The absence of policemen is particularly noteworthy, since they had to be present in the early days—a year ago—when the butter lines came into being. . . . The Government has taught the people a lesson. They will wait hour after hour, docile and obedient henceforth; if necessary until they drop—make no mistake of that.

There are potato lines in Great Britain to-day. But the difference between these and the lines of the East End of Berlin as Mr. Curtin saw them is the difference between Great Britain and Germany at war. (*Times*, 15 March, 1917).

**butlerette**, a female butler :

The "butlerette" is the latest innovation in the household staff. A wealthy South African lady was the first to introduce her to take the place of the solemn "James" of yore. (*Sunday Pictorial*, 1 April, 1917).

**buttons**, see quotations from *The Daily Mail*, 22 Oct., 1915 :

Army biscuits are of three kinds—ordinary, brown and crackly, and buttons. The ordinary are the least appetising; they are of a whitish brown hue, with no particular taste. They are, however, very much better than nothing, and with jam or a slice of bully beef quite good. The brown and crackly have a taste of porridge and brown sugar; they are very nice indeed, and pleasant to eat by themselves. The buttons have not much flavour but are fascinating little biscuits, small and fat, about the size round of a two-shilling piece. They are not often issued, but when they are the custom is to stuff one's pockets with them and dip into them throughout the day.

**buzz**, signal by means of the *buzzer*, q. v.

**buzzard dance**, see quotation from *The Daily Telegraph*, 31 Aug., 1918 :  
MEETING A "CIRCUS."

"Two other fighters, myself, and one French bomber found ourselves separated and bound home together, only I kept losing altitude, and tried to fix my gun, but it would not fix, and I only had about 100 shots left in the remaining gun. About eight miles from the line and in a fair A.A. fire I was trying to get the jammed shell out of my gun when all was quiet. I knew that meant enemy aeroplanes about, and I looked up to see twelve enemy aeroplane fighters, a circus lot, circling my companions quite a way above me, and one coming for me. My engine was missing badly, and it had just gone dead a moment before, but I went to meet the E.A. just like I meant it, and fired just to break the strain and he suddenly pitched, and drove straight for the ground, and kept on going rather evenly. I guess I got his engine. Just then my engine came alive, and I started up to join the 'buzzard dance,' as the odd one was sitting high, evidently the leader, and watching for someone to slaughter."

**buzzer**, an electric instrument for signalling used in place of the telephone, also a signaller using this instrument :

After an unsuccessful application for employment as a "buzzer," or signaller, Dunshié made trial of the regimental transport (Ian Hay, *The First Hundred Thousand*, p. 200).

I hear they Gairmans send signals wi' their kirknocks, remarks Private M'Meeking, who, as one of the Battalion signallers — or "buzzers," as the vernacular has it, in imitation of the buzzing of the Morse instrument — regards himself as a sort of Junior Staff Officer. (*Ibid.*, p. 70).

**bye**, a shot that is "over" :

If his place was going to play long-stop for all the byes that passed the Pylons, it was distinctly unhealthy (F.O.O., *With the Guns*, p. 129).

F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.

## Beowulf.

*Beowulf*. An introduction to the study of the poem, with a discussion of the stories of Offa and Finn. By R. W. CHAMBERS. Cambridge University Press, 1921. 30 s.

Chambers' book is a work deserving the greatest respect. Every trouble has been taken by its author to become acquainted with the whole literature on the subject. Having from long and patient study formed an independent judgment on the various issues connected with *Béowulf*, he was able both

to provide a wide historical survey of former researches and to attempt on certain points a nearer approach to a solution. He has clearness of expression, great ingenuity in adducing arguments in support of his views, real skill in marshalling the facts and considerable suggestive power. This I wanted to state with particular emphasis at the outset because, as the following pages will show, I cannot, on certain very essential points, concur with Chambers' views, being moreover of opinion that his false conclusions are determined by fundamental errors in a method which is not his alone.

The book is divided into four main parts, the first (pp. 1-128) constituting the study proper of *Béowulf*, the second (pp. 129-244) containing reprints and English translations of documents pertaining to the history of the poem, the third (pp. 245-290) dealing with The Fight at Finnsburg, the fourth (pp. 291-382) being an appendix with a more detailed discussion of some special points. Then follows a full bibliography of 31 pages and an index. The illustrations, eight in all, are excellent, the get-up and the print of the book all that can be desired.

The main part of the study consists of the analysis of the events forming the substance of the poem: *Béowulf's* fight with Grendel, that with Grendel's mother and that with the fire-dragon. What I chiefly object to in Chambers' method here followed, is its total disregard of philological criticism. This would at least have been comprehensible a number of years ago, but justifiable it is on no account. More than thirty years back philological criticism was misused by romantic mythologists in lending to the stories interpretations of their own and for which the text gave no warrant. Chambers now once more reduces to absurdity the long exploded mythological constructions of Müllenhoff and others<sup>1)</sup> and also controverts the critical methods of Müllenhoff and Ten Brink. It is an error, however, on his part to assume that he has thus disposed of philological criticism itself, for *Béowulf* is a literary production with a history about which it is imperative to acquire a clear notion previous to any attempt at comparing contents and subject-matter with remote collateral sources. I now propose to point out how the neglect of this general principle, which of course equally applies to other texts, proves particularly disastrous in the case of *Béowulf*.

The poem relates that *Béowulf* first fought with Grendel at Heorot and thereupon with the monster's mother in the haunt at the bottom of the mere. Now, the question has been debated whether these two fights were from the first two connected acts of one story, or separate variants chronologically

<sup>1)</sup> This calls for a reference to my discussion of well over 20 years ago of Müllenhoff's theory, *Arkiv f. nord Fil.* 19. 28 ff. In this connection, I think, I am justified in protesting against the treatment of myself in the same breath with the romantic mythologists, as I find it on p. 47. It is true that in 1903 I spoke of a 'sage, welche die Schrecknisse der langen Winternacht... zum Ausdruck bringt.' To begin with, however, this designation was no mythological construction, but the characterisation of a particular, actually existing group of ghost stories of frequent occurrence in Scandinavian sources and having in common as a distinctive feature a ghost-demon appearing in the Yule night. In the second place this conception did not lie at the root of the philological research, it came after, as a final conclusion from results which were therefore quite independent of it. The main point, however, is that the essay of 1903 was merely a preliminary study to the book on *Béowulf*, which appeared 9 years later and in which entirely different theories are advanced. This book is known to Chambers, for he repeatedly quotes from it on minor points, but never with a single word does he mention the criticism of the poem contained therein. It will not do, however, to hold me responsible for opinions which he, and any one at all familiar with the subject, knows I gave up as long as 11 years ago.

related by literary composition. It is self-evident that, to obtain an answer to this question, it is not sufficient to bring in the folk-tale of the bear's son, which does indeed show numerous deviations, but where, nevertheless, the hero engages in two contests, one in an enchanted castle, one in a subterranean cave. This would have a certain significance, if the connection with that folk-tale were established in advance, which is not the case. There are folk-tales with one fight against giants or demons, there are also others with two. Consequently, by means of such a folk-tale, the chronological relation between the two Grendel fights might be alternately proved and disproved. Therefore the argumentation should be reversed. The relation between the two Grendel fights should first be ascertained from internal evidence; not till then is there room for the question whether the older form of the narrative, as revealed to us by criticism, is traceable in a folk-tale.

Now, there are not only folk-tales but also literary sources containing narratives similar to those of the Grendel fights, and in certain cases the similarity is such as to put the existence of some sort of relation practically beyond question. Here it is essential to determine with accuracy the nature of the relationship. Of the three Old Norse sources chiefly to be noted in this connection, the *Grettissaga*, the *Ormsþátr Stórólfsssonar* and the *Bǫðvarshjáttar Bjarka*, we shall discuss the first two.

The *Grettissaga* contains two episodes related to the Grendel fights, viz. the *Glámr* episode (*Grettir's* contest with the demon *Glámr*) and the episode at Sandhaugar in *Bárdardalr*. The first episode mentions one fight, the second two. So the *Grettissaga* is far from leading to an immediate solution of the problem; to a superficial analysis it might even yield evidence in favour of either theory. Chambers appears to recognize the theoretical significance of both episodes, for he includes them in the second part of his book, but the *Glámr* episode plays no part in his argumentation, he exclusively bases himself upon the episode in *Bárdardalr*. And yet, the preliminary question that cannot be lightly dismissed, is here, what relation exists between the two episodes mutually and to the saga as a whole. To ignore it is to run the risk of pursuing an argument altogether in the air. These problems have not to my knowledge been dealt with by anyone but myself. I first discussed them in, and in connection with, my edition of the *Grettissaga* (1900). This discussion was ignored by Panzer in his work on *Béowulf*. In my book on *Béowulf*<sup>1)</sup> I subsequently pointed out the great errors resulting from Panzer's treating such critical questions as non-existent, and I there went into them anew and in further detail. But Chambers, imitating the example of Panzer, passes over this renewed discussion in silence. The facts about the two episodes are as follows. The *Glámr* episode, both in itself and as part of the saga, is by far the more important; it has a central position, it brings about the turn in the hero's fortunes. The *Bárdadal* episode in its entirety is an interpolation. In its subject-matter, the first part, describing the indoor fight, is a variant of the *Glámr* episode, the scene of which was laid elsewhere, but in the literary treatment which this variant underwent in being embodied into the saga, the writer, naturally enough, availed himself of the older *Glámr* episode. The same hand added a sequel to the story, the fight in a cave behind a waterfall (the description of the place does not at all fit in with the setting). This continuation

<sup>1)</sup> Further to be indicated by Bw.

proves that the man was acquainted with a story based on Béowulf in the form in which it came down to us; there is a literary connection. In this piece occurs the *ἵπτες λεγόμενος heptisax*, which can be directly traced back to the A.S. *hæftmēce* (Béow. l. 1457). That the piece was patched up is also apparent from the twofold rendering of the issue of the fight. As the Bárðardal men said — that is as tradition, in accordance with a common belief, would have it — the witch (for Grettir first fights with a woman, then with a man) was overtaken by daylight, and turned into stone. So this is the old ending to the story. Thereupon the interpolator appeals to Grettir himself, who had been dead for over 200 years, to have him testify that the giantess had vanished into the crevice of a rock after he had hewn off her arm. Here the influence of Béowulf is evident. The disappearance into the crevice of the rock leads up to the second adventure and the hewing off of an arm likewise originates from Béowulf.

This criticism deprives the hypothesis that the Grendel fights form a connected narrative, of the support which, by a superficial examination, is apparently to be derived in its favour from the Grettissaga. One can of course blink this fact, but that is shutting out the only light that can shine here and simply means groping in the dark. Chambers confidently takes it for granted, not only that the two parts of the fight in Bárðardalr have belonged together from the beginning, but even that the story is an independent variation of Béowulf. In view of the close correspondence, however, he feels constrained to allow for some literary connection and accordingly proceeds to assume the existence of a literary tale for their common origin. As, however, according to Chambers, (and here I agree with him) the Anglo-Saxons brought the subject with them from the continent into England, that literary tale must have been in existence in the 5<sup>th</sup> century. From that source is supposed to originate i.a. the word *heptisax*, in the verses put into Grettir's mouth by a writer of the 13<sup>th</sup> century and certainly not composed earlier than the 13<sup>th</sup> century. Such a hypothesis is obviously untenable.<sup>1)</sup> Chambers goes

<sup>1)</sup> The reasoning on p. 63 tending to prove the independence of the Bárðardal episode is altogether beside the mark. The Danes who accompany Béowulf to the entrance of Grendel's abode, leave the spot, when they think that the hero has perished. According to Chambers this is a weakening of a motif in which, originally, the hero is treacherously deserted by his comrades. Chambers maintains that this feature is preserved in the Grettissaga. But the relative passage reads literally: "And the priest, who sat by the rope, saw that some fibres all gory came down (read: up?) along the rope. He then ran away, as he took it for granted that Grettir was now dead. He ran away from the rope and went home." The motive causing the priest to leave the spot is absolutely identical with that actuating the Danes in Béowulf. That Grettir, when subsequently meeting the priest, upbraids him for his desertion and that the priest acknowledges his fault, is quite another thing. This passage, from which nothing whatever is to be derived that Chambers can appeal to, gives him occasion to remark: "In other words we see that the further we track the *Béowulf* story back, the more it comes to resemble the folk-tale." The reader rubs his eyes with amazement.

It is also a marvel to me that Chambers should marvel (p. 64) why the Danes, on seeing the blood, do not stop to think and decide that it must be the demon's blood. It is understood, however, that they are not such heroes as Béowulf, and it is quite in keeping with the style of poetry thus to bring out by contrast the hero's great courage. Besides, as we have seen, they have this incapacity for quiet reflection in common with the priest in the Grettissaga.

The methodical error consisting in the dislocation of features from Grettir's youth to patch up therewith the Bárðardal episode, without, indeed, advancing the question to any extent, has been discussed at great length in Bw. p. 167. Still Chambers also falls into this error (p. 65.)

on to say that a Scandinavian writer of the 13th century could not possibly be acquainted with a tradition based on *Béowulf*. To me it seems impracticable to settle such a point otherwise than empirically. When we consider how also in later periods traditional folk-tales, as e.g. the popular songs, were influenced by written books, it would seem advisable to observe some caution in using the word 'impossible'. Moreover, nothing is known concerning the spread of *Béowulf* in antiquity.

The Orms *pátr* *Stórlfssoner* also contains two fights with demons. It presents less similarity to *Béowulf*: the hero fights both fiends in their den. Chambers, however, makes much of this tale, amongst other reasons because the habitation of the fiends is here called 'Sandeyjar', while in certain versions of the folk-tale whose contents are alleged to be represented here, a 'sandheap' is spoken of. The story would be localized on the Sandeyjar on the strength of this 'sand', just as in the *Grettissaga* the locality is Sandhaugar. The evidential value of *Ormsþátr*, however, as fully demonstrated in Bw. p. 180 ff., is reduced to nothing by the circumstance that the *pátr* freely draws upon the *Grettissaga* and even transcribes literally entire passages from it. And this *Sandeyjar* in particular is a borrowing from the *Grettissaga* (Bw. p. 186 ff.), for in other texts the locality is never called *Sandeyjar* but, and even in old texts, *Dollsey*. *Sandeyjar* was copied upon *Sandhaugar*, and so mechanical was the copying, that a clerical error *Sauðhaugar* which occurs a few times in certain MSS. of the saga, was reproduced in the *pátr* as *Sauðeyjar*. Thus it is possible even to tell which group of MSS. has been used by the *pátr*. In another passage (p. 53) Chambers admits that the *pátr* copies the *Grettissaga*, but in the same connection he contends that the *pátr* yet presents individual features causing *Ormr* to be more similar to *Béowulf* than *Grettir*.<sup>1)</sup> The reader is disappointed to find this independence of the *pátr* sustained by the single evidence of *Orm's* piety, shown in his appeal to God and St. Peter previous to the fight. *Béowulf* appeals neither to God nor to St. Peter. What agreement there is consists in the abstract word 'piety'. This piety, however, does not by any means belong to the folk-tale upon which the saga is said to be founded. It is therefore a literary feature. Since a secondary influence of one tradition upon another is not admitted, the relationship must arise again from a tradition anterior to the Anglo-Saxon migration to England. Consequently *Orm's* piety originates from the heathen days of the 5th century!

Given the purely negative answers obtained from both the folk-tales and the related traditional literature as the only result of our inquiry into the question whether the two Grendel stories are one continuous narrative, the only alternative left open is the one that should have formed the first step of the research, viz. the investigation of the evidential possibilities of the poem, or, in other words, the criticism of the poem itself. This necessity is the more patent, as serious errors have resulted from the uncritical use made of the lateral sources alone. Chambers will perhaps be loath to concede that criticism has been neglected by him. If I understand him rightly, his argument, as I piece it together from various disconnected passages, amounts to this: "There is no reason whatever to assume that the poem was not the work of the same hand. As long as the contrary has not been

<sup>1)</sup> Of course, the *pátr* has independent features, in so far as it has its own subject-matter, which does indeed derive from the general type of fights with demons, but it is not closely connected with the Grendel-fights.

proved, we should even start from this. And there is no possibility to prove the contrary. Romantic criticism was based on preconceived opinion. Later efforts to discover in syntactic and idiomatic peculiarities traces of more hands than one are to be regarded as failures. Nor does the Christian veneer in the poem prove that it has been rewritten. Besides, even though simpler poetical forms of the narratives should have existed previously, they are not to be reconstructed, for poems as the Finnsburg fragment and the Hildebrandslied show that the earlier style was different, more concise than the later and that new redactions of poems are not made by interpolation, but by complete renovation to the utter effacement of the old text."

This reasoning is decidedly open to criticism. The first is this: Even if it were impossible for us to form any approximately adequate notion of the former contents of a poem, it does not follow that such a poem would have no history. The treatment of the poem as grown out of one conception, and the direct comparison of the contents, as they lie before us, with a remote tradition, would remain a very delicate task all the same. That is the lesson taught by the Bardal episode. Moreover, it is nothing but theory, without the slightest support from actual observation, that a poem cannot have been expanded by interpolation. Chambers, who so often levels at his opponents the charge of basing their statements on 'theory', is not seldom prone to the same error himself. The Edda songs contain numerous interpolations, the length of which can be exactly determined. By the elimination of these an older text is obtained. In the Nibelungenlied whole adventures occur which apparently came into being after the older parts had fixed into definitive form. To verify this, it is sufficient to compare two records of a poem handed down in more than one MS. If one record is longer than the other, either addition, or excision of material has taken place. It may also happen, of course, that a subject is recast in a later period, but even in that event whole verses or groups of verses are incorporated unaltered with the new redaction. (Compare the older parts of Nibelungenlied with the Íðrekssaga, which paraphrases an older form, and note the literal agreements.) Whether Béowulf contains interpolations, is therefore a question of investigation, not of principle. Müllenhoff's failure to locate them correctly, can never be a reason to forgo the investigation altogether. Only this question then remains, viz. if there is any possibility of pointing out in this poem interpolations or revisions. This question Chambers answers with a positive 'no', which I consider should be 'yes', and for this opinion I have stated grounds in my book on Béowulf. It should not, however, be said *a priori* that the analysis of language and style is the only possible starting-point for such an investigation. What starting-points are practicable cannot at all be determined in advance, this is purely a matter for experiment. That the contents may provide an excellent clue, I shall now show in connection with the point under discussion, viz. the relation between Grendel 1 and Grendel 2<sup>1)</sup>. Béowulf goes to Heorot in order to fight Grendel, whose deeds he has heard of. He awaits the monster in the hall and overcomes him. Grendel is wounded and flees. In the morning warriors ride to the spot where Grendel has plunged into the mere. They find the way by following the monster's bloody track; they ride back to

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<sup>1)</sup> As in Bw., Grendel 1 and Grendel 2 here stand for the adventure with Grendel and that with Grendel's mother.

the hall and proclaim Béowulf's glory. The following night Beowulf sleeps elsewhere, but Danish heroes are sleeping in the hall. Grendel's mother appears and carries off one of the heroes. In the morning Béowulf finds the Danish king lamenting and learns that a fiend has come to the hall and has carried off a man. The king knows who has perpetrated the deed: two demons have often been seen together: a man and a woman. The man people are wont to name Grendel. The king also knows their haunt and describes the place. Béowulf comforts the king and promises to help him. He then goes to Grendel's abode.

It should be clear to anyone with eyes to see that this is not a properly connected narrative. Béowulf goes to Heorot to fight Grendel. Before the fight he repeatedly has occasion to mention the name of the demon. He fights and triumphs. One day later the king tells him, as if for the first time, that his people are harrassed so by a demon named Grendel! The men have found Grendel's abode by following his track (*lāðes lástas*). The king describes the abode, as he would a place quite familiar to him.

If this narrative is to be identified either with the folk-tale of the bear's son, or with the Bárðardal episode, it must be admitted at any rate, that very strange events must have been inserted between the two acts. The ride to the *nicera mere*, the coming of Grendel's mother to the hall, the information given to Béowulf by Hróðgár, are just as many inexplicable and redundant features giving occasion to wonder how any one could ever fancy the idea of interrupting by their insertion the natural continuity of a properly connected narrative. Everything becomes perfectly clear, however, when the narrative is viewed as a combination of two variants, which are two parallel tales possessing in substance the same features, but in a slightly different sequence. I place them side by side:

*Grendel 1.* Béowulf hears about Grendel, goes to Heorot to fight him and awaits him in the hall. The demon appears and devours one man; then he attacks Béowulf. A struggle ensues, of such violence that the poet wonders that the hall does not fall together. Béowulf is victorious. The heroes ride to the *nicera mere*.

*Grendel 2.* Béowulf is on a chance visit at Heorot; he does not sleep in the hall. The demon enters by night and carries off a man. The hero is prepared to avenge this; he rides with attendants to the *nicera mere* and descends into it to do battle. (In the den he kills a man and a woman.)

It is seen on further comparison that the second variant is the original one. The first is derived from it under the influence of a tale which is known to us. This tale is the Glámr episode of the *Grettissaga*,<sup>1)</sup> which Chambers makes no use of, neither can make use of, because it contains only one fight. The subject is this: Grettir has heard of Glám's doings. He goes to Þórhallsstaðir (the place visited by the demon), and awaits the fiend during the night in the sleeping-room. Glámr appears and grips him, Grettir jumps up and struggles with the demon; all the benches are wrenched from their places and the walls of the room crack (Cp. the corresponding facts in Grendel 1). Grettir vanquishes the evil spirit.

Grendel 1 shares with the Glámr episode all the features upon which it differs from Grendel 2, but Grendel 1 is not identical with the Glámr episode. The tale preserves reminiscences of its derivation from Grendel 2. In the first place the name of the demon. Then this fact, which Chambers vainly

<sup>1)</sup> In an older form, of course. A relationship is meant here, not a literary borrowing. The Glámr episode represents a type.

wonders at (p. 63), that Grendel on entering the hall devours a warrior, before attacking Béowulf. Grettir awaits Glámr alone. But the warrior who is eaten corresponds to Æschere, who in Grendel 2 is carried off by Grendel's mother. This figure is preserved in Grendel 1 and therefore it is told that the Géat heroes sleep with Béowulf in the hall. Lastly the ride to the *nicera mere*. In Grendel 2 this ride is indispensable, as the contest must take place in Grendel's haunt; in Grendel 1 it has become superfluous, because the battle has already been fought. The ride has been preserved, but it has become a pleasure-trip of curious people.

If Chambers did not believe this criticism to be correct, it was incumbent upon him to adduce counter-arguments. Unrefuted, it affords sufficient ground for rejecting *a limine* the comparison with the folk-tale of the bear's son. This does not imply that, in the opposite case, such a comparison would be advisable.

The Christian elements in Béowulf referred to by Chambers (p. 121ff), form indeed no suitable basis for a criticism of the poem, which, as Chambers rightly observes, is permeated with the spirit of Christianity. It is possible, on the other hand, once a distinction has been established between the older parts and the new, to test the criticism by the Christian elements. This I have done in Bw. and in doing this I found that the conception of Christianity is not everywhere consistent. The later parts are lengthier than the younger ones and only among those do we find some passages of religious fanaticism. This tallies with Chambers' contention that in England Christianity did not become fanatical in character until in the later Viking period, after the permanent settling of the heathen Scandinavians. At the same time this bears out our criticism. As a second test I wish to suggest the metrical differences pointed out in my 'Studiën over de Metriek van het Alliteratieve'. (Amsterdam 1916, p. 141 ff), which shows that the new parts of the poem constitute a substantial advance towards the technique found in later texts i.a. in *Byrhtnoð*. As regards the style, it is easily seen, even without a statistical inquiry, that the episodes at least differ materially from the main text. We must refrain, however, from enlarging upon this point.

In dealing with the traditional episode of the dragon fight Chambers lapses into error through the same uncritical procedure which characterizes his treatment of the Grendel contests. The traditional text says that Béowulf, when fighting the dragon, was king of the Géats, which statement Chambers accepts for authentic fact. It is true that the introduction to the poem also mentions a king Béowulf, but this is a Danish king (Scylding). Many critics have taken it for granted that this king is the hero in the original tale of the dragon fight. Upon this view some have based mythical theories. But such a mythical theory is not of necessity the only ground for thinking of the Scylding Béowulf in connection with the dragon fight. There are other grounds and quite valid ones, viz: 1. The opening lines of the poem relate that the poet has heard of the achievements of Scyldingas. One is led to expect that he will go on and narrate them. What follows, however, is a genealogy of Scyldingas and then the narrative of the deeds of a Géat. This inconsistency would be explained, if it might be assumed that the introduction of the poem is the old introduction to the dragon fight tale, which the Scylding Béowulf, mentioned in the introduction, played an active part. 2. In the Danish traditional tale of the king occupying the same place in the genealogy as Béowulf I in the A. S. poem, viz. between Skjöldr and

Halfdan,<sup>1)</sup> a dragon fight is narrated presenting numerous points of agreement with that of Béowulf.<sup>2)</sup> 3. The poem says (l. 2334) that the land laid waste by the dragon is an island<sup>3)</sup>, which does apply to Sjælland, but not to Gautland. 4. The poem says (l. 3005) that Béowulf was ruler of the Scyldingas, a passage, which the hand that made him into king of the Géats, omitted to rectify. This passage has provoked already many wonderful interpretations and tentative emendations, yet it is perfectly simple. Chambers is silent upon it. What the poem says concerning the hero's rule in Gautland, is, moreover, chrono-

<sup>1)</sup> With Saxo this is Frotho I, not an original name here. The old order is Skjöld (the eponym) — Halfdan (the first historic name). Between the two has been inserted the name of a king connected with the dragon fight and whom the A. S. tradition names as Béowulf. In the Danish tradition the adventure with the dragon is referred to Fróði, a king, who got this place in the genealogy through causes on which I cannot dwell here.

<sup>2)</sup> Chambers' treatment of this point is not devoid of ingenuity, nor is it altogether free from a suspicion of pettifoggery. The whole of his argument hinges on the fact that in the A. S. poem the dragon is not said to be fought by the Scylding, but by the Géat Béowulf. This, of course, is a fact. He contends (i.a. p. 93) that the adverse critics argue in a circle: By means of the dragon fight, which Béowulf has in common with Frotho, they prove that Béowulf was king of the Danes and not of the Geats, and they prove at the same time that the dragon fights in Béowulf and in Saxo, being told of the same man, are identical, *quod erat demonstrandum*.

This reasoning, however, admits of the following objection. The dragon fights of Béowulf and that of Fróði are assumed to be the same, not because Béowulf is identical with Frotho, but primarily in virtue of their similarity in detail. It is incomprehensible how a scholar who puts Ormr Stórólífsson on a level with Béowulf because he is pious (v. above), can simply set down as worthless the important series of parallels between those two dragon fights pointed out by Sievers (cp. also Bw. p. 134), where they make against his theory. It is quite easy, of course, to view each trait singly and then to declare them possible in any dragon fight. The essential part here is the combination of traits and the development of the narrative, and these are to be found in no other dragon fight handed down to us. Chambers may say in imitation of Olrik (Danmarks Heltedigtning I, 311) that there are two invariable types of dragon fights, one with a happy, one with an unhappy ending for the hero, and as an instance of the second type, he may cite also in imitation of Olrik, Þórr's fight, at the end of the world, with the world serpent, but again this distinction of dragon fights into two fixed types is not based on observation, but on theory, Chambers' pet aversion. It is just in the case of Þórr that experience teaches the contrary, for in the Hymiskviða and in several skald poems, this fight belongs to type 1; Þórr triumphs and departs safe and sound. Consequently these two types are not invariable. The same is seen in the dragon fight of Frotho and Béowulf: in the older form, viz. with Saxo, the hero vanquishes; in Béowulf he dies. The explanation of the hero's death in the latter case is that the dragon fight is here made to conclude a life rich in great achievements (v. Bw. p. 116).

So the identification of the two dragon fights is primarily based on the rather close contact existing between them on various points. Nor is it indifferent, of course, to whom these fights are related. Considering then that the hero of one traditional poem is named Béowulf, while the same poem mentions another Béowulf who in the genealogy occupies the same place as Frotho, seeing moreover that there are also a number of grounds — enumerated above — for the assumption that this other Béowulf is the real dragon slayer, it must be admitted that the dragon fight lends support to the identification of the personages and that the identity of the personages affords ground for the identification of the two fights.

<sup>3)</sup> Chambers says (p. 94) that it is 'probable' that *éalond* does not mean 'island' and that the dragon does not live in the '*éalond*'. This 'probable' remains unexplained. That an island was meant, appears from l. 2334, where it says that the dragon had ravaged the whole *éalond* *útan*, viz. all around it, i.e. of course, the outer border with all that it encompasses. There is no evidence showing that the dragon does not dwell in the island. The narrative differs from Saxo's in this respect that no mention is made here of an island lying opposite the coast and inhabited only by the dragon (V. Bw. p. 112, 135 f.).

logically impossible, whereas his rule among the Danes is quite compatible with chronological data. (In either case the internal chronology of the poem is meant, for history is out of the question here). Béowulf is a full-grown hero, when he visits Hróðgár at Heorot. After his return he serves Hygelác; after Hygelác's death he is guardian to Heardréd until the latter's coming of age; he then serves Heardréd until the latter's death in war; thereafter Béowulf ascends the throne and still reigns for 50 years. It is surely not too much to say that the prince must have been at least from 85 to 90 years old when he fought the dragon. The matter stands quite differently, when Béowulf I is the hero of the dragon fight. In the introduction it is told of him that he was bountiful at an early age. His father died, he became king and had a long reign (l. 54). This *lange præge* corresponds with the 50 years of line 2733. The hero may then have fought the dragon when about 65 years of age.<sup>1)</sup>

The fact that the poem mentions two Béowulfs is disposed of by Chambers as follows. Béowulf I, according to him, does not exist. When this name occurs it stands for Béow. This Béow is a corn-god connected with Scéaf and out of place in the Scyldings genealogy. The fact that he does bear the name Béowulf in the poem is accounted for with the remark (p. 367): "It is true that in ll. 18, 53 'Beowulf' is written, where we should have expected 'Beowa'". (It should be noted that those few places are the only instances of the man's name; he has no other throughout the poem.) Béowulf II, however, is in reality named Béowulf, which means 'bee-wolf', metaphorically designating the bear. (Both etymologies are perfectly well-known, it is the process of association and dissociation that is characteristic of the method pursued.) Béow and Béowulf are strictly separated, and at the same time, where Béowulf I occurs, the first name is substituted for the second in defiance of the text. In order to make the separation complete, the form *Biuuulf*, which is found only once in Liber Vitae, is urged very strongly. The *iu* in this spelling of the name, says Chambers, cannot possibly have any connection with the *éo* of Béow, therefore this form of the name proves conclusively that Béowulf I and Béowulf II are in no way associated.

I do not know if this argument will appear quite convincing to every unprejudiced reader. I believe with Chambers that the name Béow is that of a corngod and means 'barley' (Bw. p. 147); Karle Krohn furnished convincing arguments to that effect. That 'Béowulf' might mean 'bee-wolf' is not likely to be disputed by any one, but there is no suggestion whatever that the word *must necessarily* convey that meaning. The predilection for this interpretation is induced by a partiality to the folk tale of the bear's son. In further illustration of this theory it is twice suggested (p. 57, 368) that Béowulf exhibits a bear's nature in his manner of fighting: he attacks his enemy 'like a bear' viz. by wrestling with him.<sup>2)</sup> This absolute dissociation of the two names is apparently inconsistent with the supposition that they both occur in the same poem. In this way one is compelled to assume the

<sup>1)</sup> Fifteen years is not too young to be king and commander of the army. The sagas contain a number of examples. Harald hárfagri became king and governed at the age of 10.

<sup>2)</sup> Béowulf wrestles with his adversary only in the first fight; in the second, more purely representative of the Grendel type, he uses a sword. The wrestling is a feature of the Glámr type; Grettir also wrestles with his enemy, but in the end he takes a sword. An early explanation given in Béowulf connects the wrestling with the familiar feature that demons cannot be injured with weapons. This may be an original trait of the type.

following development. 'Béow' and 'Béowulf' are very similar, so similar that the second name seems a continuation of the first. Béow is the name of a divinity otherwise only met with in genealogies, and nowhere in literature, but originally it occurred in this poem. Béowulf is a name of a hero found nowhere in literature, but it occurs in this poem. The names have thus come to coincide in this text, moreover the former is assimilated to the latter, and then two Béowulfs crop up in consequence.

This is a string of coincidences impossible of acceptance without proof positive that such was the actual development. A much more natural theory, however, is that the contact of Béow and Béowulf in the epic is not accidental, but that the names are related, and that by derivation, viz. Béowulf < Béow. These two names may be used in designation of the same person, as is the case for instance, in Saxo, where Þórr, while on a journey, is named Thorkillus (Bw. p. 148), or, to take a less remote example, in the Edda, where the divinity corresponding to Béow is not called *Bygg*, but *Byggvir*, which is a derivation from *bygg* (but 'barley' is *bygg*).<sup>1)</sup>

Chambers goes rather too far in putting his veto on this theory on the ground of this *iu* in the name of a friar in *Liber Vitae*. There are various possibilities here. In the first place it is by no means certain that the monk in *Liber Vitae* had the same name as the slayer of Grendel<sup>2)</sup>. Secondly *iu* may be a misspelling for *io* or *eu*, both frequent diphthongs in *Liber Vitae*. A third possibility is that the form with *iu* is right and after all connected with Béow. Chambers himself assumes that the word was originally an *u*-stem, some cases may then have had *iu* in the first syllable. The O.N. *bygg*, so important in judging the name 'Béow', is a strong case in point, for this form (*bygg*) originated from \**biuwu*, not from \**beuwu*.<sup>3)</sup>

The chapter on the historical elements gives a very good survey of the progress and the results of the research. Yet, I cannot always agree with the author in this chapter any more than in the first. Considerations of space, however, forbid a detailed discussion. A few points may be mentioned. In my opinion Béowulf and presumably also his father Eggþéow should be altogether excluded from the historic persons. The whole genealogy of the Wægmundings thus becomes rather questionable. Béowulf's unimportant part in the Swedish wars is no more than a secondary one (Bw. p. 40. 46). Chambers draws a parallel between the support lent by Béowulf to Eadgils and the assistance which, according to the *Skjoldungasaga*, Hrólfr Kraki sent to Aðils against Ali enn Upplenzki in the person of Bjarki. This parallel is rather strained. Bjarki is not even mentioned separately in the description of that expedition; Hrólfr sends his berserkers to the number of twelve. The communication only serves to motive a punitive expedition to Upsala, the original motive of which was quite different. Accordingly we see that even the sending of the berserkers is not an old feature.

On pp. 27-29 Chambers tries to find a historic person in Unferð. But

<sup>1)</sup> In Anglo-Saxon it is also in an epic story where the god is thought of as human, that the lengthening of the name Béow occurs.

<sup>2)</sup> I wonder if it is really methodical to dissociate so readily Béowulf I and Béowulf II, two names occurring in the same poem as those of royal personages living practically at the same time, and on the other hand to associate so absolutely Béowulf and Biuuulf, a name different in spelling and found once as that of a monk living in an entirely other time.

<sup>3)</sup> Chambers quotes (p. 367) Kock, *Umlaut u. Brechung*, p. 315, but incorrectly. What is argued in this passage and illustrated with examples is on the contrary that Scandinavian has double forms; the common form *bygg* has an old *iu*, and the dialectic *begg* has *eu*.

there is no correlative of this figure in other sources and what the poem says of him is merely poetical fiction. There is little ground for his identification with the heroes in Hrólfs hall who throw bones at arriving guests. It appears from the development of the figure in Béowulf that Unferð's part originally only consists in lending Béowulf the sword with which the demons are defeated in their abode. His 'malevolence', which Chambers regards as the dominant characteristic of this figure, is therefore very questionable. — As for Heorot hall, I believe with Chambers that Lejre is the locality to connect it with. But the name of the hall must be an invention of an A. S. poet. The author does not touch this question. — Chambers entirely follows Olrik's division of the Scandinavian sources into Icelandic and Danish (v. p. 24.) Still Olrik's division, though often treated as a result, is no more than a very subjective hypothesis, which provokes a good deal of criticism. — On p. 23 the speech of the old warrior in Ingeld's hall is compared with the corresponding passage in Saxo, whose lyrical prolixity is defined as characteristic of the Scandinavian poetical style in contrast with the Anglo-Saxon. The contrast is, in this manner, represented quite erroneously. As a rule O.N. poetry is much terser in expression than the Anglo-Saxon. But Saxo's composition is not typical of the Old Norse poetical style, whereas the passage in Béowulf here adduced occupies a very special place. It occurs in an episode and the Béowulf episodes stand out in contrast to the main text through a brevity of expression otherwise foreign to Béowulf.

For the Headbeard fights I refer to a separate paper on the subject which I hope to publish elsewhere.

On the fight at Finnsburg I must be short. The author here shows the same erudition and discernment and the same faculty for combination as in his treatment of Béowulf. He undoubtedly contributes materially to a right insight into these very difficult fragments. Still, I believe that also on this subject the last word has not yet been said.

The main tendency of the argument is to disculpate Finn. It is true that he took part in the fight against Hnæf and he shares therefore in the guilt of his death, but he did not treacherously fall upon him. This conclusion largely results from an absolute dissociation of Éotenas and Frýsan (Frésan) in the episode. Finn rules over the Frisians, but he also has Éotenas under him. Finnsburg lies outside the territory proper of Frisia. Hnæf is Finn's guest there; in the night the Éotenas break their faith and fall upon Hnæf; Finn becomes involved in the events against his will. Since Finn is not guilty of treason, it is possible for the adverse party to enter into an agreement with him. This is done by Hengest. He stays with Finn and goes into his service. Sometimes, however, the idea of revenge enters his mind and it dominates altogether, when Húnlafing (1143), by the gift of a sword, makes him his dependant. Thereupon an onslaught is made resulting in the death of Finn.

But also in this interpretation of events great difficulties subsist of which I will mention a few. The Finnsburg fragment says that the fighting had been in progress for five days before any of Hnæf's men had fallen. We see from the episode that Finn was present at this fight. It seems rather improbable that Finn would have allowed the fight to continue for five consecutive days without making the least attempt to interfere, if during the night his guests had been treacherously attacked against his will by a troop of his men. This seems the more improbable as these men did not

constitute the main body of his army, for he was king of the Frisians and had only Éotenas among his troops. Even though some of the aggressors had fallen, this could hardly have been a reason for him to let it all go on, since by the aggression upon his guests, if made against his will, his retainers were acting in open defiance of his orders. From 1068b, 'Dá hie se fær begeal', repeatedly quoted by Chambers, he concludes that Finn and his men were taken by surprise, that the fight came over them like a sudden calamity. But the true import of those words in that connection nobody has yet been able to explain. In 1068a 'Finnes eaferum' is not grammatically connected with the following, neither is there any link to be found in the preceding lines. It will not answer therefore to put some construction or other upon 1068b and draw from it inferences as to the state of things at the beginning of the fight.

It seems to me a weightier objection even that the strict distinction of Éotenas and Frýsan, however true historically, finds no support in the poem, but rather is at variance with it. Each name is used for the other to meet alliterative requirements. This is most evident perhaps in 1086 ff. In virtue of the agreement Hengest and his men have a separate room assigned to them, so as to share the power over the hall<sup>1)</sup> equally with the Éotenas, or in other words they are granted as much authority as Finn's men, and moreover Finn shall give as many presents to Hengest's men as to the Frisians (*Frésena cynn*). Here it is as clear as can be that by *Frésena cynn* exactly the same is meant as by *Éotena bearn*. A little further it says again: if any of the *Frýsan* should allude to recent events, this would be punished very severely. If the poem made a clear distinction between *Frysan* and Éotenas, mention would necessarily have been made here of the Éotenas, for coming from these breakers of their faith, any allusion to the fight would naturally have given more offence than from the comrades who had only been drawn into the struggle in spite of themselves. In l. 1125 the *wígend* return home, nor is there any distinction made between Éotenas and Frisians. They go to Frisia together (*Frysländ geséon*).<sup>2)</sup> But in l. 1138 ff. Hengest anew meditates revenge on the *Éotena bearn*.

Little ground is found in the text for the view that Hengest becomes Finn's dependant and wavers between a sense of loyalty to his new lord and a desire for revenge, until Húnláfing ends his hesitation by binding

<sup>1)</sup> It is not to be ascertained with perfect clearness from the expression whether two halls are meant, or one, which is shared. At any rate there is a locality where the Danes alone are masters. Ettmüller's reading 'healfne' (1087), if correct, would resolve the difficulty. The Danes have a hall to themselves, but the authority is divided.

<sup>2)</sup> If *Frysländ* is here to be replaced by *Frysan*, as I suggested, on other grounds besides those hereafter mentioned, in *Zeitschr. f. d. Alt.* 47, 138, *Frysan* again should be taken to indicate the whole of Hengest's troop. — The question bears on the point discussed by Chambers, whether Finnsburg lies within the Frisian borders. Should this be so, then on this sole ground '*Frysländ*' in 1127 cannot be correct. Of course it is not necessary that Finnsburg should be Finn's capital, but it should at least lie within his territory, and so far as we can find out this is only Frisia. Chambers also does not assume that Finn holds supremacy over Jutland, which would then be the country of the Éotenas. He only supposes that Finnsburg lies outside *Frysländ*, but he does not say where. Another noteworthy fact is that *Hnæf* fell in *Fréswæle*. This is not surely 'the battlefield where also Frisians fell' but 'the battlefield in the land of the Frisians'. The name is here opposed to *Hnæf Scyldinga*; the passage may be taken to mean that *Hnæf* fell far from his land (that of the *Scyldingas*) in a foreign land (that of the Frisians). It is interesting to note, what was also seen by others, that according to other sources *Hnæf* does not belong to the *Scyldingas*. The passage seems to show that the poet is rather careless in using the names of peoples, which may account for his treating *Frysan* and *Éotenas* as synonymous.

him to his own service. I, at least, can only read the events as follows. In the beginning Hengest stays with Finn, because it is winter, so that he cannot travel. This is told at length in ll. 1128-1133. This is the only reason why he does not depart at once. Accordingly, he does not enter Finn's service, but stays as a guest, and has power to enforce conditions (1085 ff.). But, of course, the ruler on the spot is not Hengest, but Finn, the lord of the land. As it *might* now be said with a semblance of justice that he followed the murderer of his lord, measures are taken to ensure that this *cannot* be said: no allusion shall be made on penalty of death. When spring comes, Hengest longs to be away (1136-38). Yet he stays on, though he might go; he is planning revenge. He only considers how he can take this revenge in such a way as not to break his faith. Meanwhile, some comrades, Guðláf and Osláf, depart on a journey, presumably with the object of fetching reinforcements. They return before the attack on Finn (1149). With Hengest, however, the resolve matures through the gift of a sword by Húnláfing. This gift, however, does not imply that Hengest becomes Húnláfing's serving man.<sup>1)</sup> Its significance appears from the line that follows: *pæs wáron mid Éotenum ege cùðe* (1146). So it was a sword which had played a part in the late battle, and as such the gift was reminiscent of past events, and acts as an exhortation, like the weapon which had slain a friend or had been taken from a friend by the enemy (2048). Hengest now overcomes his last scruples. Finn is attacked and slain.

By these and other considerations I am confirmed in the belief that the older interpretation according to which Hnæf and his men were treacherously fallen upon by Finn, deserves fuller credit than the one clearing him of his guilt. From the mere circumstance that an agreement is reached, it cannot be concluded that Finn is innocent. There are of course many examples of people refusing to make peace with a false enemy. Chambers quotes several cases, but they do not constitute a rule. Even mortal foes may in emergencies be compelled to make a temporary peace. How many instances of this are not found in the sagas! That Hengest really acted from necessity is clearly seen from l. 1103: *pá him swá gepearfod wæs*.

On the whole I think Chambers' book interesting and stimulative, be it that it mostly stimulates to contradiction. It is also very instructive, but any reader not versed in the subject nor familiar with the research, should be careful to preserve his independence.

Amsterdam.

R. C. BOER.

## Notes and News.

**English Association in Holland.** On Tuesday, April 16, Mr. Oswald Doughty, M. A., B. Litt., gave a lecture on *Thomas Hardy as a Leader of Revolt*, before the Amsterdam branch of the English Association.

On Thursday, April 18, Mr. Doughty lectured to the Flushing branch on *Tennyson and the Victorian Tradition*.

<sup>1)</sup> Donne him Húnláfing hildeléoman .... on bearm dyde (l. 1143-4). Chambers speaks of "the warrior who put the sword into Hengest's bosom" (p. 252), from which he draws further conclusions. But 'on bearm dyde' is no to be understood literally; v. 1. - 2404 and other places.

Members of the English Association may join the *Engelsche Bibliotheek* at Amsterdam at an annual subscription of f 4.— (non-members f 6.—). Those wishing to do so should apply to their branch secretary. Books are sent carriage paid on application to Messrs. Swets & Zeitlinger, 471 Keizersgracht, Amsterdam, and must be returned in the same way.

Members wanting addresses of English boarding-houses or of families taking paying guests, may apply to Miss F. J. Quanjer, 24 Weissenbruchstraat, The Hague. Special requirements should be stated, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed with each enquiry.

A Vacation Course for Foreign Students will be held in Cambridge from July 30 till August 17 General Subject: *Contemporary England: its Language, Literature and Institutions*. For particulars apply to the Rev. Dr. Cranage, Syndicate Buildings, Cambridge.

The University of Oxford is holding a summer meeting from July 27 to August 16. The main subjects of study will be: *Universities, Mediaeval and Modern*, and *The Social and Economic Problems of English Country Life*. For particulars apply to the Rev. F. E. Hutchinson, M.A., University Extension Delegacy, Examination Schools, Oxford.

**B.-Examination 1922.** We give the following extract from the report of the Committee of Examiners (Staatscourant 25 April 1923, No. 80, Bijvoegsel.):

De commissie vindt slechts aanleiding tot het maken van enkele opmerkingen.

De ingezonden lijsten van schrijvers en tijdvakken der letterkunde, die de candidaten in het bijzonder hadden bestudeerd, bleken vaak niet met de vereischte zorg te zijn samengesteld; er waren er onder die zelfs zeer slordig waren opgemaakt en geschreven. Waar bij voorbeeld een aantal gelezen balladen werd opgegeven, was de keus soms zeer onoordeelkundig: onbelangrijke waren neergeschreven, belangrijke over het hoofd gezien.

De inhoud van sommige opstellen mocht inderdaad „kinderachtig” worden genoemd. Er bleek duidelijk gebrek aan oefening in het maken van een letterkundig opstel. Bij het mondeling onderzoek bleek vaak, dat de bekendheid van de candidaten met de politieke geschiedenis en maatschappelijke toestanden van het tijdperk, dat bijzonder bestudeerd heette, veel te wenschen overliet en dat zij belangrijke handboeken of andere werken niet hadden ingekijken, soms zelfs niet bij naam kenden. Candidaten b.v. die in de gelegenheid waren geweest de *Cambridge History of Literature* te gebruiken, hadden dit werk nooit ingezien.

Nogmaals meent de commissie den raad, reeds vroeger aan toekomstige candidaten gegeven, te moeten herhalen: „leert over het gelezen een eigen oordeel te krijgen, geleid door werken als: W. H. Hudson, *An Introduction to the Study of Literature*, zonder echter de studie van standaardwerken over de letterkunde te verwaarlozen.”

The report does not make cheerful reading. Nothing but complaints; and the list of marks is of a piece with it. How to account for this state of things?

Are we to assume with the German Committee that the unsatisfactory results are due to the attraction supposed to be exercised on the good

candidates by the Universities? We can hardly think so. For one thing, nearly two years' experience goes to show that the new academical system is open to serious criticism. On the other hand, all these complaints, with their proposed remedies, are to be found in the reports back to 1916 at least, as any one who will take the trouble to look up the back volumes of *English Studies* and *The Student's Monthly* can see. Lists of books read drawn up carelessly and inaccurately; lack of practice in essay writing<sup>1)</sup>; ignorance of social and political history: and the recommendation to study a collection of University Extension lectures in order to form "een eigen (sic) oordeel" — all these points have been levelled over the Minister's head at candidates over and over again. And yet the results are worse than ever before.

We do not pretend to be able to solve the problem, but venture to make a suggestion. It is exceptional for B-candidates to read for the examination unaided. The majority attend University lectures, often supplemented by lessons of private tutors. The first essential of a course of literary study is that the teacher should know how to guide the reading of the candidate in his charge. He who undertakes to prepare a student for the B-examination, be he professor, lecturer or private tutor, will naturally see to it that his pupil's list of books is drawn up with proper care; that a judicious selection is made, whether of ballads or other literary work; that the candidate has had sufficient practice in essay writing, and does know some history. And though he may not always be able to prevent a pupil whom he considers unfit from entering for the examination, it will be impossible even for such a pupil never to have *looked into* the Cambridge History of English Literature, e.g., if the teacher has done his duty.

We suggest that the old method of putting the cart before the horse be abandoned; that the Committee, instead of apostrophising candidates in a report presented to the Minister for Education, should draw up a *detailed programme of requirements* for both M.O. examinations, so that those in charge of students may know what to teach them; and that those who now venture to undertake this task should consider whether they can truly perform the work that is required from them.

The responsibility does not in the first place lie with the candidates, many of whom are only taking the examination as an avenue to employment, and most of whom are quite willing to train under expert guidance if they are only told exactly what to do. It lies primarily with the teachers, whoever they are; and with those among them first of all who, as members of the board of examiners, teach, examine, and criticize. — Z.

**Modern English in the German University.** At the Berlin extension meeting of October last a remark was made by one of the lecturers that will interest our readers, now that in Holland we are trying to organize a genuine study of modern languages in our universities. We quote the report in the *Zs. f. frz. u. engl. unterricht*, 22, I, p. 26: "Professor Spies (Greifswald) schloss seine fesselnden ausführungen mit dem hinweis dass die universitäten die pflicht hätten, sich nicht nur mit textkritik und interpretation alt- und mittenglischer schriftsteller zu befassen, sondern vor allem die weiterentwicklung der modernen sprache zum gegenstand ihrer forschungen machen

<sup>1)</sup> Candidates for the A-certificate in French are required to write an essay; why not for English?

müssten, damit universität und schule einander in ihrem arbeitsgebiet näher kämen."

We all know that theory and practice do not always agree, and we have no intention of holding up the example of German Universities as a mirror to our own. But the theory here adduced seems to us worthy of serious consideration. If only it led to action!

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## Translation.

1. "You'll never get me to do such a thing again", he said to the blacksmith, when, after having been away for some time, he had returned and with others of his acquaintance was talking to him on Saturday evening at the club, which met in the village inn. 2. His words referred to a proposal to take part in a bet on the occasion of some racing in the neighbourhood. 3. Evidently the members took a peculiar interest in open-air sports. 4 "As you know", he went on, "I was out of employment in the May of this year, and tramped the whole country looking for work, but was unsuccessful. 5. At last I happened to meet an old fellow-villager, a gardener like myself. 6. He informed me that he was changing his situation, and when I told him how bad things were with me, he advised me to try for his old place. 7. According to him it was worth the trouble, for it was a situation for life, and he would not have given it up if he had not found something still better. 8. Moreover, he promised to say a good word for me, being convinced that I was a respectable man.

9. He gave me the address, and I at once wrote to the clergyman who had the vacancy. 10. Soon I received notice to apply on a certain day, and full of hope that I might be successful I went to the rectory. 11. I was shown into the study, where, in a state of nervousness, I was kept waiting a short time. 12. The man who was probably to be my employer entered.

13. After a few preliminary questions had been put to me, I told his reverence whom I had last served, and ended by handing him my 'character'. 14. When he had taken it out of the envelope and had begun to read it, it seemed as if his face clouded over. 15. I felt less at my ease every minute; a strange foreboding of something dreadful took possession of me.

16. "Is this your letter of recommendation?" he asked, with emphasis on the 'this'.

17. "Yes sir," I said hesitatingly, not knowing exactly what was the matter.

18. "I fear," he continued, "that what I have here in my hand will do you little good." 19. And then he read, with painful slowness, an invitation to join with others in betting on a horse that would most probably win.

20. I was dumbfounded, struck all of a heap. 21. What an unpardonable blunder I had committed. 22. The awful truth now dawned upon me: I had given him the wrong envelope!

23. "It seems I have made a mistake," I stammered.

24. "Undoubtedly," said the clergyman. 25. "Such a thing is not a recommendation, but a condemnation." 26. And he gave me a sharp reprimand.

27. As so much depended on it I wished to make a desperate attempt

to excuse myself all the same and said : "The letter I should have given you, I have left at home. 28. May I still bring it to you?"

29. "No, thank you," was his cold answer, "I will spare you the trouble," and, opening the door, he showed me out.

30. "So, for the future, you need not try to persuade me to do what so many people condemn."

**Observations.** 1. *You shall never induce me to do it again.* The speaker wishes to represent the future event simply as such, not as determined by his own present will. Hence *shall* is unsuitable. — *Smith* is the general term : copper-smith, blacksmith, lock-smith, gun-smith. The smith, a mighty man is he, With large and sinewy hands (*Longfellow's Village Blacksmith*). — *He spoke him. Speak* in the sense of "address", "talk to" is always followed by *to*. When he has finished, will you say that a lady would like to *speak to him* for a moment? (*Stephen Mc.Kenna, Sheila Intervenes*, Chapter XIV). Without a preposition the meaning is 'to hail and hold communication with a ship' [*praaien*]: Before the 'Red Cross' could be *spoken*, my dear husband will be hanged. (*Windsor Magazine*, Aug. 1908, p. 354). — *Assembled* is correct, though *met* seems better.

2. *Wager-Bet.* *Bet* is the colloquial word, but in the sporting columns [*sportrubriek*] of the dailies *wager* is found too. "Who else would be so swagger, round here?" retorted Orlando. "*Bet* you a bob I'm right." But Julie did not *wager*. (*W. C. Newte, A Young Lady*, Chapter XIV.).

3. *Clearly.* — *Open-air entertainments.* When the latter invited her to a supper at her house, she could not refuse .... It proved a jovial *entertainment* — almost an orgie (*Shaw, Love Among the Artists*, Chapter VIII.). Even then it did not at first dawn on me that the whole *entertainment* had been arranged for the single purpose of enabling Madame Humbert to interview me (i. e. a dinner-party) (*Pearson's Mag.*, Aug. 1914, p. 140.). We speak of an "entertainment at Court", "places of entertainment", theatres, music-halls, etc. — He was not of robust frame and so had no pleasure in *out-door sports* (*Mandell Creighton*, quoted from *Günther, Synonyms*, p. 477).

4. *He continued.* — *In May of this year.* Omission of the definite article is not permissible here. *Out of work, out of place; out of situation* is given by Muret. *Without situation.* The indefinite article should have been used after *without*: without a hat; no rose without a thorn, and so always if the noun is clearly a class-noun. Note that we may say *without doubt*. (*C. O. D.*). For an explanation, compare *Kruisinga, Handbook*, § 1248. To *tramp* the country must be on foot. — *To get a job; To seek a situation; To look for work.* Mr. Smith was out of regular work, and had been so for a year, though he was now and then employed for a day to help other gardeners who had more to do than they could easily get done. On other days he would be out for hours looking for work (*A. S. Fenn, Little Neighbours*, Chapter II.).

5. *I ran into a former fellow-villager = liep tegen het lijf. Ran across (= fell in with) is better.* —

6. *He communicated to me that.* We communicate facts, news, a discovery etc. to a person; we inform a person of a fact or *that* something has taken place. We cannot use a *that*-clause after 'communicate'. — *Was to change his situation* would suggest arrangement. The definite (or progressive) form is often used for a near future. *Was going to another place* is ambiguous. *Change of place* is a gallicism. — *Badly off.* The Oxford Dictionary observes: *Off* has the force of 'circumstanced' — 'conditioned', especially as regards

command of the means of life. We are so *badly off* for strong arms (Kane, *Arct. Exp.*, II. IV. 50.). They are very *badly off*, poor people. (Grant Allen, *Philistia*, III, 161.). — *In a bad way* refers to condition, as : he has recovered a little, but is still *in a very bad way*. By eleven o'clock we were utterly exhausted, and were generally speaking, *in a very bad way*. (Rider Haggard, *Solomon's Mines*). Things are in a bad way (C. O. D.). The cinema is prosperous, while municipal music, according to Mr. Dan. Godfrey, who should know, is *in a very bad way* (*Times Weekly Edition*, May 14, 1914). *To try and get his job*. The copulative construction seems to be the rule in colloquial diction, literary English preferring the infinitive with *to*. (Poutsma, *Hendiadys in English*; *Neophilologus*, II, p. 216).

7. *It was worth while*. — *It was a permanency* is correct. Is it for a permanency? (Richard Marsh, *Death Whistle*, Chapter II). — *Something better still*. When placed at the end the word *better* cannot escape stress. —

8. *Decent-Respectable-Fashionable*. *Decent* implies moral fitness, *fashionable* applies to exteriors (clothes e. g.); *respectable* may be applied to those who are of fair social standing. No *decent* speaker would use this expression. *Respectable* (*genteel*) poverty = *fatsoenlijke* (*vergulde*) armoede. The family is too *respectable* to take boarders. (J. D. Beresford, *A World of Women*.). *Disrepute*, as practised by foreigners, is a tawdry and contemptible thing in *respectable* though immoral British eyes. (W. J. Locke, *Idols*, Chapter XXII).

9. *Minister* could hardly be said in ordinary style of a clergyman belonging to the Anglican church, although the word is used in the Book of Common Prayer. — *All at once* — *at once*. The first word has a totally different meaning (suddenly).

10. *Fixed day*. We met at a fixed day (hour) (Krüger, *Syntax*, § 459). *Specified*: Certain *specified* goods have been warehoused for the party in whose favour the warrant has been issued (Cropper, *Bookkeeping*, p. 140.). He (i. e. Shelley) was a gentleman that seldom took money about him, and we received numerous little billets, written sometimes on the leaf of a book, to pay the bearer the sum he *specified* (Dowden, *P. B. Shelley*, p. 366.). *Definite*: When we lodged the order with you for a *definite* period you, of course, took the chance of a rise or fall of market, but seeing that you are unable to make us a better quotation the order must stand off. (Business-letter). — *That I was to apply*. Not *report*! The boy reported himself to the headmaster. — *I repaired to the vicarage*.

11. *Ushered into the study*. He opened the door and ushered us into the eating-room (Stanley Weyman, *House of the Wolf*). The visitor was accordingly ushered to the drawing-room (Humphry Ward, *Daphne*, p. 51.). Within the same six months a great financial schemer, and the son of a great nobleman, were ushered behind the bars with almost as little ceremony as are required for the trial of a wife-beater (*Scribner's Magazine*, Jan. 1909, p. 98.). — *I had to wait a short time*.

12. *My might-be future employer*. English usage is not in favour of long pre-adjuncts. *Probably prospective employer* is an impossible combination. Not less singular was Horton's selection of a *probable* 'murderess, however efficient, as housekeeper. (E. F. Benson, *And the Dead Spake*.) *Would-be employer*. After eyeing his *would-be* customers the man named a price (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1906, p. 231). A long parley ensued between the father and his *would-be* son-in-law (*Ibid.*, Dec. 1894, p. 685). His fiancée, his *would-be* wife (*Royal Magazine*, April 1899, p. 548). Each *would-be* dozer. And you will keep the secret of my *would-be* marriage from Clym for the present

(Hardy, *Return of the Native*, I. 175). The *would-be* solicitor (= *aspirant*). Most thoroughly getting into the *would-be* operator's way (the operator is a qualified doctor) (*Strand Magazine*, Dec 1902, p. 765). *Prospective*: The first interview is always an anxious time for the prospective clerk (*Strand Mag.*, 1913, p. 325). Asking his *prospective* brother-in-law... (*Windsor Mag.* Jan. 1910, p. 327). All the *prospective* profits of this sporting tour had vanished into thin air (*Pearson's Mag.*, Sept. 1912, p. 344).

13. A few preceding *questions* is impossible. *Preliminary* questions are introductory questions, previous to the main discourse. He passed a *preliminary* examination at the age of 17. (*Times History of the War*, p. 214). This leads us into a *preliminary* inquiry (Buckle, *History of Civilization*, I. p. 19.) *Preliminary* remarks, *preliminary* expenses. The word is also used as a noun: A long list of measures, put in force as *preliminaries* to an extensive campaign against the criminals (*Times Weekly Edition*, Dec. 24. 1920). — *The Rev. N.* is not the correct form of address. The Rev. (short for *Reverend*) is used before the (initials of the) Christian name followed by the surname; as, *The Rev. T. S. Jones*. If the initials are not known we may write *The Rev. Mr. Jones* (or *The Rev. — Jones*), but not *The Rev. Jones*. — *Testimonial*. We speak of a servant's *character*; in the clerical and professional world *testimonial* is the correct term.

14. *Envelope!* *Envelop* is the verb. — *His face darkened* is correct. Do you menace me? replied the brother, his countenance *darkening* (Radcliffe, *Italian*, XII). His displeasure seemed to increase, his brow *darkened* (W. Scott, *Redgauntlet*, Ch. XVII). His face *darkened* with some powerful emotion (Hawthorne, *Scarlet Letter*, III.). — "We shan't want any tea," said George. Harris' *face fell* at this (Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat*) = Du. *keek op zijn neus*. Her face *clouded over*. She hesitated. She became more than grave (A. E. W. Mason, *The Villa Rose*. Chapter II).

15. *Premonition - Foreboding - Presentiment*. The first two are applied to something evil or undesirable. The last term does not necessarily convey this idea. A secret abiding fear, a *premonition* of evil or disaster weighed upon him (*Harmsworth Mag.*, July 1899. p. 501.). I had a *premonition* that something dreadful was going to happen. (*Ibid.*, Aug. 1900. p. 45.) A kind of *premonition* of coming sorrow. (*Strand Mag.*, April 1894. p. 398.). A punishment that his *forebodings* told him would be terrible (Cooper, *The Prairie*, Ch. XXXII). With a sick *foreboding* opened the door (Anstey, *Vice Versa*, p. 83). Regard the probable course of the future with dismay and the liveliest *foreboding* (Eden Phillpotts, *The Human Boy Again*, p. 177.). Magic and all that is ascribed to it, is a deep *presentiment* of the powers of science (Emerson, quoted in the *Century Dictionary*.).

16. He laid an emphasis on the definite article. (Robert Hichens, *The Façade*, IV).

17. Yes, said Cedric, rather hesitatingly and — and earls, don't you know (Burnett, *Little Lord Fauntleroy* p. 17.). — *What had practically happened* conveys a different idea. Rosalind was *practically* alone in the world (= as good as; to all intents and purposes) (*Strand Mag.*, July 1911. p. 66.). Eventually, the head executive agent [in Florence], nominally reelected from time to time, but *practically* permanent, became in the person of Cosmo de Medici, the founder of an inherited leadership (H. Spencer, *Prim. of Sociol.* § 488.).

18. *What I have got in hand here*. *Have in hand* means 'have under control',

19. *To back a horse* may mean 1) to bet on a horse, 2) to mount a horse, 3) to cause a horse to move backward.

20. *I stood aghast*.

21. *Impardonable* is less common than *unpardonable*; it is marked obsolete in N. E. D.

23. *I said stammeringly* is correct. Compare: "Thought I had missed you to-night", she *laughed* (= said laughingly). (*Hutchinson's Mag.* Oct. 1922. p. 445.). "Poor thing", *quavered* the old lady, "what a fate." (Jessie Pope, *Patsie's Christmas*). *Stammer* — *Stutter* — *Falter*. He who *falters* weakens or breaks more or less completely in utterance; the act is occasionally not habitual, and for reasons that are primarily moral, belong to the occasion and may be various. He who *stammers* has great difficulty in uttering anything, the act may be occasional or habitual; the cause is confusion, shyness, timidity, or actual fear; the result is broken and inarticulate sounds that seem to stick in the mouth, and sometimes complete suppression of voice. He who *stutters* [Du. *stotteren* or *hakken*] makes sounds that are not what he desires to make; the act is almost always habitual... the result is a quick repetition of some one sound that is initial in a word that the person desires to utter, as c-c-c-catch. (*Century Dictionary* i. v. *Stammer*). "I see that you are spirits", he said *falteringly* (*Rider Haggard, King Solomon's Mines*, p. 105.). "I don't understand" she *faltered* (*Windsor Magazine*, 1905. p. 473.). "I've seen it coming, uncle", he *stammered* (Mrs. De la Pasture, *Grey Knight*, p. 126.). "I know those I can trust", he had answered, *stuttering* rather, as was his way when moved. (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, *The Lodger* p. 40.). "What, no champagne?" *stuttered* Uncle Bentley (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1902. p. 530.).

26. *He gave me a good lecture (a good talking-to).* A good *talking-to* is the household word.

27. *Thank you.* This would imply that the clergyman complied with the applicant's request. When declining we should say *No, thank you* or *Thank you, no*. However in the following sentences the rule seems violated: "I'll give you one". "*Thank you, aunt*", said Dora faintly. "But don't please" (*David Copperfield*, Ch. XLVIII). "*Will you accept a little loan?*" "*Thank you, you are very good, but I can manage*" (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Aug. 1900. p. 60.). — *Coolly* — *Coldly*. The first word might mean 'koelbloedig'. He *coolly* tucked the pistols under his arm. "I shall have nothing to do with it," Mary said *coldly*. (Bennett, *Tales of Five Towns*, p. 74.). *Save you the trouble* is correct: I might have saved him all this trouble (Sweet, *Anglo-Saxon Primer*, Preface). Occasionally we find *save* in the sense of *spare* [= ontzien]: "You haven't refused me", [as a husband] I pointed out. "If I haven't", she assured me, "it has been simply to *save* your feelings." (Oppenheim, *The Game of Liberty*. Ch. VII.).

Good translations were received from Sister A., Breda; Miss B. M. C., Tilburg; Mr. J. H., Bergum; Mr. H. v. L., Twijzelerheide; Mr. J. P. L., Giessendam; Miss T. v. M., 's-Hertogenbosch; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Sister Philomena, Oirschot; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Mr. A. Th. T., Utrecht; Miss J. v. d. V., Leeuwarden; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt; Miss M. W., Arnhem; Mr. B. de W., Moordrecht.

Subscribers are kindly requested not to omit writing their names on all papers sent in for correction and to write on *both sides* of the paper.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before August 1<sup>st</sup>. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Reinout Meerwoude was het kind uit een zoogenaamde mésalliance. 2. Zijn vader, ofschoon van een oud en geacht huis, kon zich niet tot die machtige familiën rekenen, die den adel zoo geducht maakten; zijn moeder daarentegen was de dochter van een trotsch geslacht, dat zich als de gelijke van vorsten beschouwde en vorstelijke verbintenissen sloot. 3. Zij had den edelman ondanks het verzet harer verwanten gehuw'd, en haar zoon was dus een bloedverwant dier eerste huizen, der Croys, Egmonds, Brederodes, die zich eerst met koelheid van den telg eener zoo ongewenschte vereeniging hadden afgekeerd. 4. Langzamerhand echter was er van hun kant een aanmerkelijke toenadering gekomen. 5. Meerwoude was rijk, zijn gelaat vertoonde de voorname schoonheid van zijn moeder; hij was iemand van wien men geen last en misschien menigen dienst kon verwachten. 6. Daarenboven, Brederode's zuster, Helena, was wel met een broeder van Granvelle getrouw'd, en de eene mésalliance kon evengoed als de andere door de vingers gezien worden, te meer daar Meerwoude op een oud, voornaam wapen, al was het ook zonder graaflijke kroon, kon bogen. 7. Weldra nooddigde Aerschot, het hoofd der Croys, hem uit, en Brederode noemde hem, althans onder vier oogen, zijn waarden bloedverwant. 8. Hun voorbeeld werd bijna algemeen gevuld: Reinout werd in hun kringen opgenomen. 9. Zijn onverschilligheid voor deze hooge eer had iets pikants voor hen en prikkelde hun nieuwsgierigheid; hun behaagde de ongedwongen wijze waarop hij hun zwakheden belachelijk maakte. 10. Zij behandelden hem als hun gelijke, hoewel Reinout den afstand bleef voelen, welke tusschen hen bestond. 11. Mansfeld mocht nog zoo vertrouwelijk zijn arm nemen, of Brederode, door den wijn verhit „zijn dierbaren Reinout“ met liefde en vertrouwelijkheid overstelpen, hij wist, dat zij, zoodra hij zich verwijderd had, met een medelijdenden blik de opmerking zouden maken, hoe jammer het toch was, dat zulk een charmante jongen geen aanzienlijke vader mocht bezitten. 12. Hij wist ook, dat, zoo hij zijn grote goederen zou komen te verliezen, dit den geslachtstrots bij zijn vrienden aanmerkelijk zou doen rijzen.

## Points of Modern English Syntax.

26. "Poole", replied the lawyer, "if you say that, if will become my duty to make certain. Much as I desire to spare your master's feelings, much as I am puzzled by this note, which seems to prove him to be still alive, I shall consider it my duty to break in that door."
- "Ah, Mr. Utterson, that's talking!" cried the butler. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*. Explain the future tense. Handbk. 68.
27. I'm always right when I sort of feel — you know. Bennett, *The Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8.
- Can a prepositional adjunct precede a verb? Handbk. 70f.
28. Are you for staying and seeing the lions feed, or do we cut back? Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 5.
- What time is expressed by the present tense? Handbk. 93.
29. The young girl, opening the front door, had said: "Do you want to see father?" And instantly the words were out, George had realized that she might have said: "Did<sup>1</sup> you want to see father?" . . . . in the idiom of the shop-girl or clerk,

<sup>1</sup>) Italics in the original.

and that if she had said "did" he would have been gravely disappointed and hurt. But she had not! Of course she was incapable of such a location, and it was silly of him to have thought otherwise, even momentarily. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. I § 3.

### A quotation by way of information.

30. He worked two full pipes long, and looked at the clock. Twelve! No good knocking off just yet! He *had* no liking for *bed* this many a long year, having from loyalty to memory and a drier sense of what became one in the Home Department, preserved his form against temptations of the flesh. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 16.

Is the preterite *had* regular? Handbk. 104, and compare 88.

Explain the absence of the article before *bed*. Handbk. 1292.

31. Those undying Greek masters of ours adhered to the belief that there *was* an absolute standard of right human action, however dimly it might be discerned. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 5/1, 1917.

Is the preterite due to concord, or is there a better reason? Handbk. 154 and 105.

32. Staffordshire rivers *have* remained virgin of keels to this day. Bennett, *Old Wives' Tale*, I, ch. I § 1.

What is the function of the perfect here? Handbk. 112.

What part of speech is *virgin*? Explain its use. Handbk. 1756.

33. He was not insensible to the piquancy of the pageant of life, but his mind was preoccupied with grave and heavy matters. He *had* left school that day. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, I, ch. I, § 2.

Is the pluperfect a past perfect or a past preterite here? Handbk. 115, 2.

34. I venture to predict that their deeds during these days of stress and trial will furnish some of the most brilliant chapters which *will* be found in the military history of our time. Sir John French, Dispatch in *Times Weekly Ed.* 4/12, 1914.

Could a present tense have been used in the subordinate clause? State your reason. Handbk. 89—92 and 140.

35. . . . This drawer I beg of you to carry back with you to Cavendish Square exactly as it stands . . . . At midnight, then, I have to ask you to be alone in your consulting room, to admit with your own hand into the house a man who will present himself in my name, and to place in his hands the drawer that you *will have brought* with you from my cabinet. Then you *will have played* your part, and earned my gratitude completely. Five minutes afterwards, if you insist upon an explanation, you *will have understood* that these arrangements are of capital importance. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Explain the function of these perfect futures. Handbk. 127.

36. He said he knew the sort of place I meant; where everybody *went* to bed at eight o'clock, and you *couldn't* get a *Referee* for love or money, and *had* to walk ten miles to get your baccy. Jerome, *Three Men in a Boat*, ch. I.

Explain the use of the preterites. Handbk. 153.

37. She had telegraphed a safe arrival, but she had not yet written to him nor decided in what tone she *should* write. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. II, ch. 14.

Why is *should* used in the third person? Handbk. 156.

38. I should hardly think they *were* liked. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 6.

To what time does *were* refer? Handbk. 159.

39. All combined to affect Michael with the idea that his life had been lived. Compton Mackenzie, *Sinister Street*, p. 562.

What is unusual in this sentence, and why? Handbk. 169.

40. Give me the schools of the world and I would make a Millennium in half a century. Wells, *Joan and Peter*, ch. 2, § 3 p. 33.

What is the function of the imperative here? Handbk. 194.

41. He knew that no doctor, be he ever so cunning, could, with all his striving, put the breath into that body again. Mrs. Gaskell, *Wives and Daughters*, Tauchn. vol. III, p. 164.

Explain why there is no concord between *knew* and *be*. Handbk. 213.

42. Thus my Mother, whose further instructions I of course despised; the wayfarer always does despise instructions when assured that "he can't miss it." De Morgan, *Vance XV*.

What is the function of the emphatic form here? The answer is implied in the *etc.* of Handbk. 224b.

43. The Kpelle (a negro tribe in Liberia) stand in fear of demons. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 25/5, 1922.

What is the meaning of *stand* here? Handbk. 288.

44. George saw not the least vestige of the ruinous disorder which, in the society to which he was accustomed, usually accompanied a big afternoon tea. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, § 1.

Explain *saw not* instead of *did not see*. Handbk. 335.

45. 'How comes he to have stayed?' he mused. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 25.

Why is *to do* not used here? Handbk. 337 ff.

46. "I had an old woman come to me this morning at my office," he said. "I asked her how it was they were always losing their pawn-tickets. I never lost mine." Bennett, *Clayhanger* III, ch. 15, § 2.

What is the function of *had*? Handbk. 359.

47. The goal was immensely far off. His haste was as absurd and as fine as that of a man who, starting to cross Europe on foot, must needs run in order to get out of Calais and be fairly on his way. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, § 3.

What is the tense and the meaning of *must*? Handbk. 389b.

48. You should be back if you set out at once on receipt of this, long before midnight; but I will leave you that amount of margin . . . . because an hour when your servants are in bed is to be preferred for what will then remain to do. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is expressed by *should*? Handbk. 414.

49. She would have prolonged the journey indefinitely, and yet she intensely desired the jail, whatever terrors it might hold for her. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk II, ch. 15,

What is the meaning of *would*? Handbk. 442.

50. 'What! and will you shake them in for me?' she asked . . . .

'Will I?' said Troy. 'Why, of course I will. How blooming you are to-day!' Hardy, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, ch. 27.

In what circumstances is *will* used in the first person to express will in interrogative sentences? Handbk. 444.

51. She reclined, and charmingly left them to manufacture the evening for her. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8, 2.

The context is sufficient to show that she did not leave them. What construction is used here? Handbk. 488.

52. George was impressed by the scene, and he eagerly allowed it to impress him. Bennett, *ib. ib.*

Is *it* a real object? Handbk. 490.

53. Every pre-arranged assemblage of more than two persons beyond the family was a 'function' — a term implying both contempt and respect for ceremonial; and no function could be allowed to occur without an excuse for it. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk III, ch. 20 § 6.

Can the last sentence (after *and*) be analysed? Handbk. 501.

54. It would have been very easy to have found fault with it. Saintsbury in *Essays of the Engl. Assoc.* VI.

What is the function of the perfect infinitive? Handbk. 520.

55. George waited for Irene Wheeler to begin to talk. She did not begin to talk. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 6.

What part of the sentence is for *Irene Wheeler*? Handbk. 544.

56. Now look at it as I would, there was no excuse left for me, after the promise given. Blackmore, *Lorna Doone*, ch. 63.

What part of the verb is *look*? Handbk. 552.

57. George felt himself to be within the sphere of unguessed and highly perturbing forces. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 8 § 2.

When is *to feel* construed with an accusative and inf. with to? Handbk. 557.

58. A few months earlier Boldwood's forgetting his husbandry would have been as preposterous an idea as a sailor forgetting he was in a ship. Hardy, *Madding Crowd*, ch. 38.

Why is there a genitive *Boldwood's* and a common case *sailor*? Handbk. 612.

59. The doctrines are those of Aristotle, of Goethe, of Coleridge, indeed, as one can imagine Patmore's saying, 'of all sensible men.' *Times Lit. Suppl.* 26/5, 1921.

The genitive *Patmore's* is used here according to the rule of dilettante grammarians that the subject of a gerund (as the gerund is a noun) must be expressed by a genitive. Show that the rule is not only contrary to the facts of the real language, but also against the 'genius of the language', as is proved by this quotation.

60. By this time he was seriously convinced that there was no hope of him being among the selected six or ten. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part I, ch. 9 § 3.

What is the rule for the use of *him* here? Modify the statement in Handbk. 620 accordingly.

61. He did not feel the slightest tremor of nervousness. He remembered Hunter saying at the end of last term that it was rather ticklish work being captain of the House. Waugh, *Loom of Youth*, IV, ch. 1.

Show that the change into *Hunter's* (according to the rule referred to in 59) would be absurd, and why. Handbk. 620.

62. We have here a pretty good proof that a knowledge of the Greek and Latin is not sufficient to prevent men from writing bad English. Cobbett, *English Grammar*, 173 (Letter 16).

Can *men* be looked upon as a real object? Handbk. 625.

63. He would have preferred that Darius should never have felt gratitude, or, at any rate, that he should never have shown it. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, III ch. 14.

After *to prefer* we frequently find an accusative and infinitive. Can you suggest a reason why the author may have chosen the construction with a subordinate clause? Handbk. 679, and compare 520.

64. So Sophia, faced with the *shut* door of the bedroom, went down to the parlour by the shorter route. Bennett, *Old W. T.* I, ch. 2, 1.

The returned mistress was point by point resuming knowledge and control of that complicated machine—her household. *ib.* I, ch. 2 § 2.

Consider the use of the two participles. Handbk. 681<sup>b</sup> and 685.

65. She did not argue—she felt; and the disaster was that she did not feel rightly ... Imagine *her trying* to influence Ingpen's housekeeping. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk III, ch. 20, 5.

What construction is used after *to imagine*? Handbk. 694.

Note to Points of MnE. Syntax no. 3. Mr. E. Inglis Arkell writes to say that he, too, considers 'Sleep well' un-English, but he adds that an imperative expressing a wish is not unknown in English: 'The same idea is expressed in the very common *Now (boys)! Enjoy yourselves.* I've heard this hundreds of times from my parents, when, as a boy, I was going out for the day with my brothers. And the imperative can also express advice or invitation as frequently in advertisements (Buy direct from the manufacturer and save the middleman's profit. — Try Asmos salts at our expense).' Mr. Arkell also points out that *hortation* (Sweet, *N.E.G.* § 308) may usefully sum up all the functions.

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## Reviews.

*King Alfred's Books.* By the Rt. Rev. Bishop G. F. BROWNE. D. D., D. C. L., L. L. D., F. S. A., formerly bishop of Stepney and of Bristol. — London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. New-York: The Macmillan Co. 1920. — 30/- net.

The period of King Alfred is the classical period of O.E. literature. For at least two centuries great activity had prevailed in Mercia and Northumberland, especially in the monasteries. But apart from the Latin works of that striking solitary genius of St. Bede and a few others only the scantiest fragments of that early period have reached us in the original form. A good deal has come down to us, indeed, but it has all passed through the later West-Saxon civilization, and been remodelled after a West-Saxon fashion. That early period was put a violent end to mainly by Danish incursions, and on a present-day student it makes almost the impression of being a prehistoric period. The names of such writers as Caedmon and Cynewulf reach our ears with a legendary ring. The missionaries that were sent out by those monasteries appear in the full light of history only after they have arrived in Holland or Germany. And the humble-minded poet whom they left behind, and who in some Mercian monastery celebrated in his alliterating lines the famous deeds of Beowulf the popular hero, has remained entirely unknown.

When civilization revives after the destruction of that early poetical age, King Alfred makes a home for it in Wessex, but it is a more sober-minded civilization. A new literature arises, fully historical now, but self-conscious and practical and prosaic and mainly a literature of translation. Its manifesto was written by the King himself in his well-known preface to the *Pastoral Care*.

The principal literary monuments of his reign are covered by the title of Bishop Browne's book. They are:

- The Soliloquies of St. Augustine;
- The Dialogues of St. Gregory the Great;
- The History of Orosius;
- The Pastoral Care of St. Gregory the Great;
- The Ecclesiastical History of St. Bede;
- The Consolation of Philosophy of Boethius.

In how far these translations are the King's own work, cannot be decided. The West-Saxon Chronicle is not mentioned, although the inscription of the Oxford jewel *Aelfred mec heht gewyrcan* has been applied to it by Earle

and Plummer with as much right as Bishop Browne puts it on the binding of his *King Alfred's Books*. Still it is really true, that these books show the spirit and taste of King Alfred and his court more directly than that historical record of events.

In most respects this taste and spirit is not much different from the general atmosphere of the Middle Ages. All the authors mentioned stand enshrined in Dante's *Commedia*. (esp. *Paradiso* X. 118 ss.). St. Gregory's works were translated into Greek and Arabic, into Old French and even Old-Icelandic, and more than once into English. In 1874 H. J. Coleridge S. J. published an English version of the *Dialogues* made about 1608 by an anonymous author. And recently an excellent translation of the *Pastoral Care* appeared from the hand of Canon Bramley (Oxford 1908).

Boethius has played quite an illustrious part in English literature, as he was translated by Chaucer and by Queen Elizabeth. The master-poet renders the Metres in prose; the Queen, rather prosily in verse (p. 277). Bishop Browne mentions two other translations; one by "L. T." about 1610, re-edited by Dr. Stewart a few years ago; and a recent one by H. R. James (1897) which he uses freely and in which he finds the Metres rendered accurately into very pleasing English verse (p. 268). The Rt. Rev. Bishop does not make an attempt at a complete bibliography, although it would have been well worth while.

John Walton's metrical version of *Boethius* in 8-line stanzas and rime royal is mentioned with 19 MSS. in Carleton Brown's *Register* (n. 967); and among the early productions of the printing press we find the *Boke of Comfort* printed at Tavistock monastery in 1525 (*Cambr. Hist. Lit.* IV. 409.).

In Holland we have a translation (with music!) by J. Coornhert (Leiden 1585 and 1616), and in Belgium one was published by Arend de Keysere (Gent, 1485.), and another my bibliographical friend F. Bon. Kruitwagen tells me was made by Jac. Vilt at Bruges in 1462-66, but is only known in M.S. (Utrecht University n. 1335). The same authority informs me that Dutch translations of St. Gregory's *Dialogues* are known in 6 MSS. (Arnhem, Stadsbibliotheek; Brussels, n. 1805-2137; London Brit. Mus. Egerton 676; Düsseldorf Landesbibl. B 158; Straatsburg L. 176) and of St. Augustine's *Soliloquies* (*Eenlike Sprake*) in 3 prints (Antwerp, Claes de Grave 1514; Antwerp, J. van Ghelen, for Barthol; and Amsterdam, Jacobszoon), and in 3 MSS. (The Hague, Royal Libr. A A 351; Cat. 1922, n. 421; Brussels 19552; Vienna, Fideikommiss. Bibl. 7942). No Dutch translations, however, are known of Orosius nor of St. Bede nor even of St. Gregory's *Cura Pastoralis*. But these works had a special significance for King Alfred. Orosius, because the tendency of his History written during the breaking-up of the Roman Empire, was particularly applicable to the turbulent conditions of the Anglo-Saxon kingdom; St. Bede, because he wrote the History of the English race; and the *Cura Pastoralis*, because one of the King's principal aims was the instruction and improvement of his Priests and Bishops for which St. Gregory's work contains so many valuable suggestions.

On all those writings the Right Reverend Bishop G. F. Browne has produced a splendid volume, entitled *King Alfred's Books*.

It is an instructive volume. The author is not a linguist nor a bibliographer. But scholars and students are only too apt, as a rule, to consider those Old English prose-works and translations as philological curiosities rather than as living productions of the human mind. Bishop Browne is well-versed in Latin ecclesiastical literature and he loves those large folio-editions, issued by the old Benedictines. At the same time he is an authority on the

early English Church history, on which he has written about a dozen works. So we may expect to get from him a good idea of the original works and still more of that which made those works appeal to the Anglo-Saxon mind. He traces the way in which the translation has been handled, he explains in how far and for what probable reasons the originals were modified, summarized or enlarged. This is a special characteristic of the book. It brings us into contact with the workings in the mind of King Alfred.

It is a charming book. Not in the beginning. It has lain upon my desk waiting for a review for two years. But I never got farther than the opening chapters. They were discouraging. The reason is perhaps that St. Augustine's *Soliloquies* do not contain many passages that appeal to the modern reader and editor. The reason is also that in those first chapters more than in the rest of the book the construction is a little loose; we get a collection of quotations and dissimilar materials, a sympathetic consideration of the Benedictine editors of St. Augustine followed up without transition by the caustic remarks of a sceptic like Gibbon. — But on December 5 last year I read in *The Times*: "Dr. George Forrest Browne, who was from 1897 till 1914, when he retired, Bishop of Bristol, having previously been for two years Bishop Suffragan of Stepney, entered his 90th year yesterday." This roused my interest again. And the new interest in the personality of the venerable author led to a fresh interest in his work. And I found the rest of his book not only full of information and intimate knowledge and insight of those ancient times, but also of an astonishing vitality which remains in contact with modern life. A peculiar charm is lent to the book by an occasional touch of sly humour and by its quaint references to recent events or conditions. I think I can best typify this by giving some details and quotations.

When Alfred speaks of a king's minister being dismissed by the king or driven out by popular clamour, the Author interjects: "How very near Alfred was to this present generation" (p. 27). — In more than one place a little apology for the position of the Church of England is interwoven (e.g. p. 200, 270). After comparing St. Gregory's original text with Alfred's modifications he adds: 'It seems to some of us, whose business it has been to try to reach the modern mind in England, that our race of to-day is the child of the translator rather than of the original author.' (p. 160). —

References to the time of writing during the Great War are to be found on p. 268 where he applies to it the *Consolation of Philosophy*; on p. 224, where he commemorates the conquest of Jerusalem; on p. 132, where he writes: "We may be permitted to wonder whether the pagan Danes had produced in some inner mind the sort of feeling which at the time of this present writing (November 19, 1918) the ordinary Englishman has towards the Germans, whose war prisoners shattered by months of cruelty are now tottering homewards without food or clothing." But the author does not reckon himself such an ordinary Englishman, for out of gratitude for a presentation copy from Professor Brandl of Berlin he writes: "If by any strange chance this volume should come into his hands, the writer would indeed be thankful to be assured that bitterness of feeling is being replaced by the kindly sympathy of union of interest in the delightful remains of the literature of ancestors direct and collateral a thousand years ago." (p. XXIII.).

The old Germanic tale of Weland the unfortunate smith is treated with all the loving care of one who is familiar with local traditions (p. 320 ss.).

Appealing to the imagination is the author's curious etymology of the O.E. word *mealmsnān*, for which Sweet knows only the prosaic meaning of

*soft stone or chalky earth as dear Aldhelm stone* (p. 118)! How he loves the Old English short words is shown on p. XVIII ss. where he reprints on three pages his own *Life of King Alfred* of which as he says: all the words are monosyllables, or are pronounced as monosyllables, as "weighed", "watched." — But when on p. 59 he uses Professor Earle's translation of the *Dialogues* and comes across the expression *a spacious house*, he appends the exhilarating footnote: "Sum rum hus in the Anglo-Saxon, which sounds American." !!

The best little anecdote is on p. 214 about the site of Lindisfarne, known to fame for its abbey, its miniatures and its Northumbrian Gospels. "When the Bishops of the Anglican Communion" the author relates, "visited Lindisfarne at the time of the Lambeth Conference of 1908, the day chosen for the visit was naturally the day on which "low water" was in the middle of the day, so that the visitors could get to Lindisfarne and back in the day. By some curious miscalculation, it was high water, not low water, in the middle of the day chosen, and the body of a thousand pilgrims, men and women, had to cross in carts and carriages of all kinds about two hundred having to "plodge", the local term for wading across up to the waist."

These and similar stories and remarks do not abruptly obtrude themselves but are in perfect keeping with the good-natured spirit and the homely but dignified style of the book. They keep the reader's interest, once roused, awake to the very end. And so I consider this a successful attempt (in the words of the Introduction) to put the manner and the matter of those old translations before the present generation of English-speaking folk to whom the history and the personality of King Alfred, so far as they know it, has a romantic appeal.

As far as I can see this work has only two bad qualities.

The first is the absence of an Index. The author is aware of it. He excuses himself on p. XXIII. "It has seemed sufficient to print at the beginning a fairly full Table of Contents. A minute Index would have run to an inordinate length, and a large part of it would never have been used." This may be true, but the result is that his work may be a charming reading book, but that it is useless as a book of reference.

The second drawback is its high price. The get-up is magnificent. And I should like to recommend it to all students of Old English literature. But I am afraid that a price of 30 shillings will be a serious obstacle.

Heerlen, February 4. 1923.

FR. A. POMPEN.

*Pearl.* An English Poem of the XIV<sup>th</sup> Century: edited with a modern English rendering, together with Boccaccio's Olympia, by SIR ISRAEL GOLLANZ, Litt. D., F. B. A. Chatto & Windus: London, MCMXXI. — lii + 285 pp. kl. 8° Preis: 7/6. (Auch unter dem titel: The Medieval Library under the General Editorschip of Sir Israel Gollancz).

Das schöne gedicht von der Perle, zuerst durch Morris i. j. 1864 veröffentlicht, ist schon mehrfach herausgegeben worden. Bereits 1869 erschien eine zweite revidirte auflage dieser erstausgabe, 1891 eine neue von Gollancz, 1906 eine dritte von Osgood in der "Belles Lettres Series". Gollancz hat nun seine frühere arbeit gründlich revidirt und mit berücksichtigung der zahlreichen arbeiten, die inzwischen über das gedicht erschienen sind, den

vielfach entstellten und dunklen text mit glück gebessert und erklärt, wenn auch eine reihe von stellen mir noch nicht definitiv geheilt oder aufgeheilt zu sein scheinen. Dem urtext gegenüber steht eine metrische, aber reimlose übersetzung, die ausser den anmerkungen und dem ausführlichen glossar das verständnis der schönen, aber nicht gerade leichten dichtung auch dem laien ermöglicht.

Die Einleitung behandelt klar und mit genügender ausführlichkeit alle fragen, die sich an das merkwürdige gedicht knüpfen. Gollancz setzt es um 1370 an und hält es, trotz der allegorischen einkleidung, nicht für eine allegorie, sondern für ein wirkliches erlebnis: die in die form einer traumvision gekleidete klage eines vaters um sein verstorbenes töchterchen. Eine parallele dazu, nicht etwa die quelle, ist Boccaccios als anhang — ebenfalls mit metrischer übersetzung versehene — gedruckte ekloge "Olympias", ungefähr aus dem Jahre 1361. Als quellen kommen nur das Neue Testament und der afr. Rosenroman in betracht.

Beim studium des reizend ausgestatteten büchleins (es enthält eine nachbildung von Holman Hunts schönem gemälde, ferner die vier bilder der hs. und zwei faksimiles) sind mir eine anzahl stellen aufgestossen, bei denen ich vom herausgeber abweiche. Über einige derselben hätte er gewiss selbst anders geurteilt, resp. eine andere fassung gewählt, wenn ihm meine bessprechung von Osgoods ausgabe in Herrigs Archiv 123,241ff. bekannt gewesen wäre, die er leider übersehen hat. Ich muss sie daher im folgenden öfter zitieren.

V. 190 hatte ich *semly* statt *seme* vorgeschlagen. — V. 200 *ene = yzen* war auch schon von mir eingesetzt. — V. 210. *Her lere leke al hyr umbegon* war von mir in *her here like (p)al* etc. verbessert worden, d.h. "ihre haare umgeben sie wie ein mantel". Da aber das historische präsens hier etwas auffallend wäre, möchte ich jetzt noch ergänzen *hyr umbe (was) gon*. Dies scheint mir immer noch besser als G.s Cockney-alliteration *her (h)ere (h)eke*. — V. 358. *And py lurez of lyȝtly leme*. G. liest *pat alle* für *and* und fasst *leme* als 'glance, glide', was jedoch von ae. *lēoman* schwerlich abzuleiten ist. In dem gen. artikel hatte ich vorgeschlagen entweder *leue* 'geliebte' hinter *of* einzuschieben, oder *doel of lurez* zu schreiben (nach *doel of lurez* v. 339). Aber *leme* passt immer noch nicht, weshalb ich nunmehr glaube, dass *fleme* 'vertreiben' dafür zu lesen ist. Zwei alliterationen genügen ja für einen kurzvers! — V. 328. Dass *wyl* hier 'bis' bedeute, hatte ich auch damals schon bemerkt. — V. 382 l. *markez st. marerez?* — V. 599 ist wohl *is* vor *more* einzuschieben. — V. 616 *Am not worþy so gret lere* gibt keinen sinn, weshalb G. *here* = ne. *hire* 'lohn' schreibt. Das wäre aber eine kentische form, die schlecht in den nordwesten passt. Vielleicht bot das original *a hire so dere?* An aisl. *eyrir* ist schwerlich anzuknüpfen. — V. 656. Auch ich hatte schon *wyth* in getrennt. — V. 672. *At inoscente is saf and ryȝte*. Ich schlug damals *as* für *at* vor, was mir auch jetzt noch die einfachste besserung scheint. G. liest: *at inoscence* 'in innocence'. — V. 674. Ob *two men* 'two kinds' bedeuten kann? Der vers bleibt mir dunkel. Ist vielleicht *pat* für *two* zu lesen? — V. 703. *alegge þe ryȝt* übersetzt G. 'renounce thy right', was es trotz seiner auseinandersetzung in den anmerkungen schwerlich heissen kann. Ich halte die erklärung des Oxf. Dict. und Osgoods für richtig. Mindestens wäre doch sonst *þe* in *þi* zu ändern gewesen! Der dichter will offenbar sagen, dass man sich vor Gottes gericht auf den eben zitierten spruch berufen sollte, wonach keiner gerechtfertigt werden könne, sondern blass gnade erwarten dürfe. — V. 709. Auch hier hatte ich schon ergänzung von *so* vorgeschlagen. Vielleicht ist auch noch refl. *him* vor *rede* zu ergänzen? — V. 730 l. *perre (of) pres*, vgl. *perle of prys* V. 746. — V. 752. *Ofcarped*

hatte ich gleichfalls schon vermutet, sodann *pese kynde propertyz* für *pe kynde pese propertyz* vorgeschlagen. — V. 755 *quat kyn of triys Berez pe* scheint auch mir keinen sinn zu geben, auch kann *triys* schwerlich = *ne. truce* sein; *offys*, wie Osgood liest, oder *of priys*, wie Morris vorschlug, scheint das richtige zu sein. Wenn die hs. wirklich *of triys (f'y)s* bietet, ist dies eben einer von den vielen schreibfehlern derselben. — V. 761. *worlde wete* 'wet world' ist seltsam. Sollte etwa *sete* 'sitz' für *wete* zu schreiben sein? Vgl. *kine-sete* bei Orm. — V. 848. Es ist einfach *oper* zu streichen um den vers normal zu machen. — V. 860. Man lese *all* statt *ful*. — V. 884. *fenge st. fonge* — V. 911. Ich fasste damals *blose* als aisl. *blðsi* 'bläser', wass auch sinn gibt und die alliteration rettet. — V. 1058. l. *foysonous st. foysoun?* — V. 1072. l. *her compas* statt *per c.* — V. 1130. erg. *me* vor *went*.

Zu den Anmerkungen bemerke ich folgendes: S. 120. *gromylyoun* aus afr. *gremillon* zu frz. *grémil* ist von Behrens ansprechend aus ahd. *grioz* 'gries' und *mil* 'hirse' erklärt, vgl. Meyer-Lübke nr. 3876. — Zu v. 245. *aglyȝte* beruht wohl auf vermischung von *gly* mit *lihte* 'leuchten'. — S. 141. zu V. 462. *myste* zeigt durch "umgekehrte schreibung" den französischen übergang von *st* zu *ht*, der ja durch ein grammatischerzeugnis bewiesen ist. Natürlich haben die Engländer immer *myhte* mit *x* gesprochen, die schreibung ist nur ein augenreim! — S. 162., zu V. 990. *būrnishet* würde dem *rhythmus* völlig genügen. — S. 167. Zu V. 1041. Me. *whate* 'omen' beruht auf ae. *hwatu*, nicht *hwæt*, und entspricht dem aisl. *hwot* 'anreizung'. Ich glaube aber nicht, dass *byrþ-whatez* hier 'birth omens, fortunes of birth' bedeutet, sondern ziehe vor, mit Tuttle, Mod. Lang. Rev. XV, 299, *whatez* in *hatez* 'heisst, befiehlt' zu bessern. — S. 169. Zu V. 1086. *freuch* kann mit nhd. *froh* nicht verwandt sein, denn dies hat ja nie ein -*h* gehabt! — Warum soll *to* in V. 1181 nicht das gewöhnliche *to* mit inf. sein?

Zum Glossar. Könnte *bene* 'gracious, bright' vielleicht zu nhd. *bohnen*, nl. *boenen*, mhd. *bünen*, 'glänzend machen', ae. *bōnian* gehören? Dann wäre für schott. *bein* eine grundform\* *bēne* aus\* *bōni* anzusetzen, vgl. air. *bán* 'weiss'. — Was soll afrz. *bloustre* unter *blot*? — *blunt* gehört schwerlich zu aisl. *blunda*, eher zu westf. *bluðta* 'altes, stumpfes messer'. — *brunt* hat wohl nichts mit aisl. *bruna* zu tun. — *byg* und norw. *bugge* sind auch schwerlich verwandt, eher könnte man an nhd. *bigge* 'schwein' denken, wenn dies etwa 'grosses tier' bedeutet. — Unter *comly* l. OE. *cýmlic* (zu nhd. *kaum*). — Bei *dare* waren schwed. *dasa* und ne. *daze* fernzuhalten. — *dylle* beruht nicht auf ae. *dol*, sondern, wie auch ne. *dull*, auf einer form \**dylle*. — *flazt* setzt eine form \**fleaht* im ae. voraus. — Wie sollte wohl *flyze* ae. *fléan* sein können? Ich stelle es zu ae. *flégan*, *flegan* 'erschrecken' (aus \* *flaugjan*). — Wie erklärt sich *forþ* für *ford*? — *gayn* 'gegen' beruht nicht auf ae. *gegn.* — *geste* 'guest' und *gete* 'get' sind ebenfalls nordisch. — *gyue* kann wegen des anlauts nicht englisch sein. — *zet* beruht auf ae. *ȝet*. — *zete*: ae. *ȝētan* stammt von aisl. *idta*. — Unter *hende* l. aisl. *hendr*. — *kyste* kommt wegen des anlauts nicht von ae. *cyst*. — Unter *lady* l. ae. *hlæfdige*. — Unter *lyne* l. lat. *linea*. — *lysten* beruht doch auf ae. *hlysnan*. — Unter *lyttel* l. ae. *ȝytel*. — Die beiden *no* wären besser getrennt worden. — Kann *onslyde* 'sway' bedeuten? — In *pobbel* steckt neben ae. *papol*, wohl noch ne. *cobble*. — *prese* ist in V. 730 kein adjektiv, vgl. oben. — *rauþe* beruht nicht auf aisl. *hrygð*, sondern ist eine bildung von *raue* aus ae. *hréowan* mit dem suffix -*th* nach analogie ähnlicher ableitungen. — *rave* 'wander' entspricht isl. *rāfa* das aus alter zeit nicht belegt ist. — *resse* = ae. *rās* war von *raas* = aisl. *rās* zu trennen! — In *ruful* steckt doch das ae. subst. (nicht adj.) *hréow*. — Unter *serlype* l. ae. -*hlæpig* (zu *hléapan*). —

*slake* beruht auf ae. *slacian*, nicht *sleacian*. — Ob *spar* ‘strike out, fling forward’ zu afrz. *esparer* gehört, scheint mir doch sehr zweifelhaft. — *stale* ‘step’ beruht auf ae. *stalu*. — *stalk* geht auf ae. *stealcian* zurück. — *steppe* entspricht ae. *steppa*. — (*sytole*)*stryng* ist ae. *streng*, nicht *\*strenge*. — Ob *strope-men* wirklich ‘talbewohner’ bedeutet? Das Wort hat doch sonst immer *a* als Wurzelvokal. Das Oxf. Dict. führt ein zweifelhaftes *strothe* ‘marsh, wood’, ae. *ströd*, auf, das wohl eher in Betracht kommt. — *syt* gehört zu aisl. *sýta*, das subst. lautet *süt*. — *totz* im Reim auf *pos*, *clos*, *götz*, *porpos*, *rös* steht offenbar für *tās* = *takes* und hat mit ae. *tēon* nichts zu tun. — Zu *trone*: *trīna* ist altschwed., was soll das danebenstehende *trān*? — Kann *tryze* von ae. *trīewan* kommen? Es ist einfach ne. *try*, vgl. das Oxf. Dict. (7). — *tyȝt*, ‘come’, kommt von ae. *tyhtan*. — *tyȝte* ‘described’ möchte ich eher mit dem Oxf. Dict. von ae. *stihtan* ableiten und durch Satzphonetik erklären: in Fällen wie *is*, *was*, *has stiht(ed)* konnte der Anlaut schwinden, vgl. Erscheinungen wie *adder* aus *nadder*, nl. *aak* ‘nachen’ aus *naak*, u. ä. Wir hätten es also auch hier mit dem berühmten ‘beweglichen s-’ zu tun. — Das Adverb *wheper* ae. *hwæðre* hätte von der Konjunktion ae. *hwæðer*, *hwæðer* getrennt werden sollen. — Bei *wont* braucht man kaum vom part. prt. *wunod* auszugehen, es genügt auf die Verbindung mit folgenden *to* hinzuweisen. — Unter *wro* wäre besser auf dän. schwed. *vrå* verwiesen. — *wyz* ‘man’ entspricht ae. *wiga*, nicht *wiga* (aber *wīgand*). — *wyȝte* setze ich mit Zupitza = ae. *wiht*. — Für *wytnay* ist vielleicht *wyth-say* zu lesen? — Ob *yot* zu ae. *gietan* gehört? <sup>1)</sup>

Kiel.

F. HOLTHAUSEN.

*A Dutch Source for Robinson Crusoe: The Narrative of the El-Ho “Sjouke Gabbes”, being an episode from the Description of the Mighty Kingdom of Krinke Kesmes by Hendrik Smeeks, 1708. Translated and Compared with Robinson Crusoe by LUCIUS L. HUBBARD. Michigan, 1921.*

“To the People of Holland this book is respectfully inscribed in the hope that it may help award to one of their countrymen the meed that is justly his”.

In view of the fact that this important book is the work of a foreign scholar it is pleasing to learn that the impulse to Mr. Hubbard’s research was given by a Dutchman, Dr. W. H. Staverman, who in his dissertation: *Robinson Crusoe in Nederland* (Groningen 1907) first called attention to the story that, according to Mr. Hubbard, must have been Defoe’s source for a good many of the most important and original occurrences in Crusoe’s solitary life. It is the story of a Dutch cabin-boy, forming part of a book published in Holland in 1708 and bearing the title of: “Beschrijvinge van het magtig Koningrijk Krinke Kesmes. Zijnde een groot en veele kleindere Eilanden daaraan horende; Makende tezamen een gedeelte van het onbekende Zuidland, Gelegen onder den Tropicus Capricornus. Ontdekt door den Heer

<sup>1)</sup> In meine Anzeige von Weekleys *Dictionary* (Nr. 1, S. 33 ff. dieses Bandes) haben sich einige Druckfehler eingeschlichen, die ich zu berichtigten bitte. S. 34, z. 23 v. u. 1. *täuschen* st. *tauschen*. — S. 35, z. 26 v. u. 1. *boltel* st. *bottel*. — S. 36, z. 3 v. o. streiche nicht hinter kann. — Ebd. z. 13 1. *wiesel*. — ebd. z. 24 *gromwell* gehört vielmehr zu ahd. *grioz*, vgl. Meyer—Lübke, Roman Etym. Wörter. nr. 3876. — ebd. z. 26 1. *afränk*. st. *afr*. — ebd. z. 2 v. u. 1. *lithi* st. *litði*. — S. 37, z. 10 v. u. 1. *prýdu* st. *prýd*. — S. 38, z. 18 1. *schuake*. — ebd. z. 27 1. *στατήρ*. — ebd. z. 8. v. u. 1. *truwian*.

Juan de Posos, En uit deszelfs Schriften tesamen gestelt Door H. Smeeks. (Te Amsterdam, Bij Nicolaas ten Hoorn, Boekverkooper, over 't oude Heerenlogement, 1708). "There can be no reasonable doubt — says Mr. Hubbard — that Defoe knew this book, and perhaps little, that he had it by him when he wrote parts of his Robinson. The narrative was in part reprinted by Hoogewerff (*Onze Eeuw*, IX, 9, Sept. 1909, p. 399) and the whole of it in a free German translation by Max Lehnert in 1920. Of the author little seems to be known, except that he was a surgeon and lived at Zwolle and died in 1721. The episode of the cabin-boy is incorporated in the book between pages 125 and 192. De Posos, during his stay in Taloujaël, meets a Dutchman called the Elho or Freeman, and by him is given a written account of the Elho's arrival in Krinke Kesmes as a cabinboy, on a desolate part of the island, and of his years of solitary existence in the wilderness. A very brief outline of the story will suffice to reveal its close resemblance to Robinson's adventures. Separated from his shipmates, Sjouke passes several days in the forest but finds edible fruit in abundance and at length a stream which he follows down to a basin near the coast, where he provides himself with fish, and builds at the foot of the hill a temporary shelter of boughs. On a sanddune, *near which he notices footprints* (my italics, v. M.), he finds a stake and a note from his comrades directing him to his sea-chest and other things left buried by them at two separate places in the sand, for his use. (Compare the tools, etc. that Crusoe found in the wreck.) The food from his finds helps to sustain him, and, provided with tools and weapons from the same sources, he begins a life of activity, builds a hut, makes a ladder, explores the country, shoots, keeps a journal and is otherwise busily employed. By and by a wreck is cast ashore and it provides him with further food and supplies and with a companion in the shape of a large dog. With a piety due to his early training, he cheerfully accommodates himself to his lot, and gives repeated expression to his contentment. Later, he is thrice visited by natives; on the last two occasions kills many of them, and even cuts off the head of one. He is finally captured, however, and adopted by the tribe, and later rescued by the civilised inhabitants of Krinke Kesmes, in whose midst he was found by De Posos.

Any reader familiar with Robinson's adventures will at once be struck by their similitude to Sjouke's. But not only is there a close resemblance between the general trend of the two stories: also in details the likeness is surprising. To give a few instances out of many: to the stake that directed Sjouke to his chest was also nailed a tin plate which bore the name of his ship and that of his "skipper". "Op de Duin komende, zag ik een opgeregte staak, daar een tinnen plaat aan was gespijkerd, daar de naam van de schipper en het schip op stond, daar ik meede gekomen was. Dit ontstelden mij weder op 't nieuw, en egter was mij deese staak of paal en bord, als half geselschapsagtig; ik was een Jongen, en kusten de staak verscheiden maal met betraande oogen." (*Historie van den Elho*, pp. 134-135). When Robinson for the first time finds food and supplies he also discovers "cases of Bottles belonging to our skipper." This is the only instance where Robinson uses the word *skipper*, elsewhere *captain* being the usual word. The second visitation of the natives corresponds in time with the coming of Friday, who, it must be said in praise of Defoe, is an invention of genius on the part of the imitator. It seems advisable, however, to say here that Mr. Hubbard's study is research work proper and is not concerned — he expressly states so on page XLVI of his Introduction — with a comparison of literary merit, but only with the question whether Defoe knew Smeeks's

work and borrowed from it. Should such a comparison be made there is no doubt but that Defoe would easily bear away the palm.

Very convincing, too, is the resemblance between Sjouke's hut and Robinson's habitation, if only on account of the ladder and the stakes planted round either. Quite as conspicuous is Defoe's method of modification or contradiction, of which a curious instance is afforded by what Mr. Hubbard calls the bird-incident. Defoe — he says — here again is true to his adopted method. He states the facts set forth in the Dutch text, quite in agreement with the general setting down to the last two, which he quite as significantly denies, much in effect as if he had added: "unlike the bird described in Krinke Kesmes." From these instances and other parallels noted in the comparison of the two texts, which constitutes the body of Mr. Hubbard's book, "it will be apparent" — thus the author on the last page of the Introduction — "that Defoe was indebted to the Dutch author, not only for more of his material than he was to Woodes Rogers and Selkirk, but also that in Smeeks's episode, whatever its limitations, we have the earlier conception of the so-called Robinson motif, told in a natural, simple, and sympathetic way, which retains our interest from beginning to end, and in places even awakens our emotions."

To have a clear conception of what Mr. Hubbard has done for our knowledge of Defoe and incidentally for the honour of an 18<sup>th</sup> century compatriot, it will be necessary to know the exact stage at which the research in question had arrived when he took it up. Dr. Staverman, of whom mention has already been made, and who first announced the real significance of Smeeks's story, does not attribute to it the importance it is supposed to possess by Mr. H. He thinks that it resembles Robinson Crusoe in many points, quotes a contemporary opinion (*Boekzaal* 1708, pp. 274—291) that it is not lacking in entertainment, points to the fact that in a certain sense it might be called a sequel to the *Histoire des Sévarambes* (one of Gulliver's sources), but finally concludes that, though there is much similarity between the stories, Defoe need not have known Smeeks's book: the details follow too directly from the circumstances. In this connection we give Mr. Hubbard's opinion that it would not at all be impossible that both authors drew from a common source which is still to be discovered, unless it be Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus*.

In 1909 Dr. G. J. Hoogewerff published a critical comparison of the texts of Krinke Kesmes and Robinson, and claims that Defoe used the earlier text. Differing from Staverman he thinks highly of Smeeks's story and calls it far and away the best and most attractive part of the book. A year later, S. P. L. Naber confirms Hoogewerff's conclusions and thinks that the author must have been a ship's surgeon before he settled at Zwolle, his sea terms being so correct. This is not impossible, but as long as we have no more data of Smeeks's life, it merely remains a supposition not even strongly founded. Had Swift been at sea for any length of time? And are not his sailing terms almost faultless? Sure, he copied from other "voyages imaginaires" and even from a mariner's magazine, but may not Dr. Smeeks have done the same thing? The next Dutchman to write about the subject is Dr. Leon Polak, who generally agrees with the conclusions of the foregoing writers and who adds a few coincidences between Smeeks and Defoe thitherto overlooked.

The well-known "Quellenforscher" of Defoe, Hermann Ullrich, seems to have overlooked the importance of the Dutch story. He lists the German editions of Krinke Kesmes (*Der Holländische Robinson Crusoe*, etc., Leipzig

1721, is the earliest) under: "Nachahmungen des Originals", states that they are translation(s) or rather recast(s) "of a work that appeared before Defoe's", and then gives the Dutch title of the original edition. No further comment seems to have been made by Ullrich on the subject, not even in his latest article on the study of Defoe in *Zeitschrift für franz. und engl. Unterricht*, 19ter Band, 1stes Heft, 1920.<sup>1)</sup>

At this stage Mr. Hubbard stepped in and, to our opinion, very convincingly proved that Defoe knew the story of the El-Ho and borrowed a few incidents from it unaltered or changed by that ingenious device of which Defoe was such a master and of which he gave many a striking proof, for instance in his *Journal of the Plague*.<sup>2)</sup> That he did not borrow more and rejected passages of a rather indecent character in the Dutchman's story is silently ignored, nor does Mr. Hubbard tell us how Defoe got hold of the story and whether he was able to read it in Dutch. However, as he does not lay claim to having exhausted his subject, we may not reproach him for things he did not promise. On the contrary, we have to be thankful for his valuable contribution to the Robinson literature, and to express a hope that he or other, mayhap Dutch, experts will continue the task of exploring Defoe's sources.

W. v. MAANEN.

### The Novel of To-day.

*Der Englische Roman der Neuesten Zeit* von WALTER F. SCHIRMER.  
Kultur und Sprache, I Band. Carl Winter. Heidelberg 1923. f 1.—

In this book the writer attempts the impossible. He tries to locate the reader in the maze of present-day English fiction, to look for paths, and find out if they lead anywhere, or are mere culs-de-sac, to fix landmarks, and point out salient features, in short, to map Chaos. One might as well endeavour to write a guide-book for a city that is still in course of construction, or to discourse on the *leit-motifs* in an opera of which the first act has just been finished.

Let this not be taken to mean that I consider any critical work on the literature of to-day premature. This view, held by many scholars, and defended by Arnold Schröer in the preface to his *Grundzüge und Haupttypen der englischen Literaturgeschichte* is certainly not mine. I fail to see why men who have made the study of the literary past their life-work should not be entitled to illumine their fellow-men on the literary present. Granting that they are not in possession of such circumstantial evidence as may be afforded by biographical documents, correspondence etc., I believe that what material there is, will lead them to more valuable estimations and sounder conclusions than the average reader or newspaper reviewer. If it be not for a contemporary critic to say the last word on the literature of his time, there is no reason why he should not say the first.

However, the endeavour to fix a contemporary's place in literature in relation to the past is one thing, to fix it with respect to the future is another. There can be no harm in trying to find out what past influences are at work in the

<sup>1)</sup> In this article Ullrich broaches the question of the priority of the Dutch or the French translations of Robinson Crusoe. He also sets the task of a: "Spezialarbeit über sämtliche Romane Defoe's," on which a French student is employed at present.

<sup>2)</sup> Compare my review of Dr. Nicholson's Book on the *Journal* in *English Studies*, Vol. III. No. 1. Febr. 1921.

writings of Mr. H. G. Wells, or to judge them by the standards that have come to be universally applied to the novels of his great predecessors, nor is such an endeavour a task of insurmountable difficulty to any one versed in the methods of historical criticism. But to try and establish the place of Mr. H. G. Wells among his fellow-writers of this day, and even to venture on predictions as to what the next generation will say about him, seems an aim both difficult of attainment and by no means harmless to pursue. To include him in a group appears an impossibility, for the Wells of *Kipps* is quite another man than the Wells of *The War in the Air*, and both are different from the writer of *Joan and Peter*. And what holds good for this most versatile of present novelists, applies as well, though in a less degree, to others. I doubt if the author's statement that Compton Mackenzie does not seem to have reached the expected zenith, and already shows traces of senility, dryness and stagnation, would have been allowed to stand unaltered, if he could have read *The Seven Ages of Woman* (1923). He certainly would not find Prof. Arthur Ward in agreement with him. — A statement on Hugh Walpole's art like the following: "Da aber dieser Kampf der Generationen und sozialen Schichtungen von Butler, Galsworthy u.a. in schärfer, bitterer und mehr aufwühlender Formulierung vorweg genommen war, gerade wie seine Kunst der Darstellung nur eine geschmackvolle Anwendung der Conradschen und Galsworthyschen Kunst ist, so ist Hugh Walpoles Bedeutung für den englischen Roman nicht überragend", is a dangerous one to make, and does not seem to have taken into account that author's latest novel *The Cathedral*. Mr. G. K. Chesterton would be highly astonished and loudly indignant to find himself pigeonholed with James Joyce, on account of the 'comic synthesis' which, according to Herr Schirmer, both strive after.<sup>1)</sup>

The division of present-day fiction into two groups, the great novel (Wells, Galsworthy, Bennett, Conrad) and the novel of the younger school is one of which the finality may well be questioned. Are the 'big four' actually in closer connection with realism, that strong literary current in the last decades of the nineteenth century, than their juniors? That the four have already passed their zenith is a gratuitous assertion, seeing that not one of them has given up writing, and anything may yet be expected from them. That certain sections of the weekly press ignore their names more or less is a fact of little significance; this silence may, fortunately for us, be broken any day. Stronger arguments than these to uphold the above-mentioned distinction I have not been able to find in Herr Schirmer's book and cannot, I believe, be given. The distinction is, indeed, a purely arbitrary one. Unless one is prepared to maintain that Hugh Walpole is nothing but a slavish imitator of Galsworthy (p. 67), the similarity between *The Forsyte Saga* and *The Duchess of Wrexham* binds these two authors much more closely together than the year of birth connects Galsworthy with Bennett and Wells. In both these novels the history of the last years of the Victorian age is reflected in the fortunes of a large family, upper middle class in *The Forsyte Saga*, patrician in *The Duchess of Wrexham*. In both the symbolic significance of Mafeking night as the knocking of a younger — and noisier and coarser — generation at the door is insisted upon.

Every critic who tries to create order in the literary chaos of his time is exposed to danger, but particularly the critic of this time, which is more

<sup>1)</sup> It be far from me to criticise the writer's German, but in a footnote I cannot help expressing my dislike of such adjectives as *Conradsch*, *Galsworthysch*, *laterna-magica-haft*, and similar hybrids. And the spelling *Misz* upsets me every time I see it.

chaotic than any period in history that we know of, and which reflects its confusion in its literature.

However, Herr Schirmer's book is one which will appeal strongly to every one who takes an interest in the novel of to-day, if only for the honesty of the attempt, and likewise for the author's amazingly comprehensive knowledge of the subject. Though the day of the three-volume novel is past, the novel-market has never before been so flooded with products, good, bad, and indifferent, and the writer of a study on modern fiction has to read them all, on account of the historical importance they *may* have. Herr Schirmer has not shrunk from this far from agreeable task, and the result is a book which could hardly have been more exhaustively documented. Material furnished by waggonloads of fiction, which represents months of hard work, and would have inspired more easily self-satisfied critics to write long magazine-articles, is here modestly and casually hidden between parentheses. Taking into account the difficulties of access to this department of literature in a foreign country, especially in the author's, the reader realizes that a sincere tribute to Schirmer's energy is the least that can be expected of him<sup>1)</sup>.

Before dealing with the contents in detail, I must first discuss one feature of the book which opens up the question of aesthetic criticism, but cannot be ignored.

Difficult as it is to find out what are the forces urging the novelist of to-day in this or that direction, it is still harder to get a clear notion of what modern criticism is driving at, what it attempts to do, what it does, and what it should do.

Mr. Middleton Murry in the first chapter of *Aspects of Literature* (Collins, London 1920) makes profound remarks on this subject and points out that the three recognized kinds of criticism, historical, philosophic and purely literary, are seldom found separate, but are almost invariably mingled in an inextricable confusion. The attitude of Herr Schirmer is mainly that of the philosophic critic, though occasionally his criticism is more purely literary. But it cannot be too emphatically stated that whatever road of approach to a work of literature the critic chooses, this road should not be encumbered by preconceived notions of his own as to what an author may or may not do. The literary critic should never impose on an author any restrictions whatsoever. Unfortunately, Herr Schirmer does impose a restriction on novelists: he forbids them to teach. This is a strange order to issue in a country which has produced Fielding and Richardson, Thackeray and George Eliot, where the novel has been didactic from its beginnings. It would be a strange order anywhere. It is an old war-cry, which like all cries served its purpose and then, like all things of fashion, passed into insignificance. A new cry to the effect that the author *must* teach, is equally meaningless. No less eminent a writer than George Meredith once said in a letter to a French friend that every novel should, in a sense, be a viaticum to the reader, and that it is the novelist's duty towards society "de pavier le chemin aux successeurs". Surely, no critic has ever thought of allowing his judgment on Meredith's works to be influenced either favourably or unfavourably by this statement?

The author is just free to do as he likes. He is even free to mean to do as he likes. His motives are as unassailable as his actions. It does not matter in the least that Bennett has written some of his books to make money

<sup>1)</sup> Probably the present political condition of Germany, whch involves difficulties in book-producing, is answerable for a rather large number of misprints.

(p. 18) or that Wells writes to reform mankind. Is Cowper's *The Task* a worse poem for having been written at the request of Lady Austen? Does it lessen the merits of *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* that Browning laid himself out to please the little Macready? Is the passage about the burning bush which Shaw makes the dying painter speak in *The Doctor's Dilemma* any less beautiful because it is meant to serve as propaganda for cremation? And here we touch the kernel of the matter. As long as a thing of literature is beautiful, it does not concern the critic what made the author write it, at least it is not his business to approve or disapprove. It seems to be frequently overlooked by critics that literature differs from the other arts in the greater quantity of thought that goes to its making. A dull-witted man may be a great composer or a great painter, he will never be a great writer. Literature is born of artistic feeling plus a considerable amount of thinking. What the subject of these thoughts is, does not concern the critic. What concerns him is, whether they are so expressed as to enhance the aesthetic enjoyment which the work, as a whole, affords, whether they strengthen the aesthetic impression which it leaves behind, in other words, whether thought has been transfigured by emotion into something beautiful. — I must confine myself to generalities, and refrain from giving examples. But I believe that when a critic does not recognize these fundamental truths his judgment will become warped by his aesthetic dogma. Like any dogma, it will lead him to prejudice and exaggeration, occasionally to laughable extremes and even to insinuation. The following quotations from Herr Schirmer's book will serve as illustrations.

Of Wells it is said on p. 5 that as early as 1904 he confessed in *The Food of the Gods* that he wished to write for his time, not for eternity. As if the wish to write for eternity ever made a work of literature immortal! As if Shakespeare did not wish to write for his time! That the charge of insinuation was not lightly made will be seen from: 'Schlieszlich hat der Leser unwillkürlich den Verdacht, auch wo blosze Beschreibung vorliegt, sei eine Angriffsabsicht, eine Didaxis des Autors verborgen.' (p. 11). The following sentence on Galsworthy gives evidence of the same sentiment, for which only the obsession of the critic's mind by a hobby can be brought forward in excuse: 'Er schrieb Romane, um die Plattform der Romans, Dramen, um die Kanzel der Bühne zu haben, er hätte weder das eine geschrieben noch das andere, wenn eine andere Form eine geeigneter Tribüne geboten hätte.' (p. 18). The "teaching", as every reader of Galsworthy will admit, is kept so much in the background by the writer, that its effect on men of different opinions about morals, religion, marriage, politics and similar teachable subjects is never the same, but is always modified by their own views on these matters. Socialists and country squires may — and have been known to — believe themselves put in the right by the author in the same novel or play. No stronger proof of the objectivity in his presentment can be given.

The order of merit in which the four 'great' novelists appear, is dictated by the above-mentioned dogma. Wells stands at the bottom, being most outspoken in his ethical purpose; then comes Galsworthy, whose efforts at impartiality raise him just a little above the level of Wells; Bennett's good-natured irony and moderate indifference about ethics secures him the second best place; and Conrad's work, which is "durchaus das eines Künstlers und nichts außerdem," stands at the top. This author's definitions of art found in many of his prefaces, and agreeing so well as they do with Herr Schirmer's ideas, have strongly impressed the latter, as appears from the quotations with which pp. 26—28 are lavishly besprinkled. The

theory, far more than the practice of the four novelists has determined the critic's opinion of them. In fact, it is their theory that mainly occupies the first thirty pages of the book. The artistic merits of their practice come in for all too brief notice. On these the writer makes a few surprising statements. I should like to know how many of Conrad's admirers — and he has many, and among the most discerning readers — would like to endorse the German critic's opinion that Conrad is a *raconteur par excellence*. Galsworthy is rated far lower by Herr Schirmer than by M. Chevillon, of whose book on Shakespeare, Kipling and Galsworthy an English translation has just been published. The best remarks on Galsworthy's art to be found in the present work have been borrowed from M. Chevillon's study. I am referring to those on Galsworthy's method of exposing the inner life of his personages not to a steady and uninterrupted light of analysis, but to short, vivid and strong flashes, thrown on their apparently least significant words, gestures and deeds. This method has been traced by Chevillon, to whom warm approbation was accorded by Mr. Edmund Gosse in *The Sunday Times* of April 15th. André Chevillon, says Mr. Gosse, has at last given Galsworthy his due. Without wishing to force the personal note, I cannot refrain from observing that a gem like *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* should have been specially mentioned by Herr Schirmer. Such an achievement of perfect workmanship, delicate portraiture and exquisite tonal effects as the first interlude in *The Forsyte Saga*, is too rarely met with in literature to be ignored.

After discussing the novelists of the older generation, the writer deals in the second part of his book with the forces which he sees at work in the novels of their successors. The first of these forces is called revolution. This tendency is noticeable in Rose Macaulay, John Masefield, J. K. Jerome, J. D. Beresford and Gilbert Cannan. (The name of Thomas Burke, the powerful painter of East-London life, should not have been omitted from this group). They have in common a horror of the present social system, which they believe to be so thoroughly decayed that only the strongest measures can save the world from annihilation. The second tendency that comes under discussion is called expansion, widening that is, of the mental horizon, the search for adventure and the cult of the super-normal. This current has been largely fed by war-experiences. Exponents of the 'neo-romantic' fiction are G. K. Chesterton, Brett Young and Miss Romer Wilson. Mysticism, with its correlatives such as occultism and psycho-analysis, also favoured in their development by war- and post-war conditions, is characteristic of some of Conan Doyle's works and of novels by Clemence Dane and Walter de la Mare. Lastly psychology and its off-shoots are considered, also with regard to their insistence on matters of sex, which reaches a culmination-point in the novels of D. H. Lawrence.

The chapter on 'Die Neue Form' reviews the structure of the new novel. In no country, says the writer, is the form of the novel so little regarded as in England. The fact that Hugh Walpole has published an anthology from his novels is mentioned in proof of this statement. The habit of the author to put himself between his work and the reader, so prevalent in the nineteenth century, is still noticeable in Temple Thurston and Hugh Walpole. The diction of the new novel reminds one of the method which painters call stippling. Unity of style there is not. A return to the solid structure of the realistic novel is the only quality which the latest efforts in fiction have in common.

In the appendix the works of most of the younger novelists are enumerated and briefly characterized. The brevity implies that the writer's views are

often given without support. Sometimes he is very skilful in compressing his views into the space of a few lines, as when he says of Compton Mackenzie, whose importance I believe to be underrated, *not* by Herr Schirmer alone: 'Wir sehen den Bericht, nicht das Berichtete, wir sitzen nicht neben seinen Figuren, sondern neben dem Autor, wir sind Zuschauer wie er und sitzen wie er im Sperrsitz und blicken auf die Bühne'. The definition of James Joyce's art as expressionistic strikes me as being very happy.

One cannot but be thankful to the writer, though his reach is further than his grasp, for drawing attention to a corner of the literary market which professional visitors all too frequently overlook. It is no merit in a literary scholar to be unacquainted with the works of Arnold Bennett. And it is far better for any twentieth-century reader to know Bennett without knowing Smollett than to know Smollett without knowing Bennett.

J. KOOISTRA.

*The Evolution of the Dragon.* By G. ELLIOT SMITH, M. A., M. D., F. R. S. — Illustrated. — Manchester University Press. 1919. — 10/6 net.

'It is mainly in the younger sciences, such as archæology, that serious workers still tend to draw sweeping conclusions from inadequate material.' These words used by Professor P. N. Ure in his stimulating little book, *The Greek Renaissance*, came to my mind when studying Dr. Elliot Smith's theories on the origin of incense-burning in places of worship, of pouring out libations to gods, of symbols like the swastika, etc. The author is a surgeon, professor of anatomy in the University of Manchester. Formerly, i.e. before the war, he was on the staff of a college for surgeons in Egypt, with the inevitable result that this ancient and renowned land of wonders looms large in his speculations.

In archæology there are two points of view which are often pronounced (by uncompromising advocates of either) to be irreconcilable. We may base our theories on the fundamental assumption that all over the world similar inventions will be made, similar beliefs will originate, similar practices will arise, amidst similar surroundings and under similar conditions. The assumption appears plausible enough. A child makes many discoveries which were made long ago by other children, e.g. the fact that you can throw a stone at a cat. In myth and legend we meet with certain ubiquitous themes, such as the story of father and son engaging in mortal combat, themes which need by no means have spread from one centre, but, as van Gennep well points out, may be independent growths, testifying only to a similarity in social structure or conjugal relations.<sup>1)</sup> As regards handicrafts again, one wonders whether Ancient Japan can have owed a great debt to the Western world, or vice versa; otherwise, how to account for all the seeming perverseness on either side? Lafcadio Hearn assures us that the work of the Japanese is done in ways the opposite of Western ways. 'Tools are of surprising shapes, and are handled after surprising methods: the blacksmith squats at his anvil, wielding a hammer such as no Western smith could use without long practice; the carpenter pulls instead of pushing, his extraordinary plane and saw.'<sup>2)</sup> According to Owen Wister, Kentucky and

<sup>1)</sup> Vide 'La Formation des Légendes', (Flammarion). Chapitre IV: Le Combat du Père et du Fils.

<sup>2)</sup> *Japan, On Attempt at Interpretation.* Macmillan, 1904, page 11.

Tennessee mountaineers have Vendettas of Blood descending from father to son. It was once the prevailing fashion of revenge. But surely, when America was colonized England had long outgrown the practice. Must it then have been introduced by some Corsican outlaw?

Certain it is, however, that a line must be drawn somewhere. When Dr. J. C. Lawson tells us, on page 321 of his intensely interesting and well-written book 'Modern Greek Folklore and Ancient Greek Religion: A Study in Survivals' (Cambridge U. P. 1910), how Greek peasants practice divination by observing the shoulder-blade of a sheep, and we remember how Giraldus Cambrensis mentions the same superstition as peculiar to certain Flemish colonies in mediaeval Wales (Chapt. XI of Book I of the *Itinerary*), we feel convinced that the practice can have originated only once and must have spread afterwards. Such a conviction, however, is not at all identical with the extreme position taken up by Dr. Elliot Smith. It seems hard to believe that primitive man, hidebound by custom though he doubtless was, should not have recognised good implements, whether of war or of peace, when he saw them. Surely it cannot have been necessary for the inventor of the bow, the blowpipe or the boomerang to tax all his powers of eloquence in order to persuade his tribesmen to adopt those terrible weapons and be masters of all they surveyed. One object-lesson would have sufficed, even for his enemies. *Fas est ab hoste doceri* is as old as the human race. Why have symbols like the swastika met with swift and universal adoption? Dr. Elliot Smith, though he speaks much of contact and spreading, and often hints at mercantile intercourse, does not supply the obvious answer: Because they were *medicine* and conferred *power*. In the Acts of the Apostles (XIX, 13) we are told that (after St. Paul's successes in curing diseases) "certain of the vagabond Jews, exorcists, took upon them to call over them which had evil spirits the name of the Lord Jesus, saying, We adjure you by Jesus whom Paul preacheth." Such a text speaks volumes. But when Dr. Elliot Smith writes (page 73)... "*almost every modern scholar who has discussed the matters at issue has assumed that the fashionable doctrine of the independent development of human beliefs and practices was a safe basis upon which to construct his theories. At best it is an unproved and reckless speculation. I am convinced it is utterly false...*" we may say that he doth protest far too much. Sneer as he may at Frazer's *naïve speculations* (page 144 and elsewhere), Dr. Smith is often nothing if not *naïve* himself, whereas the material on which he bases his theories will not for a moment compare in quantity and quality with the mass of evidence which Frazer, that conscientious and indefatigable scholar, is in the habit of compiling and ordering before theorizing at all. -- Many people will think it *naïve* to say: "One of the earliest pictures of an Egyptian king represents him using the hoe to inaugurate the making of an irrigation-canal. This was the typical act of benevolence on the part of a wise ruler. *It is not unlikely that the earliest organisation of a community under a definite leader may have been due to the need for some systematized control of irrigation...*" (page 29; my italics).... "Osiris was the prototype of all the gods; his ritual was the basis of all religious ceremonial..." Architecture derives from Egypt. Creation-legends trace their ultimate source to Egypt. Early Chinese conceptions of the soul and its functions are essentially identical with the Egyptian. The superstition of the 'evil eye' originated in Egypt. Dragons, centaurs, wyverns, satyrs, jabberwocks, they were all let loose from Egypt. Dr. Elliot Smith, who, of course, derives Thor's belt from Egypt, likewise his hammer —

which 'ought' to be an axe<sup>1)</sup>, — would be quite capable of 'proving' that Thor's goats are identical with the dragons of Medea's chariot, and grew out of the mud and silt of the Nile... He would be capable of identifying Jan van Schaffelaar, the Utrecht commander who, in 1482, jumped down from Barneveld Tower in order to save the lives of his subordinates, with King Ixion, whose story is 'merely a Greek variant of the Egyptian myth in which Re despatched Horus as a winged disk to slay his enemies...' 'Though distorted all the incidents reveal their original inspiration in the Egyptian story...' (page 128). 'The hieroglyphic sign for the Egyptian word *mes*, "to give birth", consists of the skins of three dogs (or jackals, or foxes). The three-headed dog Cerberus that guarded the portal of Hades may possibly be a distorted survival of this ancient symbolism of the three-fold dog-skin as the act of emergence from the portal of birth.'

Puns, even admittedly 'feeble' ones, confusions and distortions, play a formidable part in Dr. Elliot Smith's speculations. It is Max Müller's 'disease of language', which we fondly believed to be dead and buried,<sup>2)</sup> over again, a new *avatar*. His theory of the origin of the swastika will be found to have not a leg to stand upon, when we reflect that the oldest specimens of the symbol were found in Transsylvania and that they belong to a time when Troy was not yet (3000 years before Christ). Allowing for all sorts of climatic and geological changes, we cannot choose but recognise that argonauts and octopuses must have been as scarce in those parts then as they are now.<sup>3)</sup>

The book has been termed fascinating, and the subject certainly is. Its style has little to recommend itself. There are several faulty sentences in it, besides plenty of vague and slipshod reasonings. It has no index, and I venture to think some Manchester undergraduate might have been found to get one up. But the work is not without its value. It correlates many facts in a new and illuminating way. And at places — e.g. in the matter of the *covrie-shell* as a symbol — the writer appears to have indeed 'struck oil'.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

### Brief Mentions.

*Historische neuenglische Laut- und Formenlehre*. Von PROF. DR. EILERT EKWALL. Sammlung Göschen no. 735. Vereinigung Wissenschaftlicher Verleger. 1922. Dutch price f. 0.60.

This is a reprint of the first edition of Prof. Ekwall's book which appeared some eight years ago. No changes of any importance have been made. We need only recommend the book, therefore, to the younger generation who may be unaware of the existence of this excellent epitome — K.

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*The Adelphi*. Edited by JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY. Vol. I, No. 1. June 1923. British Periodicals Ltd., 12 Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, E. C. 4. Subscription 12/6 per annum.

<sup>1)</sup> Why not a boomerang?

<sup>2)</sup> There have been those who connected Christianity with Vedism by means of the simple equation: Agni Deus = Agnus Dei.

<sup>3)</sup> *Vide* Jörg Lechler, *Vom Hakenkreuz*. Leipzig 1921.

A new literary magazine under the leadership of the former editor of the *Athenaeum*. The first number consists of short stories, articles and notes, and its contributors include Katherine Mansfield, D. H. Lawrence, Arnold Bennett, H. G. Wells, and several others. The introductory article shows the editor very much in earnest about his new venture, and the magazine certainly gives an impression of sufficient backbone. Though on an unequal level of merit, it is amply worth getting and perusing. — Z.

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*English Synonyms explained and illustrated.* By J. H. A. GÜNTHER. 4th ed. Wolters, 1922. pp. VII + 575. f 5.90.

It seems almost superfluous to draw attention to the splendid collection of synonyms made by Mr. Günther. Words having a similar but not an identical meaning often prove veritable pitfalls for the unwary student. Though a work of this kind can never attain to absolute completeness — the field of study is practically endless — the discussion of 658 groups of synonyms illustrated by quotations drawn from good modern authors should be found very illuminating. The full index at the end makes the book a useful work of reference. On referring to our notes we found some which somehow do not seem to fit in with the definitions given by Mr. Günther.

No. 303: The broad shoulders and the deep bosom which the riding-coat hid without concealing (*Strand Magazine*, Febr. 1922 p. 114). He hid his face behind his beer-mug to conceal his emotion (*Ibidem*, April 1894. 436.). — No. 428. The difference is very slight. We may speak of a *bucket-dredger* or *pail dredger*. The general word is *pail* (in the house), not *bucket*. — No. 430. We think there is a difference of degree. Ishmael was no longer pale but pallid (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1909). p. 585: Hall Caine's *White Prophet*. He was pale, almost pallid under his usual tanned complexion (Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, *The Lodger*, p. 43.). — P. J. H. O. S.

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POETRY, FICTION, DRAMA.

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*William Hemminge's Elegy on Randolph's Finger:* Containing the Well-Known Lines, "On the Time-Poets", now first published with an Introduction and Notes. By G. C. MOORE SMITH.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 35 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

*Love Poems of John Donne:* With Some Account of His Life taken from the writings in 1639 of Izaak Walton.  $10\frac{1}{2} \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ , xxiii. + 91 pp. Nonesuch Press. 10s. 6d. n.

*Poems.* By EMILY BRONTE.  $9 \times 6$ , 93 pp. Selwyn Blount. 12s. 6d. n.  
Comprising the poems published in 1846 and 1850.

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First published in 1899.

*King Cole:* and other Poems. By JOHN MASEFIELD.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , 93 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 6s. n.

ROBERT GREENE: *A Notable Discovery of Coosnage; The Second Part of Connny-Catching*.  
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HENRI CHETTLE. *Kind-Harts' Dreame*, 1592. WILLIAM KEMP. *Nine Daies Wonder*, 1600. 33 pp. (The Bodley Head Quartos, edited by G. B. HARRISON.)  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ . J. Lane. 3s. n.

*The Castle of Otranto*. By HORACE WALPOLE. With Sir Walter Scott's introduction and preface by CAROLINE SPURGEON.  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ , lxiv. + 159 pp. Chatto and Windus. 5s. n.

*Pride and Prejudice*. xxii. + 429 pp. *Lady Susan and the Watsons*. 147 pp. By JANE AUSTEN. (Adelphi Edition.)  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ . Martin Secker. 5s. n. each.

Volumes I and VII of a new edition of the works of Jane Austen, in seven volumes. Mr. Frank Swinnerton contributes an introduction.

*Iranhoe*. By SIR WALTER SCOTT. With Critical Appreciations, Old an New. Edited by G. K. CHESTERTON, HOLBROOK JACKSON, and R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON. (The Readers' Classics.)  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , iv. + 460 pp. Bath: Cedric Chivers. 5s. n.

We have already commented on this new series of reprints. It is based on the conception that a better appreciation of classics will be encouraged by collecting a consensus of criticism by writers of various periods and countries. It substitutes this for the apparatus of introduction and commentary which is the usual accompaniment of reprints. Some of the appreciations (which precede the original) are specially written by present-day writers. Other criticisms, reviews, comments, &c., are extracted from various sources. The original appreciations contained in the present book are by Hilaire Belloc, Sir Henry Craik, A. J. Grant, Wilfred Ward, J. Ernest Charles, Gaston Deschamps, René Doumic, Emile Legouis, and R. Brimley Johnson. [T.]

*Jurgen*. A comedy of justice. By JAMES BRANCH CABELL. With an introduction by HUGH WALPOLE.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xv. + 325 pp. John Lane. 7s. 6d. n.

First published in 1921 and now issued without its illustrations.

*The Seven Ages of Woman*. By COMPTON MACKENZIE.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 278 pp. Martin Secker. 7s. 6d. n.

*The Riddle*: and Other Stories. By WALTER DE LA MARE.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 303 pp. Selwyn and Blount. 7s. 6d.

*Men Like Gods*. By H. G. WELLS.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , viii. + 304 pp. Cassell. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*The Ladybird*. By D. H. LAWRENCE.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 255 pp. Martin Secker. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*The Chief Elizabethan Dramaists*, excluding Shakespeare. Selected plays by Lyly, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, Kyd, Chapman, Jonson, Dekker, Marston, Heywood, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, and Shirley. Edited from the original quartos and folios, with Notes, Biographies, and Bibliographies, by WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON.  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , vi. + 879 pp. Harrap. 15s. n.

First published in 1911 by Cassell at 10s. 6d. net.

*The Works of Shakespeare*. Edited by SIR ARTHUR QUILLER-COUCH and JOHN DOVER WILSON. *Much Ado About Nothing*.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5$ , 173 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 6s. n.

*The Players' Shakespeare*. Printed from the First Folio of 1623. With Introductions by HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER, and illustrations. *Macbeth*, illustrated by CH. RICKETTS. *The Merchant of Venice*, ill. by TH. LOWINSKY. Limited edition. £ 4. 4s. a volume. London, Ernest Benn, Ltd. 1923.

*Every Man in His Humour*. By BEN JONSON. Edited by R. S. KNOX. (Methuen's English Classics.)  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ , vii. + 138 pp. Methuen. 2s.

*The Beggar's Opera* and *Polly*. By JOHN GAY. Together with the Airs of the Music from the Original Editions of 1728 and 1729.  $10 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ , Chapman and Dodd. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*Proserpine and Midas*. Two unpublished Mythological Dramas. By MARY SHELLEY. Edited, with Introduction, by A. KOSZUL.  $6\frac{1}{4} \times 4\frac{3}{4}$ , xxxi. + 89 pp. Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

*Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary*. A Light Comedy in Four Acts. By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 96 pp. Allen and Unwin. 3s. 6d. n.

*Arthur*: A Tragedy. By LAURENCE BINYON.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 127 pp. Heinemann. 6s. n.

*The Secret Agent*: A Drama in Three Acts. By JOSEPH CONRAD.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 185 pp. Werner Laurie. 1923. 6s. n.

#### HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

*Westeuropesche Letterkunde*. Door DR. G. KALFF. Eerste deel, 15de—16de eeuw. Wolters. 1923. f 8.90. [A review will appear.]

*Studies in the Development of the Fool in the Elizabethan Drama*. By OLIVE MARY BUSBY.  $10 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 87 pp. Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

*Krzesztof Marlowe.* By W. TARNAWSKI. Warsaw: Publishing Institute "Biblioteka Polska".

*The Foundations of Shakespeare's Text.* By PROFESSOR ALFRED W. POLLARD, C.B. (The Annual Shakespeare Lecture, 1923.)  $10 \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 18 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 1s. n.

*In Commemoration of the First Folio Tercentenary.* A Resetting of the Preliminary Matter of the First Folio, with a Catalogue of Shakespeariana Exhibited in the Hall of the Worshipful Company of Stationers. With an introduction by SIR ISRAEL GOLLANZ.  $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ , 55 pp. Milford. 1923. 5s. n.

*Shakespeare First Folio Tercentenary, 1623-1923:* Southwark Commemoration Exhibition Catalogue, and Catalogue of the Harvard-Shakespeare Memorial Donation.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 36 pp. Southwark: Public Libraries and Museums Committee. 1923.

*The Prefatory Pages of the First Folio.* With a comment by SIR SIDNEY LEE.  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , xix. pp. London Shakespeare League. 6d. 1923.

*Guide to the MSS. and Printed Books Exhibited in Celebration of the Tercentenary of the First Folio Shakespeare.*  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ , 77 pp. British Museum. 1923. 1s.

*Catalogue of the Exhibition of Shakespeariana held at the Cardiff Public Library in Commemoration of the First Folio Tercentenary (1623-1923), May-September, 1923.*  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 52 pp. Cardiff: Educational Publishing Company. 1923.

*On the Site of the Globe Playhouse of Shakespeare:* Lying to the North of Maiden-lane, Bankside, Southwark. By GEORGE HUBBARD.  $11\frac{3}{4} \times 9$ , 47 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*Shakespeare and the Universities: and Other Studies in Elizabethan Drama.* By FREDERICK S. BOAS.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ , vii. + 272 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 12s. 6d. n.

*The Literary History of Hamlet.* Vol. I. The Early Tradition. By KEMP MALONE.  $9 \times 6$ , xii. + 268 pp. Heidelberg: Carl Winter.

*Shakespeare.* By R. M. ALLEN. Allen and Unwin, 1923. 10/6 net.

*Shakespeare: The Man and His Stage.* By E. A. G. LAMBORN and G. B. HARRISON.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , 128 pp. Milford. 1923. 2s. 6d. n.

*Shakespeare and Spain.* By H. THOMAS. Taylorian Lecture. Clarendon Pres, 1922. pp. 32. 2/- net.

*Shakespeare in Poland.* By JOSEPHINE CALINA (Mrs. Allardyce Nicoll).  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ , 76 pp. For the Shakespeare Association. Milford. 6s. n.

*Le Goit Public et le Théâtre Élisabéthain jusqu' à la mort de Shakespeare.* Par C. J. SISSON. Dijon: Imprimerie Darantière.

*Samuel Pepys.* By PERCY LUBBOCK.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 284 pp. Nelson. 2s. n.

Mr. Percy Lubbock's study of Samuel Pepys was first published in 1909 at 3s. 6d.

*English Diaries.* A review of English diaries from the sixteenth to the twentieth century, with an introduction on diary writing by ARTHUR PONSONBY, M. P.  $9 \times 6$ , x. + 447. pp. Methuen. 1923. 21s. n.

*Alexander Pope. A Bibliography.* By REGINALD HARVEY GRIFFITH, in the University of Texas. Volume I., Part I. Pope's own writings, 1709-1734.  $9 \times 6$ , xxxv. + 297 pp. Austin: Texas University.

This is Volume I., Part I., of the bibliography of Pope which the author is compiling. It presents a list of Pope's own compositions for the years 1709-34. The subsequent portion of Volume I. will continue this list, while Volume II. will be a record of books about Pope. [T.]

*Gulliver's Travels. A Critical Study.* By WILLIAM A. EDDY.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 216 pp. Princeton: University Press; London: Milford.

The author's work falls into three parts. In the first he notes the various narrative forms of the "Philosophic Voyage", discussing the most important of Swift's forerunners and noting his sources. The second part is a detailed study of each of Gulliver's voyages. The third part examines the influence of "Gulliver's Travels" on subsequent literature. Bibliographies are added. [T.]

*William Wordsworth: His Doctrine and Art in their Historical Relations.* By ARTHUR BEATTY.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 284 pp. Madison: Wisconsin University. \$2.

*Le Centenaire de Shelley.* Par PAUL DE REUL. Extrait du Flambeau, Janv. 1923. Bruxelles.

*The Rise and Fall of the French Romantic Drama.* With Special Reference to the Influence of Shakespeare, Scott, and Byron. By F. W. M. DRAPER. Constable. 15s. net.

*Women Writers of the Nineteenth Century.* By MARJORY A. BALD.  $8 \times 6$ , viii. + 288 pp. Cambridge University Press. 10s. 6d. n.

*Pickle and Pickwick.* By W. W. HUSE JR. Reprinted from Washington University Studies, Vol. X, Humanistic Series, No. 1, pp. 143-154, 1922.

*Tennyson. Aspects of his life, character, and poetry.* By HAROLD NICOLSON.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ , ix. + 308 pp. Constable. 12s. 6d. n.

*Tennyson: A Modern Portrait.* By HUGH L' ANSON FAUSSET.  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6$ , x. + 309 pp. Selwyn and Blount. 8s. 6d. n.

*The London of Thackeray: Being some account of the Haunts of Thackeray's Characters.* By E. BERESFORD CHANCELLOR.  $9 \times 6$ , 263 pp. Grant Richards. 1923. 15s. n.

*Pre-Raphaelite and Other Poets. Lectures by LAFCADIO HEARN.* Selected and edited, with an Introduction, by JOHN ERSKINE.  $7\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , ix. + 432 pp. Heinemann. 8s. 6d. n.

*Letters and Papers of John Addington Symonds.* Collected and edited by HORATIO F. BROWN.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , xii. + 280 pp. Murray. 12s. n.

*An Autobiography* by ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Publ. 1883, now for the first time reprinted. The World's Classics, no. 239. Oxf. Univ. Press. 2/- net.

*A Bibliography of the Writings in Prose and Verse of George Meredith.* MAURICE BUXTON FORMAN.  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 7$ , xxxii. + 324 pp. For the Bibliographical Society. Edinburgh: Dunedin Press. 1923.

*The Letters of George Meredith and Alice Meynell,* with annotations thereto. 1896-1907.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , 104 pp. Nonesuch Press. 12s. 6d. n. 1923.

*A Mid-Victorian Pepys.* The Letters and Memoirs of Sir William Hardman. Annotated and edited by S. M. ELLIS.  $9 \times 6$ , xi. + 316 pp. Cecil Palmer. 25s. n.

*Francis Thompson: Poet and Mystic.* By JOHN THOMPSON.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 159 pp. Simpkin, Marshall. 5s. n.

Third edition; first published 1912.

*Edgar A. Poe. A Psychopathic Study.* By JOHN W. ROBERTSON. Putnam. 17/6 net.

*Lord Morley's Criticism of English Poetry and Prose.* A dissertation presented to the Faculty of Princeton University in candidacy for the Degree of Philosophy. By JAMES DOW McCALLUM.  $9 \times 6$ , 62 pp. Princeton: University Press. London: Milford. 4s. 6d. n.

*Letters of James Gibbons Huneker.* Collected and edited by JOSEPHINE HUNEKER.  $9 \times 6$ , xvi. + 324 pp. Werner Laurie. 21s. n.

*The Old Drama and the New. An Essay in Revaluation.* By WILLIAM ARCHER.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ , viii. + 396 pp. Heineman. 10s. 6d. n.

*The Art of Thomas Hardy.* By LIONEL JOHNSON. To which is added a Chapter on the Poetry by J. E. BARTON and a Bibliography by JOHN LANE, together with a new Portrait by VERNON HILL and the Etched Portrait by WILLIAM STRANG.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xiii + 357 pp. J. Lane. 1923. 8s. 6d. n.

The late Mr. Lionel Johnson's "The Art of Thomas Hardy" was originally published in 1894. To the present edition is added a study of his poetry by Mr. J. E. Barton, Headmaster of Bristol Grammar School, and a new bibliography by Mr. John Lane. The bibliography is one of first editions only, with dates, notes, traditions, sources, and the places where the poems and stories were written. In addition to the etching of Mr. Hardy by the late Mr. William Strang the present edition also contains a new portrait by Mr. Vernon Hill. [T.]

*Joseph Conrad: An Appreciation.* By ERNEST BENDZ.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 117 pp. Gothenburg: N. J. Gumpert.

*Principles of English Prosody.* By LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE. Part I. The Elements.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ , 156 pp. Martin Secker. 1923. 5s. n.

*On the Margin. Notes and Essays* by ALDOUS HUXLEY.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$ , vi. + 229 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 6s. n.

*Some Impressions of my Elders.* By ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 286 pp. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. n.

*Laughter from a Cloud.* By WALTER RALEIGH. With a Foreword by HILARY RALEIGH.  $9 \times 7\frac{1}{4}$ , xii. + 233 pp. Constable. 1923. 21s. n.

*Things That Have Interested Me.* By ARNOLD BENNETT. (Second Series.)  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 278 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*Der Englische Roman der Neuesten Zeit.* Von W. F. SCHIRMER. Kultur und Sprache I. Heidelberg. Winter, 1923. f 1.— [See Review.]

*The Literary Renaissance in America.* By C. E. BECHHOFER. Heinemann, 1923. 6/- net.

*Nature in American Literature.* By N. FOERSTER. Macmillan, 8/- net.

*The Alliance of Latin and English Studies.* By J. W. MACKAIL.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 19 pp. Murray. 1923. 1s. n.

## LINGUISTICS, HISTORY.

*Anglo-Norman Language and Literature.* By JOHAN VISING.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , 111 pp. Milford. 1923. 2s. 6d. n.

An attempt by the Professor of Romance Languages, Göteborg University, to present Anglo-Norman as an independent subject rather than as a branch of English or French. Chapters on the language and literature, versification, and manuscripts, with a classified list of work.

*English Idioms.* By LOGAN PEARSALL SMITH. (S. P. E. Tract, No. XII.) 63 pp.,  $9 \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ . Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 3s. 6d. n.

*English Influence on the French Vocabulary.* II. By PAUL BARBIER. S. P. E. Trait XIII. Clarendon Press, 1923. 2/6 net. [A review will appear.]

*Engelsch Handwoordenboek* door DR. F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY. Eerste deel, Engelsch-Nederlandsch. 810 pp. Van Goor Zonen, 1923. f 4.50. [A review will appear.]

*The Study of English Speech by New Methods of Phonetic Investigation.* By E. W. SCRIPTURE.  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 31 pp. For the British Academy: Milford, 3s. 6d. n.

*Growth and Structure of the English Language.* By O. JESPERSEN. 4<sup>th</sup> ed. revised Leipzig, Teubner. 1923. f 0.95.

*Good Speech. An Introduction to English Phonetics.* By W. RIPMAN. Dent, 1922. 3/6.

*Defects of Speech.* Their nature and their cure. By IDA C. WARD. Dent, 1923. 2/6.

*A Guide to the Anglo-Saxon and Foreign Teutonic Antiquities,* in the Department of British and Medieval Antiquities.  $8\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , xii. + 179 pp. British Museum. 2s. 6d. n.

*A History of Everyday Things in England.* Done in two parts, of which this is the first. 1066-1499. Written and illustrated by MARJORIE and C. H. B. QUENNELL. Fourth impression, revised.  $9 \times 6$ , xiv. + 204 pp. Batsford. 8s. 6d. n.

Fourth impression of this popular work, with various minor additions. See Review E. S. II, 123.

*London: its origins and early development.* By WILLIAM PAGE. Constable, 1923. 14/- net.

*City Government of Winchester.* From Records of the XIV. and XV. Centuries By J. S. FURLEY.  $9 \times 6$ , 196 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 14s. n.

*The Prelude to the Reformation. A Study of English Church Life from the Age of Wycliffe to the Breach with Rome.* By R. S. ARROWSMITH.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xii. + 226 pp. S. P. C. K. 8s. n.

## PERIODICALS.

**Neophilologus.** VIII, 3. Includes: W. Heldt, A chronological and critical review of the appreciation and condemnation of the comic dramatists of the Restoration and Orange periods, III. — Otto B. Schlutter, Oe. *Pillsápe* 'soap for removing hair.' — Id., Is there any evidence for Oe. *Weargincel* 'butcher-bird.'

**De Drie Talen.** Jan.-Febr. 1923. L. P. H. Eykman, De plaats van het voorzetsel.

**De Nieuwe Gids.** March 1923. Includes: W. Kloos, Frederick Victor Branford (together with F. V. Branford, *Novissima Verba*, in memory of Francis Thompson).

**De Gids.** May 1923 J. Huijts, Waarom treuzelt Hamlet? June 1923. J. de Gruyter, Een geslacht dat voorbijging (on Galsworthy's *Forsyte Saga*).

**Nieuwe Taalgids.** 17, 2. (March 1923). Includes: Ph. J. Simons, Bij een gepleisterd graf (How to study grammar and how not to study it. Strongly recommended to our readers, without difference of age or rank.)

**Engl. Studien.** 57, 1. (1923) Swaen, Contributions to O.E. Lexicography (Twenty notes on O.E. words, written 'before the last instalment of the Supplement to Bosworth-Toller had appeared.') — Koch, Chaucers Belesenheit in den römischen klassikern. — Liljegren, Four M.E. versions of the legend of the Eleven Thousand Virgins. — Sorg, Zur Geschichte der englischen kurzschrift. — Reviews. Notes and News.

**Beiblatt zur Anglia.** 34, 1-3 (Jan., Febr. and March 1923). Reviews, including longer ones by Keller on Förster, Die Beowulf-Handschrift. — Jost on Northcote Toller, Anglosaxon Dictionary, Supplement. — Holthausen on a couple of editions of M.E. texts. — Ekwall on Flasdieck, Forschungen zur frühzeit der neuenglischen schriftsprache. — Liljegren on Stern, Swift, Swiftly, and their Synonyms (p. 39-59) — Kappus on Sommer, Vergleichende Syntax der schulsprachen (a book that we should like to reach all serious students of English grammar in our country). — Flasdieck on Holmqvist, History of the English Present Inflections. — Fischer on Essays and Studies by Members of the English Association Vol. VI, and other books. — Fehr on Chadwick, Social Life in the days of Piers Plowman. — Original articles: Flasdieck,

**Studien zur me. grammatik.** — Fehr, Zur etymologie von ne. *Doe*. — Id., Augustins Lehrsatz über die Willensfreiheit bei Aelfric. — Holthausen, Zu altenglischen dichtungen. — Id., Zum alliterierenden Morte Arthure.

**Germ. Rom. Monatsschrift** X, 11/12 (Nov.-Dec. 1922). Includes: Exner, Der katalog I der platten 1-2000 des phonogrammarchivs der Akademie der Wissenschaften — H. Richter, Shelley als dramatiker. — Notes. Reviews. — Id. XI, 1/2 (Jan.-Febr. 1923). Includes: R. Petsch, Ein englischer kritiker des dramas der gegenwart. — K. Brunner, Amerikanische Lyrik der gegenwart. — Reviews.

**Zs. f. franz. und engl. Unterricht**, 21, 4 (1922). Includes: Arnold, Miltos *Lycidas* deutsch. — Arns, Siegfried Sassoone. — Heinrich, Carlyle und Waldemar Bonsels. — Sanftleben, Bedenken gegen reine textausgaben. — Jantzen, Der 18 Allgemeine Deutsche Neuphilologentag zu Nürnberg. — Ozicka, Kurse zur Englandkunde an der universität Breslau. — Reviews. — Id. 22, 1 (1923). Includes Arns, H. G. Wells. — Klöpzig, Wie lässt sich die grammatis im neusprachlichen unterrichte auf der oberstufe historisch und psychologisch vertiefen? (On the value of language-teaching as a training for higher study) — Engel, Tagore und die schule. — Landsberg, Englischer fortbildungslehrgang in Berlin (see Notes and News in this number). — Reviews. — (It is interesting and significant that there is not a single original article on French in this number. Of the review-pages three only are concerned with French.)

**Neuere Sprachen**, XXX, 9/10 (Nov.-Dec. 1922). Includes: Moosman, Shakespeares *Macbeth* in Prima. — Kuttner, Zur französischen Negation. — Notes. Reviews. — Id. Jan.-März 1923. Band 31, 1. Klinghart, Sprechmelodie und Sprechakt. — Fehr, Psychologische typen in der literaturgeschichte. — W. Fischer, Über einige beziehungen der literaturgeschichte der Vereinigten Staaten zur amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte. — Notes. Reviews.

**Modern Language Notes**, XXXVIII, 2. Febr. 1923. Includes: R. S. Crane and J. H. Warner, Goldsmith and Voltaire's *Essai sur les Moeurs*. — W. P. Mustard, Shakespeare's 'Broom-Groves'. — S. B. Hustvedt, *L'Allegro* 45-48. — A. Thaler, Churchyard and Marlowe. — C. Brown, William Herebert and Chaucer's *Prioresses Tale*. — W. C. Curry, "Fortuna Maior". — R. E. Parker, A Northern fragment of the *Life of St. George*. — Id. 3, March 1923. E. M. Albright, 'Ad Imprimendum Solum' once more. — O. F. Emerson, "Monk" Lewis and the *Tales of Terror*. — W. E. Peck, on the origin of the Shelley Society. — Id. 4, April 1923. G. Chinard, Jefferson and Ossian. — W. E. Alderman, The style of Shaftesbury. — S. J. Rypins, The Old English *Epistola Alexandri ad Aristotelem*. — E. Partridge, Inter-relationship in Blake's songs. — Id. 5, May 1923. O. F. Emerson, Notes on Old English. E. S. Allen, Chesterfield's objection to laughter.

**Philological Quarterly**, II, 1. Jan. 1923. Includes: A. S. Cook, Theodore of Tarsus and Gislenus of Athens. [Hellenic influence in seventh-century England] — G. R. Potter, Mr. Pickwick's theory of Tittlebats. — H. Craig, Terentius Christianus and the Stonyhurst Pageants. — Id. 2, April 1923. O. F. Emerson, Some notes on Chaucer and some conjectures. — W. Graham, Robert Southey as Tory reviewer. — H. D. Gray, Beaumont and *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. — W. Sherwood Fox, Lucian in the grave-scene of *Hamlet*. — J. S. Reid, Imitation by Ben Jonson of a passage in Cicero. — B. V. Crawford, The Dance of the Kings.

**Modern Language Review**, XVIII, 2. April 1923. Includes: L. H. Allen, Plagiarism, sources, and influences in Shelley's *Alastor*. — A. H. Krapp, The legend of Amicus and Amelius. — A. C. Dunstan, The German influence on Coleridge. II.

**Revue germanique**, XIV, 2. Avril-Juin 1923. Denis Saurat, La conception nouvelle de Milton (with bibliography 1917-1921). — J. Derocquigny, Notes lexicologiques. — P. Janelle, Les versions anglaises de la Bible. — R. Lalou, De Thomas de Quincey à Baudelaire. — F. C. Danchin, C. Cestre, Le roman Anglais et Américain (revue annuelle).

**Revue de Littérature Comparée**, III, 2. Avril-Juin 1923. N. Addamiano, Quelques sources italiennes de la *Defence* de Joachim du Bellay. — Ph. Van Tieghem, La Prière universelle de Pope et le déisme français au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle. — E. Levi-Malvalo, Les éditions toscanes de l' *Encyclopédie*. — L. Méry, *Atala* et la Bible. — A. Monglond, Le rôle littéraire d'un réfugié: Jérémie Bitaubé et la "prose poétique".

**Le Flambeau**, 31 Oct. 1922. Abel Lefranc, Le secret de William Stanley, III.

**Revue Hebdomadaire**, 16 Déc. 1922. Guy de Pourtales, N'y aurait-il plus d'affaire Shakespeare?

**Revue de Paris**, Edmond L' Hommedé, Le secret de Shakespeare.

**Mercurie de France**, 15 Avril 1923. Gén. Cartier, Le mystère Bacon-Shakespeare — Un document nouveau (notes annexes).

## W. P. Ker

[B. 1855, d. 17<sup>th</sup> July, 1923, on the slopes of Monte Rosa. Educated at Glasgow Academy and University: Snell Exhibitioner, Balliol College and Fellow of All Souls College, Oxford. 1883—89, Professor of English Literature in the University College of South Wales, Cardiff; 1889—1922, Quain Professor of English Language and Literature, University College, London; since 1918, Director of Scandinavian Studies, University College, London; since 1920, Professor of Poetry, Oxford.

Chief Publications: *Epic and Romance*, 1897; *The Dark Ages*, 1904; *Essays on Medieval Literature*, 1905; *Sturla the Historian*, 1906; *English Literature: Medieval* (undated); *The Art of Poetry* (seven lectures) 1923.]

"He knew that the best interpretation comes through poetry; and that 'consolatories writ with studied argument' in prose are a pretence and makeshift between two realities: the immediate shock of grief which has no words to express it, and the other real world of *Lycidas*, *Thyrsis*, or the epilogue to *Sohrab and Rustum*."

Thus did Ker on 10 June, 1922, make remembrance of Walter Raleigh by way of prologue to his lecture on Matthew Arnold.

And thus should we make remembrance of him. The day before he left for the mountains he spoke at University College, London, to his friends who were making a presentation to him: he was strong and well and happy and full of boyish glee at the holiday prospect and so he remained until the morning of the 17<sup>th</sup> July when amid the mountains with his god-daughters he passed from among us, having just said: "This is the most beautiful place in the world."

Ker was so many-sided that it is difficult to speak of him adequately in a few lines. He was a great scholar — except perhaps the Slavonic there were no European Literatures with which he was not familiar: he was a great teacher: he was a wise and lofty counsellor: he was a splendid companion.

His published work is small in bulk: it is all touched with the meticulous care that characterised him; it is human and appreciative. "The critic is apt to think himself superior to the objects of his vision and discourse, he is rashly induced to treat the procession of poets as if he had the management of it ail. He ought to be ashamed of himself and to offer sacrifices in depreciation of the Mighty Powers."<sup>1)</sup> It was in that spirit he trained his students: there was nothing dogmatic or Olympic in his method: there was sympathy with the youngest student provided he was honest and sincere. "I am of the same opinion still" was the kind of rebuke he would administer to a student who persisted in repeating an error already pointed out.

Epic and Romance, in their many aspects, were his favourite topics. Elaborated in striking fashion in his book, they run through all the later works named above. "Whatever Epic may mean, it implies some weight and solidity; Romance means nothing, if it does not convey some notion of mystery and fantasy." "Epic literature is not common; it is brought to perfection by a slow process through many generations . . . The labour and meditation of all the world has not discovered, for the purposes of narrative, any essential modification of the procedure of Homer."

<sup>1)</sup> Lecture on Shelley, 20<sup>th</sup> November, 1920.

These are from the early chapters of *Epic and Romance*: it is worth while to follow these ideas through the later writings. *Romantic Fallacies*, delivered at Oxford, 27 May, 1921, is the latest exposition.

"Romance" is a dangerous word, and it is time that certain technical misuses of the name "romantic" should be discouraged". "Once the contrast of classical and romantic has been imposed on the mind, the reader of mediaeval verse thinks romantically, and sees his authors quaintly doing quaint things in old-fashioned rhyme. It would not be difficult to find two or three Provençal lyrics of the twelfth century perfect in rhythm and measure under the same rules of art as Gray or Wordsworth, complete and rounded also in their poetical argument."

"By making too much of the name 'romantic' the critics and historians have troubled the study of poetry in two ways. They have made it harder to seize what was airy and evanescent already, those strange flowers of poetry that seem to live almost without any ground or substance, especially in the ballads."

"Form" and the relation of form and substance was another topic of his writing and his teaching. When you have something really to say, the right words will come and with practice the form too — or words to this effect — was a favourite doctrine. Let his last volume be evidence by two extracts: "Poetry has not to be invented anew and is not to be trifled with." "The Art of Poetry is much more free than the other arts, in the sense that the right men do not need such steady training. Perhaps it is easier for the right men to work miracles, such as Burns did, in bringing the appearance of novelty and freshness out of old fashions. Also the essence of poetry is such that often much smaller things, comparatively, tell for success than in painting or music."

Ker had a wonderful sense in regard to the 'right men' and no little of the love his students bear him is due to an appreciation of that. He helped the 'right man' to realise himself and thereby achieved the greatest success of a teacher. His students are not all of a pattern. E. V. Lucas, Gilbert Chesterton, Gerald Gould, Allan Mawer, Caroline Spurgeon, Edith Morley and last but not least his successor in the Quain Chair, R. W. Chambers, are a few out of a great roll.

As a counsellor, whether in the Senate, Academic Council, Professorial Board or Faculty, Ker spoke seldom and then always with brevity. So brief was he, that he was often misunderstood. He was trenchant and spoke in matters that were dear to him with vigour and with a flash of earnestness in his eye. He was conservative and opposed to change but was always ready for development that would make for the promotion of learning. In the years after 1900 when the reconstruction of the University of London was proceeding he was a tower of strength and he often exhibited with skill the pertinency of the claims of one or other of the contending parties.

For a new enterprise that had been well considered he was ever ready, witness the zeal with which he threw himself into the foundation of the department of Scandinavian Studies. He had been teaching Icelandic to his students for years but that was not enough. There must be a full equipment for the teaching of the Scandinavian contribution to human learning. Inevitably he was chosen the first Director: almost his last words to me were — "I am anxious about Scandinavian Studies, they must be kept going."

As friend and colleague he was not an easy conversationalist in the ordinary sense of the word. Small talk was not his metier: but he was a good companion, full of humour and always maintaining the high standpoint.

"Mine has been a successful life", was one of his utterances in the last speech I heard him make: a life marked by piety and generosity, which by its own happiness made others happy and inspired them to greater ends.

"If we have laughed,  
Lived and laboured in our craft,  
We may pass with a resigned mind." <sup>1)</sup>

And so we do not mourn him but we miss him.

GREGORY FOSTER.

## How It Strikes a Contemporary.

### A Pageant with Comments.

#### I.

The following is an attempt to deal, in a conscientious and not too cursory manner, with a number of recent volumes of poetry which, thanks to a diversity of agencies, happen to find themselves on my writing-table. A glance at the appendix to my article, giving a complete list of the books and authors dealt with, will immediately reveal unwarranted omissions and unexpected inclusions, but as I devoutly propose to fill the gaps by and by, I shall defend myself here only by promising to be grateful for any indignant or reproving finger pointing such a gap out to me. And one intentional gap I will indicate myself. In this paper I am not at all concerned with John Masefield's latest narrative poems. I reserve a discussion of them and of modern narrative poetry in general to some future time.

#### II.

### Alice Meynell.

It seems only reasonable that this gifted woman should, with her *Poems: Complete Edition*, take pride of place. For one thing she is as Victorian as Thomas Hardy or A. E. Housman; for another she is a lady, and the two veterans mentioned will never begrudge her this precedence; for a third the fifth book of *Georgian Poetry* (published last year) has been dedicated to her; for a fourth I never wrote about her poems yet, and the appearance of this collected edition provides a welcome inducement to do so now.

Critics, whether of literature, of any of the plastic arts, or of music, are apt to be a hard-headed tribe, much given to comparing products of the past with those of the present, contemptuous of sentimentalism and notes of exclamation, and sceptical of contemporary — and therefore merely temporary, — catchwords and rallying-cries. Keenly conscious of the fact that in the realms of poetry and art there are many mansions, preserves and hunting-grounds, and that, as there were heroes before Agamemnon, there were poets before Walter de la Mare, they will only warm up on seeing — as sometimes happens — a genuine artist neglected by an undiscerning public, or praises and honours showered upon manufacturers

<sup>1)</sup> From Walter Raleigh's version of an Old Irish lyric, quoted in Ker's *The Dark Ages* (p. 330) and in the prologue to the lecture on Matthew Arnold.

of shams and imitations. Now Mrs. Meynell's poetry — comparatively slender though her poetical output is — has never been in want of admirers, even of ardent admirers, and, thanks, too, to her critical labours, her influence in literary circles has for many years been as great as her standing has been high. Her first poems were hailed and unstintingly praised by no less a man than Ruskin, she was the friend of George Meredith's old age. But Ruskin, not always a reliable guide in the field of art, was even more fallible in the field of letters. Meredith on the other hand had more than an ordinary share of the vanity that few artists are without, and he might well call her 'his Portia' whom she entitled 'the Master.'

The fact that nearly all Alice Meynell's poetry is the outcome of ethical reactions rather than of the so-called aesthetic experience, and that she is pre-eminently a poet (or even *the* poet) of moral responsibility, might only mean that she is a good woman — as Ella Wheeler Wilcox doubtless was — and not that she is an artist. So I begin by quoting one of her oldest poems, occurring in her first book, *Preludes*, issued as early as 1875, and called 'The Young Neophyte'.

Who knows what days I answer for to-day ?  
Giving the bud I give the flower, I bow  
This yet unfaded and a faded brow ;  
Bending these knees and feeble knees, I pray.

Thoughts yet unripe in me I bend one way,  
Give one repose to pain I know not now,  
One check to joy that comes, I guess not how,  
I dedicate my fields when Spring is grey.

O rash ! (I smile) to pledge my hidden wheat.  
I fold to-day at altars far apart  
Hands trembling with what toils ? In their retreat

I seal my love to-be, my folded art.  
I light the tapers at my head and feet,  
And lay the crucifix on this silent heart.

A personal experience is embodied here as everywhere in Alice Meynell's poems. Not for her the saddling, mounting and riding at will of an obedient, imaginative Pegasus. Not for her the deliberate choice of a more or less 'poetical' subject — 'Rivers', 'Birds', 'Captive Queens' and the like — at which many an author loves to try his hand, sometimes achieving a notable result enough, seldom achieving anything that makes a direct appeal to the heart. Like Matthew Arnold, she criticizes life, that is : her own life. Like Ibsen she sits in judgment on herself. There really are and have been certain poets who correspond to that mythical conception of 'the poet' which is so dear to sentimental and quasi-aesthetic natures : poets who are and remain irresponsible children, feeding their minds exclusively on roses and lilies and moonshine. Alice Meynell is not of them, and never was. But she was an adult at an age when most of us Northerners have not yet grown up, mentally, at all. She was an adult when, being still a young girl named Alice Thompson, she became a Roman Catholic, after much pondering and many searchings of heart, and saw her example followed by the rest of the family. Small wonder if the question what one ought to do was always present with her. Small wonder if she was always considering how her actions might affect her after life, and other lives too, for better or worse. And if this accounts for a faint but distinctly perceptible note of

priggishness in certain poems of hers, the fact that her raw material was always live stuff, at which she looked steadily, using her own eyes, likewise the fact that she had other interests to fill her life, so that she did not work her Muse to death, account for an entire absence of banality or, euphemistically speaking, of 'the obvious.'

The above-quoted sonnet, though fine, is not the poet's best.<sup>1)</sup> But as it is exceedingly characteristic I have ventured, for the sake of comparison and valuation, to quote in its immediate neighbourhood an equally characteristic sonnet by an entirely different woman-poet, the unduly neglected *Mathilde Blind* (1847—1896).

### The Agnostic.

Not in the hour of peril, thronged with foes,  
Panting to set their heel upon my head,  
Or when alone from many wounds I bled  
Unflinching beneath Fortune's random blows;  
Nor when my shuddering hands were doomed to close  
The unshrinking eyelids of the stony dead; —  
Not then I missed my God, not then — but said:  
"Let me not burden God with all men's woes!"

But when resurgent from the womb of night  
Spring's Oriflamme of flowers waves from the Sod;  
When peak on flashing Alpine peak is trod  
By sunbeams on their missionary flight;  
When heaven-kissed Earth laughs, garmented in light; —  
That is the hour in which I miss my God.

Here, as befits, is more passion, with a tumultuous rush. But at the same time this sonnet is more closely knit. Its structure is more strongly outlined. It is simpler, more sensuous, and, strange to say, equally religious. What enables Alice Meynell's sonnet to hold its own beside it? Its author has been delving deep into her soul. She has brought hidden treasure to light and speaks of her find in a quiet mezzo-soprano.

Here follows another example.

With this ambiguous earth  
His dealings have been told us. These abide :  
The signal to a maid, the human birth,  
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all  
The innumerable host of stars has heard  
How He administered this terrestrial ball.  
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet  
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,  
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,  
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

('Christ in the Universe,' first three stanzas.)

Again an unconventional conception. And again a quiet intensity, which makes the poem as effective as need be without any great pictorial power

<sup>1)</sup> Compare the two *folds* in lines 10 and 12. — The Sonnet entitled *Renouncement* is excellent.

having been displayed. As in the field of art as elsewhere the words *can* and *will* and *must* form a mystic trinity, one might with tolerable certainty affirm that Alice Meynell does not much trouble about being pictorial, because her talent does not lie that way. The metaphors which she uses to interpret to her readers her ethical responses and reactions, give a succession of glimpses, seldom a picture.

We build with strength the deep tower wall  
That shall be shattered thus and thus.  
And fair and great are court and hall,  
But how fair — this is not for us,  
We know the lack that lurks in all.

We know, we know how all too bright  
The hues are that our painting wears,  
And how the marble gleams too white; —  
We speak in unknown tongues, the years  
Interpret everything aright.

And crown with weeds our pride of towers,  
And warm our marble through with sun,  
And break our pavements through with flowers,  
With an Amen when all is done,  
Knowing these perfect things of ours.

(‘Builders of Ruins’, first three stanzas).

The same remark holds good of *The Shepherdess*, one of her best-known poems and really a jewel of its kind :

She walks — the lady of my delight —  
A shepherdess of sheep.  
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white :  
She guards them from the steep;  
She feeds them on the fragrant height,  
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,  
Dark valleys safe and deep.  
Into that tender breast at night  
The chastest stars may peep.  
She walks — the lady of my delight —  
A shepherdess of sheep.

One quiet touch is added to another. Music is achieved. But the picture remains vague ; there is no intensity of vision, least of all in the fourth line of the third and last stanza, which is nevertheless the very passage where the mezzo-soprano reaches its highest note :

She holds her little thoughts in sight,  
Though gay they run and leap.  
She is so circumspect and right;  
She has her soul to keep.  
She walks — the lady of my delight —  
A shepherdess of sheep.

Elsewhere our author compares herself to a west wind moving across the world, ‘sweeping [her] harp of floods [her] own wild ways’. But there is nothing savouring of Shelley in this assertion, which, with perfect truth, refers to a certain fancifulness, or whimsicality, of thought :

Into the rescued world newcomer,  
 The newly-dead stepped up, and cried,  
 "O what is that, sweeter than summer  
 Was to my heart before I died ?  
 Sir (to an angel), what is yonder  
 More bright than the remembered skies,  
 A lovelier sight, a softer splendour  
 Than when the moon was wont to rise ?  
 Surely no sinner wears such seeming  
 Even the Rescued World within?"

"O the success of His redeeming !  
 O child, it is a rescued sin!"

('Beyond Knowledge').

This poem, under the motto 'Your sins . . . shall be white as snow', will probably strike more than one as being in questionable taste, and such a thing is all the more remarkable, as Mrs. Meynell is really delicacy and refinement embodied. Indeed, the word *delicate* is one of her favourites, and is inseparable from any conception we would make of her whose figure moves by preference

'where clear  
 Through the *thin* trees the skies appear,  
 In *delicate* *sparse* soil and fen,  
 And *slender* landscape and *austere*.'

(Closing lines of *The Lady Poverty*. My italics).

### III.

Alice Meynell's voice, though quiet, is authentic. She is one of those authors who belong to no school, preferring to create one of their own. In Emily Orr's work her influence is distinctly visible; lines like

'Thousands of words ! and yet I cannot frame  
 From out their hoarded gold one perfect line !  
 A million thoughts leap forth and — for a sign —  
 See the poor broken measures, meet for blame.'

— though by no means imitative — might have been written by Alice Meynell herself. In other words, they are the sincere expression of a personal experience, without any obvious striving after verbal prettiness. This level, however, is only irregularly reached and when reached seldom long kept. What follows is a fair specimen.

#### Europe at War.

If shipwrecked sailors in their madness sip  
 A beaker of the salt flood's flowing brine,  
 The burning draught — far other than the vine —  
 Will pour redoubled thirst upon each lip.

Thou the true Vine dost shed from every vein  
 Life-giving streams for thirsty sinners' need,  
 And we ingrates can coldly watch Thee bleed  
 And turn us to our deadly draught again.

More wild than frenzied seamen do we seize  
 Upon the cup of staggering and woe.  
 Salt tides of sorrow wash us to and fro,  
 And yet we dip our vessels in such seas.

The word *sip* in the first line contradicts  *in the third, and  *in the fourth. An expression like *the salt flood's flowing brine* is as tautological as can be. The second half of the third line is a mere stopgap. The word *beaker* in the second is out of place, *scoop* being the proper and picturesque term that the occasion requires. And more holes might be pecked in a poem of which the sincerity, the moral earnestness is unmistakable. Emily Orr has not yet found her feet, Sometimes she remembers that she is Irish and feels in duty bound to say something about Erin, and to be, with very varying success, a Keltic singer for the nonce. In the following poem, which was no doubt inspired by the famous XVII<sup>th</sup> century lyric 'Yet if his Majesty Our Sovereign Lord' (unearthed by the late Mr. A. H. Bullen), we find her at her best:**

### Cumbered with Much Serving.

Like some poor cottager who will not pause  
 For converse with a guest,  
 But who, in anxious pride, will sweep  
 And scour and will not rest  
 Until the wearied friend must rise to go,  
 And then the housewife clamours: "Nay, not so!  
 See! I have swept the hearth and made all fair  
 And in your honour did I thus prepare."  
 So, in Thy very presence, Lord, do we  
 Bustle and fume, and strive to honour Thee  
 In foolish ways which, sadly, Thou dost bear.  
 Our duties drive our Master from our breast,  
 And in preparing cheer we slight the Guest.

### IV.

There is this resemblance between Father Henry Rope and Wilfred Rowland Childe that they both detest modern civilization. But while the former attacks it, the latter thinks ignoring the more poetical attitude.

The huge grey waste of smoky wharf and yard,  
 The barren bravery of mart and street,  
 Sad hurry of unresting anxious feet —  
 Imperious is the city, proud and hard.

The England that we knew, shall she go down,  
 The England of the thorp and country town,  
 Before the upstart and supplanteress?  
 Shall all traditions wither at her frown,  
 And all things fade she deigneth not to bless?

Yea, shall no human leisure overlive  
 The torment of her gain-inciting goad?  
 Shall never human gladness token give?  
 Nor careless children sing beside the road?

The mighty city reacheth out for miles,  
 Her hand is on the waters and the ways,  
 She gathers in the countrysides and smiles  
 To see them shrink and blench beneath her gaze.

Shall not some prophet rise up presently,  
 Confront her cruel eyes with fearless mien,  
 And in God's name lift up his voice and cry:  
 "I tell thee that thy doom is set, O Queen,  
 The writing goeth forth upon the wall,  
 Thy glory is at very point to fall?"

(*'The City of the Grail & Other Verses,' p. 16.*)

It seems strange that such a man, bent upon being direct, a brusque preacher but one understood of the multitude,<sup>1)</sup> should often be so needlessly and wilfully archaic. What is the good of saying 'I know not what men shall her surquedry amate,' or of comforting oneself and others by anticipating an hour 'when covetise shall vail her pride and power?' In Childe's 'The Gothic Rose' such terms find fit settings, in the work of Father Rope, whose ideal is to be a single-hearted soldier in the Lord's service, they are out of place. Not even Cromwell's Ironsides talked in that fashion, let alone a modern Crusader.

But 'The Gothic Rose' — that is another matter. A worshipper of beauty, an advocate of form, like James Elroy Flecker, — but a Christian. A romantic mediaevalist, like William Morris, — but a Roman Catholic. Such is Wilfred Rowland Childe. He ought to have left 'Daphne' to the former, as he has Christianized the latter, even in his appeal to the working classes :

We had a loving Mother once, she pleased us with her shows,  
A silver Lily in each hand and on her head a Rose,  
And on her head a Rose, Jhesu, and on her head a Rose,  
And in her hand a Crook, Mary, against the poor flock's foes.

But then rose up the cotton-lords, the iron-lords, the printing-lords,  
But then rose up the merchants lords and they became our kings;  
They cut our Mother's corn-fields down, they drove her dumb beasts out of town,  
They trampled on her crystal crown and tore away her rings . . . .

(*'Song of the Folk in Industrial Cities.'*)

As Jean Jacques Rousseau preached a return to Nature, using such eloquent terms as to make scoffing Voltaire express a wish to give up his erect attitude and crawl on all fours, so doth Childe preach a return to the Middle Ages, which accomplished all will be better than well and all vermin extinct; thereby sorely tempting a modern to abjure forever tea and cocoa and other abominable drinks, rice-pudding and curried stews and the like unspeakable viands, and henceforward to drink nothing but right guid-willie waughts of ale, and to dine exclusively on roast roebuck, poached — shot with an arbalist — in Sherwood Forest.

This is to say that Childe, conscientious and gifted artist though he is, overdoes the trick. Besides the work is too full of pretty words describing engagingly picturesque situations. He handles colours — scarlet, orange, green, vermillion — and romantic names — Marsabas, Laverack, Arminel — as a juggler plays with his balls. He has never striven with unpromising material. Was he afraid of having the hollow of his thigh put out of joint? Fear is an ill counsellor.

The following piece, save for a Yeatsian echo at the end, is fairly representative, and less overloaded with colour than most.

By hidden wolds, cloaked hamlets, secret shires,  
By liliéd pool and daisied field I went;  
Yet ever dreaded death for youth's sweet fires,  
Yet ever feared that wonder should be spent.  
From uplands ruffled by a soft strange breeze,  
From grassy streets weighed down by cloudy dreams,  
From lichenéd manors, houses buried in trees,  
From fretted gables guarding stainless streams,

<sup>1)</sup> He also displays the qualities of a singer. 'Fluency' (p. 9) 'sings itself.'

Came one great voice : 'Fear not to lose, O lover.  
 The pleasant places that have known thy feet;  
 The marching storming years shall pass us over,  
 But thou shalt find us ever kind and sweet :  
 For our slow rivers, our clear waters wind  
 Through the dim valleys of thy dreaming mind.'

(*'The Gothic Rose,' p. 16.*)

## V.

The preceding authors are all Catholics, and Thomas Sharp evidently is not. But I put him here, as a train-bearer to Alice Meynell, because he has inscribed his volume of *Poems* to her, 'mistress of vision,' and to her husband, Wilfrid Meynell, 'master of souls.' I like the volume, and its contents make me like the man. Though he is no innovator, and his speech now and then bears a Wordsworthian accent, he is himself throughout. And he is never dull. His thought is very good, his feeling genuine, his imagery often striking.

### Lights Out.

(1916.)

Few are the lamps that torch the night;  
 Their faces wanting from the street  
 We move home in the faint starlight  
 Silent, and with uncertain feet.

Flicker our human lamps and die  
 (The glowing hearts we loved of old)  
 And we walk dumb 'neath a night sky  
 Wherefrom the rays come far and cold.

Father of Lights, we lift the brow,  
 Tread the blurred course Thy stars attend,  
 And clutch a hope that lights quenched now  
 Will beam a welcome at the end.

Being a Scotchman he has much humour too, and is not afraid of poking fun at himself. A very pleasant piece is about a dog without a pedigree, whose

'growl that makes the dustman shy  
 Is good to hear, though I confess  
 It sadly shows his snobbishness ;  
 And good at night the explosive bark  
 That scatters all the powers of the dark . . . .'

This same mongrel, Pat by name, who often accompanies his master on walks through the fields, when he goes silent, nose to ground, sees and scents wonders there which no naturalist ever dreams of. And once he

'Quietly sat a sermon through.  
 (A Presbyterian sermon too !)  
 Through the church doors he won his way  
 And pattered up the aisle — to stay.  
 Just as the text was given out  
 My hand was touched by a cold snout  
 And a warm tongue ; my dog was then  
 A pattern for all Christian men —  
 Though many a curious head was turned  
 Towards him he was unconcerned,

A true and humble worshipper;  
 He through the sermon did not stir  
 But, prostrate at his master's feet,  
 Forgetting lure of field and street,  
 He lay, too glad to doze or nod,  
 Rapt in the presence of his god.'

('Pat', p. 94.)

It does seem unkind and thankless of Mr. Sharp to present to us this same dog Pat, on another occasion, in a very different light . . . .

As I walked through the ranked corn  
 The sun in eastern cradle born  
 I marked not. Worry dogged my mind  
 Yelping before, snapping behind.  
 Sighting o'erhead the cloudy fleece,  
 I smoothed my wrinkled cloak of peace,  
 Called worry straight to heel — the cur  
 Slunk back, not daring now to stir . . . .

('The Walk', p. 4.)

Thomas Sharp's poems are a decided achievement. I wish I could say as much of the Rev. J. M. Cobbett's *Grass of Parnassus*, but I cannot. And Mr. Collingwood's adaptation of Chaucer's *Prioress's Tale* is not unskilfully done, and more than this rather meagre praise of a very slender booklet I am afraid he must not expect from me as yet.

## VI.

### Thomas Hardy and A. E. Housman.

Two old men. The one, very old, and the other's senior by nineteen years, has written many books with which to challenge oblivion, whereas the younger man, as a literary artist, has only two slender volumes of poetry to his credit. Both are famous, Hardy chiefly for being the creator of Gabriel Oak and Michael Henchard, of Eustacia Vye and Tess, Housman for being 'the Shropshire Lad.' Both are pessimists, Hardy gently and tearfully so, Housman sullenly and defiantly. The latter's life is in a sense as retired as the former's. But Hardy's wide sympathies inspire personal devotion, Housman always keeps aloof. The mere fact that to his readers he is not *Alfred Edward* but simply *A. E.* speaks volumes.

There is no falling off either in the later verses included in 'Late Lyrics and Earlier' or in 'Last Poems', which gives no dates of composition. Are there any signs of either artist improving with age? We find in both some new stanzaic and metrical effects, but our estimates of them remain much the same as they were. The reader will be very thankful nevertheless.

### The Strange House.

(Max Gate, A. D. 2000.)

"I hear the piano playing —  
 Just as a ghost might play."  
 "— O, but what are you saying?  
 There's no piano to-day;  
 Their old one was sold and broken;  
 Years past it went amiss."  
 "— I heard it, or shouldn't have spoken:  
 A strange house, this!"

"I catch some undertone here,  
From some one out of sight."  
"— Impossible; we are alone here,  
And shall be through the night."  
"— The parlour-door — what stirred it?"  
" — No one: no soul's in range."  
"— But, anyhow, I heard it,  
And it seems strange !

"Seek my own room I cannot —  
A figure is on the stair!"  
"— What figure? Nay, I scan not  
Any one lingering there.  
A bough outside is waving,  
And that's its shade by the moon."  
"— Well, all is strange! I am craving  
Strength to leave soon."

"— Ah, maybe you've some vision  
Of showings beyond our sphere;  
Some sight, sense, intuition  
Of what once happened here?  
The house is old; they've hinted  
It once held two love-thralls,  
And they may have imprinted  
Their dreams on its walls ?

"They were — I think 't was told me —  
Queer in their works and ways;  
The teller would often hold me  
With weird tales of those days.  
Some folk cannot abide here,  
But we — we do not care  
Who loved, laughed, wept, or died here,  
Knew joy, or despair."

('Late Lyrics and Earlier', p. 40, 41.)

This is Thomas Hardy all over. He is haunted by ghosts, not so much by ghosts of the distant past — although these are by no means unfamiliar to him — as by those of the comparatively recent past, the past just preceding our grandparents' present. And when he projects his spirit into the future he remains haunted, by the ghosts of former friends (including his own literary conceptions), by the ghosts of strangers, even by his own. He loves ghosts, and besides, *his* ghosts have homely qualities which endear them. It is quite a natural thing for Hardy to sit and listen, silent and unobtrusive, to their conversation, — his ghosts do not mind being overheard or spied upon; they are naked and unashamed. He sometimes interviews them. And he never wearies of interpreting them to us.

Alfred Edward Housman, too, is haunted. He, however, is not haunted by ghosts, but by grim thoughts. Whether he hates them or loves them is impossible to decide. He has entertained them so long, he has for so many years felt their stern, tyrannic power, that to him these thoughts have become vague realities. Such are, for instance, the ever-repeated collisions of aspiring youth with a hostile world. Whereas Hardy enlists our sympathies and our interest for the *victims* of the many tragedies enacted on earth, Housman dwells on the tragic necessity of there being a conflict at all, and as a result his protagonists are shadowy and un-individuated, although there is a sombre grandeur that goes with his simplicity. There ought to be harmony on earth, and love and peace and constancy and faith. There

is nothing of the kind, therefore, oh young man, chap from the barn or the forge, from the mill or the fold, lad for the girls or lad for the liquor, — get disillusioned as quickly as possible . . . .<sup>1)</sup>

Her strong enchantments failing,  
Her towers of fear in wreck,  
Her limbecks dried of poisons  
And the knife at her neck,

The Queen of air and darkness  
Begins to shrill and cry,  
"O young man, O my slayer,  
To-morrow you shall die."

O Queen of air and darkness,  
I think 'tis truth you say,  
And I shall die to-morrow:  
But you will die to-day.

('Last Poems', III.)

Likewise, ye soldiers, in red or in khaki, lancers or grenadiers, when trumpet or bugle calls, set your teeth and fight, not for the love of battle which poets — non-combatants mostly — have celebrated in song, and which maddened our Berserker forefathers, — but simply to dree your weird. And having fallen, your spirits will be put to sleep, as Peer Gynt was soothed by Solveig, as they listen to a Requiem written in direct emulation of Shakespeare's Dirge for Imogen ('Cymbeline' Act. IV Sc. 2):

Wake not for the world-heard thunder  
Nor the chime that earthquakes toll.  
Star may plot in heaven with planet,  
Lightning rive the rock of granite,  
Tempest tread the oakwood under:  
Fear not you for flesh nor soul.  
Marching, fighting, victory past,  
Stretch your limbs in peace at last.

Stir not for the soldiers drilling  
Nor the fever nothing cures:  
Throb of drum and timbal's rattle  
Call but man alive to battle,  
And the fife with death-notes filling  
Screams for blood but not for yours.  
Times enough you bled your best;  
Sleep on now, and take your rest....

('Last Poems' XXIX.)

Meanwhile let us make the best of things. 'Our only portion is the estate of man: we want the moon, but we shall get no more.' There is comfort in nature, though not in the mystic's way;<sup>2)</sup> there is also comfort in com-

<sup>1)</sup> I may refer here to an article, in Dutch, on 'A Shropshire Lad', contributed by me to *Neophilologus* of 1916. (Pages 218—223.)

<sup>2)</sup> Possess, as I possessed a season,  
The countries I resign,  
Where over elmy plains the highway  
Would mount the hills and shine,  
And full of shade the pillared forest  
Would murmur and be mine.

For nature, heartless, witless nature,  
Will neither care nor know  
What stranger's feet may find the meadow  
And trespass there and go,  
Nor ask amid the dews of morning  
If they are mine or no.

('Last Poems', p. 76.)

radeship; it saves lads from hell ('Hell Gate', p. 59), it guards their nuptial slumbers ('Epithalamium', p. 47); it provides innocent and wholesome amusement after labour.

Ours were idle pleasures,  
Yet oh, content we were,  
The young to wind the measures,  
The old to heed the air;  
And I to lift with playing  
From tree and tower and steep  
The light delaying,  
And flute the sun to sleep.  
• . . . .  
To-morrow, more's the pity,  
Away we both must hie,  
To air the ditty,  
And to earth I.

('Last Poems', p. 79.)

The word *flute* which the poet uses here to characterize his own literary qualities is very apt, a flute being an exceedingly sweet musical instrument not remarkable for its range. What is the instrument I wonder by which we could fitly compare Thomas Hardy? It is certainly neither a violin nor a 'cello nor anything melodiously flowing. Housman could never have written lines like

Torn, leaf-strewn, as if scoured by foemen,  
Once edging fiefs of my forefolk yeomen,  
Fallows fat to the plough . . . .

('Late Lyrics &c.' p. 141.)

And yet there is music of a kind.

There was a singing woman  
Came riding across the mead  
At the time of the mild May weather,  
Tameless, tireless;  
This song she sung: "I am fair, I am young!"  
And many turned to heed.

And the same singing woman  
Sat crooning in her need  
At the time of the winter weather;  
Friendless, fireless,  
She sang this song: "Life, thou'rt too long!"  
And there was none to heed.

('Late Lyrics &c.' p. 178.)

Would a piano do, an old-fashioned one? Or, perhaps, a xylophone?

As regards constructive power, the harmonious building and arranging of stanzas, the two poets are peers. But whereas Housman polishes, Hardy is content to show us the naked bricks of the lofty walls.

## VII.

### Harold Monro.

He is neither a prolific writer in general, nor a very productive poet in particular. On one hand, as he is of a very introspective turn of mind, the habit of brooding would be enough to prevent him from shedding poems as lime-trees shed leaves in September. But he is also afraid of repeating

himself, afraid of getting into artistic 'grooves'. And so he is continually experimenting, and has in this way been able to score a number of undoubted successes. Several of his contributions to Mr. E. Marsh's successive volumes of 'Georgian Poetry' have decidedly enriched the great store of English poetry.

Is 'Real Property' an advance on his previous work? It would be hazardous to affirm such a thing of Part II, dedicated (for no obvious reason) 'to the Zoo and its Owner', and containing chiefly fugitive poems written at various periods during the past ten years. Among them are such fine poems as 'Dog', 'Goldfish', 'Thistledown', 'Unknown Country'. 'Their subjects are natural; they have no metaphysical background, nor, as those in the First Part, do they form a group'. (page 50.) They do not constitute a new departure. We must therefore turn our attention to Part I, which is preceded by a 'Prayer to Memory', the essence of which is also contained in the poem, or section, called

### Earthliness.

How can I tell,  
I who now live,  
What I have been in the past before I was born?

Memory cries,  
Heart can repeat  
Echo of echo from cave after cave of my life.

I can imagine,  
Stretching my thought  
Backward and backward, my fathers, their fathers, and theirs.

And the one long  
Faithful desire  
Driving through ages to me who am breathing and here.

But as I burrow  
Deep into Mind,  
Only the dark passage widens: I can't feel the walls.

Oh, there must be,  
Somewhere beyond,  
Through all that darkness, a light, for there's often a sound

That roars in my ears  
Like waves on the rocks  
Of an ocean I've known, and when I remember that life

Then in my body,  
Or in my heart,  
Or in my brain, some quarrel, or hunger or love,

Cruel, too great  
To be hidden, too eager,  
Too wild for the tame life we live, will arise and cry;

Suddenly shriek,  
As one who has been  
Buried alive, awak'ning, might shriek in the earth:

Calling and calling,  
Shaking my body,  
Till I unbury the dead and discover the past.

Poets of bygone generations used to invoke The Muse or their several Muses. Multatuli, who affected to despise mere verse and, with lifted eyebrows, extolled Poetry with a capital P (greatly troubling thereby the easily disturbed waters of thought), spoke of seeing Fancy face to face. Harold Monro dethrones Muse or Muses as well as Fancy, and swears allegiance to Memory with a capital M. Evidently this is more than a mere figure of speech, and it would seem as if Harold Monro's broodings have led him to a philosophy of life which sees — with Frohschammer<sup>1)</sup> — in the imagination the great creative principle:

Soul, oh my soul,  
Here is your master,  
God and begetter, yes, hundred-fold father. He lives

Deep in your flesh,  
Soul of my body, O soul:  
You must be faithful to him. He is God unto you.

If he is wild  
Is he not you?  
If he is wanton, not you? If rebellious, not you?

In the young world,  
Out of the sea,  
Slowly he crept with you, feeling his way to the sun;

And in the light,  
High on the beach,  
Laid down your body, and moulded the shape of you, Soul;

All that long time,  
Low in your ear,  
Whispered the spells of the earth, which you heard not at first.

Slowly, the slow,  
Slowly and slowly, the sound,  
Sound of his whispering moulded your ear to his voice.

(‘Real Property’, p. 18.)

I do not think the last-quoted stanza a success; to my mind the trick of repeating *slowly* and *sound* and putting in the adjective *slow* as if it were a noun might prove an easy butt for ‘Sitwellian’ ridicule, at any rate it does not come off, in spite of the fine thought contained in the last line. And in some other pieces — ‘Gravity’, for instance — the thought is rather novel, it is true, but quite unconvincing . . . .

Fit for perpetual worship is the power  
That holds our bodies safely to the earth.

When people talk of their domestic gods,  
Then privately I think of you . . . .

(‘Real Property’, p. 26.)

Can an abstraction like the law of gravity inspire such devotion?

The title-poem — the root-idea of which is identical with that of Wordsworth’s ‘Daffodils’ — is the finest. As it has been included in the latest instalment of ‘Georgian Poetry’ I do not quote it here, but give instead the last section of ‘The Garden’:

<sup>1)</sup> Cited by Ribot, who misspells the name, in his *Essai sur l’Imagination Créatrice*. (p. 63, and in the Appendix.)

An angel with a flaming sword  
Stood large; and beautiful, and clear:  
He covered up his golden eyes,  
And would not look as we came near.

Birds wheeled about the flowery gate,  
But we could never see inside,  
Although (I often think) it stood  
Slack on its hinges open wide.

The angel dropped his hopeless sword,  
And stood with his great pinions furled,  
And wept into his hands: but we  
Feared, and turned back to our own world.

## VIII.

## Edmund Blunden and H. H. Abbott.

'The Shepherd' is the former's second volume of poetry; 'Black & White' is the latter's first. So we look to H. H. Abbott's little book — mark the harsh initials: there is also a Claude Abbott, whose poems have been published by Mr. Basil Blackwell at Oxford — for a promise, and we get more than this. We look to the author of 'The Waggoner' for a fulfilment, but we get less.

Edmund Blunden is very unequal, and in his opening poem '11th R. S. R.' he is about at his worst. His great sin is a lack of imaginative logic . . .

The land lies like a jewel in the mind,  
And featured sharp shall lie when other fades,  
And through its veins the eternal memories wind  
As that lost column down its colonnades.

(page 10, lines 4—8.)

A jewel is something clear-cut; colonnades suggest mysterious obscurity, cloisters and forests. And what are we to make of eternal memories winding through the veins of a jewel? This kind of figurative language is thoroughly bad. The stanza immediately following is a marvellous muddle:

Flat parcelled fields the scanty paths scored through,  
Woods where no guns thrust their lean muzzles out,  
Small smoky inns, we laughed at war's ado!  
And clutching death, to hear, fell into doubt.  
Christ at each crossroad hung, rich belfries tolling,  
Old folks a-digging, weathercocks turned torches,  
Half-hearted railways, flimsy millsails rolling —  
Not one, but by the host for ever marches.

'Shepherd', the title-poem, suffers from similar defects. In a stanzaic poem each stanza should be an organic unit, otherwise why write stanzas at all? The one I quote, the sixth, has been most violently clamped together:

But May when music grows on every tree  
Too quickly passes, shepherd's roses die —  
New dipt and shorn, they still delight the eye:  
How fast they gather to his "Cub-burreel!"  
Even crows and jackdaws scrambling for the beans  
Among their troughs are of his rustic clan  
And know him king of bird and sheep and man;  
And where he breaks his bread the emmet gleans.  
The great sun gives him wisdom, the wind sings  
Clear to his simple heart the hardest things.

I have another, very serious objection to the poem. Such a subject as a shepherd admits of two kinds of treatment, viz. the pictorial way and the psychological way. The former makes us treat it from the outside; when we follow the latter we get into the shepherd's skin. And then we do not see him any longer, since we have identified ourselves with him. But we observe life with the shepherd's eyes, we see the landscape and its different features as he sees them. Edmund Blunden has mixed these styles and the result is a hybrid poem that does not satisfy. He is at his best in his shorter pieces, notably in his sonnets, whose rigorous form imposing rigorous artistic limitation prevents him from shifting his view-point. The following, with its strong sprinkling of local words, gives an unforgettable picture of a Kentish landscape in late autumn :

From the night storm sad wakes the winter day  
With sobbings round the yew, and far-off surge  
Of broadcast rain; the old house cries dismay,  
And rising floods gleam silver on the verge  
Of sackclothed skies and melancholy grounds.  
On the black hop-pole slats the weazen bine,  
The rooks with terror's tumult take their rounds,  
Under the eaves the chattering sparrows pine.

Waked by the bald light from his bed of straw,  
The beggar shudders out to steal and gnaw  
Sheeps' locusts: leaves the last of many homes —  
Where mouldered apples and black shoddy lie,  
Hop-shovels spluttered, wickered flasks flung by,  
And sharded pots and rusty curry combs.

('November Morning', p. 23.)

Edmund Blunden is still a young man. He has plenty of poetical stuff inside. Let him shut his Keats, whom he cannot admire more than I do; let him shut his Keats and also his Wordsworth, for five years, and the gain to English literature is likely to be considerable.

H. H. Abbott is a more adventurous figure, a bolder chap. A *déraciné*, like the author of 'A Shropshire Lad', he longs, in the midst of city alarms, for the quiet and primitive freshness of country-life. But he does not idealize it; nor does he pour out gentle and melancholy strains about the land of lost content left behind. And he responds a few times to his new surroundings in bits of telling impressionism :

### Saturday Night.

Like a ship, stately, swiftly, the tram floats.  
Gathering speed it breasts the billows and surges on.  
Indolently I ride and watch,  
And listen to its loud melodious warning bell.  
White faces gibber at me and scurry past.  
Skeleton trees beckon with their bony fingers.  
And are gone.

Like a bird, rising, dipping in its flight,  
The tram speeds, now hurrying, now wistfully pausing.  
Lights, red, green and white, merge,  
Intermingle and rush apart.  
Through the vast phosphorescent square I pass,  
Crowded with men and women, noisy, eager.  
That gesticulate and bargain for each other, —  
And on into the darkness.

At last the pier and the waters,  
 Black, swirling, inscrutable;  
 In and out of the piles they run, eagerly lapping.  
 Remorseless, devouring, nosing this way and that  
 With the noise of iron-shod hoofs on courtyard cobbles,  
 And their white, flowing fetlocks flash in the light of the moon.  
 Out in the roadstead ride the jewelled ships,  
 And the warning light flares, is gone,  
 And flares again.

I watch a ghostly oarsman, steadily pulling;  
 His spectral oars shine in the light of a lanthorn.  
 Yes.

Here are wide spaces, open skies and stars.  
 That stud the ebon breastplate of the night,  
 Mute strife and whispering silences —  
 No compromise, nor any bargaining.

(‘Black & White’, p. 52.)

The country-poems are of three kinds. Some are ballad-like in their suggestively grim and terse story-telling. Such is ‘A Meeting’ (p. 37). Others are lyrics, and very good ones, distinguished by economy of artistic means and by fine imagery. He sees black firs after an April rain waving in the breeze ‘like tentacled seaweed floating in swaying seas’. After the last harvest-waggon has left the field, he sees a cloud hiding ‘the silver birch’s battered coat-of-mail’, whilst ‘Earth, like a prodigal at winter’s sting, reft of her cloak, goes stumbling in her stride’.

And thirdly there are a number of idylls, forcible and full of local flavour, but without any sentimental appeal and without any romantic glamour. Partly they are experiments and show a conscious and consistent striving to combine effectiveness with the utmost austerity of diction. It may be that in these efforts our author sometimes overshoots the mark, becoming bald instead of simple, and too judicious to give way to any enthusiasm. But they are notable poems for all that, and H. H. Abbott succeeds exceedingly well in transferring his vision and his emotion to the reader, which is the great and decisive test. Here follows part of ‘The Farm’ (p. 11):

Go down the lane, and by the watering,  
 Then past the mill — it’s shut now — and the forge,  
 Up to the top of the hill where the young stoats play.  
 At the endway signpost do not turn, but keep  
 Straight on. The road rises and winds: at its crest  
 The farm still stands, and Beaumains is its name —  
 They call it Beemans: if you look upon  
 Its great square chimney-stack you’ll see the date —  
 Sixteen hundred and eight — upon its bricks.  
 Three golden centuries of setting suns  
 Have flamed upon its latticed window-panes,  
 Those eyes which wear the tolerance of age;  
 For it has seen the generations pass  
 Not heeding civil strife or change of crown.  
 Or fretful rumour of a conquering foe.  
 It has the wisdom of the years and knows  
 They are but accidents and shows of things.  
 Not the necessities of common man.  
 Those change, but these remain — the human ties  
 That bind the family, the daily work  
 That goes from man to boy, harvest and tilth,  
 Fall of the lambs and of the leaf and fruit;  
 And many secrets lie within its heart. —  
 Of love and birth and death, of deeds and wills,  
 Of mortgages and hunting jollity . . . .

I may add that 'Black & White' is a very handy little volume to slip into one's pocket, and this is a very good thing, as its contents will abundantly repay repeated perusal.

## IX.

What is to be said of John Middleton Murry? An editor of renown, an able theorist, a writer of excellent essays, — is he a poet too? He is, on occasion, and when he is he can be exquisite:

## Return.

An hour and I shall see you. Delicately  
 A light will pass across your wakening eyes;  
 They will be smiling, steady, saying to me:  
 "There was no parting, all those days were lies.  
 I left you on the instant." I will hesitate  
 Whether to kiss you, but a second gone  
 Since last we kissed: decide when all too late;  
 Then wonder would a year of love atone.

You, knowing my mind, will smile and touch my hand.  
 Or did you touch it then?.... Ah, no, an hour,  
 A leaden hour, that will not understand,  
 But moon-faced mocks me from the tall clock-tower  
 And will not lock the door upon the band  
 Of devil doubts that hold me in their power.

(*Poems, 1916-1920*, p. 11.)

But he is not often like this. 'The Opening of a Tale', in stanzas which bear the same relation to the Spenserian as Shakespeare's fourteen-liners bear to the orthodox sonnet, is tantalizing, but leads to nothing. 'To My Dead Friends' sounds forced; it displays the same defects that mar the beginning of Shelley's 'Adonais', namely a *quasi-naïveté* which, combined with the too obvious desire to rise to the occasion, modern readers can no longer stand. And it is entirely without Shelley's impetuous rush, which carries us along willy-nilly. And it is clumsy in places. 'A Bus Ride in Time of War', an excellent subject to treat realistically, has been dealt with in *bardic* fashion, its diction full of 'poetic' forms like *whither*, *brethren*, *murmurèd*, etc. 'Lovers and Ghosts' is full, not of new wine, but of old Keats. 'Tolstoy', which is very good of its kind, is in the rhetorical vein of much-belittled Byron:

Through what unnumbered ages hast thou sped,  
 Thou mighty horseman, o'er the Asian plain?  
 What teeming tribes of nomads hast thou led  
 To battle and to plunder and to pain?  
 Slant-eyed watcher of the nights,  
 Master of creeping fights,  
 To what god what victims gav'st thou in thy sacrificial rites?

He was thy sire who would not to the tomb,  
 At whose dark terrors his grim spirit quailed,  
 Go comfortless; but took to share his doom  
 A thousand warriors on their steeds impaled,  
 Who girded him around  
 In the darkness of his mound  
 To be his guard against the fang of death's grey, ghostly hound.

(*Poems*, p. 49.)

John Middleton Murry's poetry is a by-product, which has not received the complete and concentrated attention of an undivided mind. When a man

cannot wait, or cannot afford to wait, patiently for the luminous moment that shall supply the word required, the word which is afterwards recognized as being the only one that could possibly fit in with the context, bardic echoes are sure to come in handy.

(*To be continued.*)

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

## Notes and News.

**English Association in Holland.** Full particulars of the programme for Christmas Term will be found in the *Bulletin* enclosed with this number. We draw especial attention to the performances of English madrigals and folksongs to be given by the English Singers. We are fortunate in being able to insert two notes by their leader, Mr. Steuart Wilson, whose delightful lecture-recitals on *Folksongs* gained him so many Dutch friends in February

### The English Madrigal.

I have been asked to write a few words on English Madrigals for your journal. It is not necessary to introduce the countrymen of Sweelinck and Rolandus Lassus to a Madrigal, nor the lucky hearers of the Amsterdam Madrigal Singers to the manner of performance of this kind of music. However, there are some things which can be said, without impertinence, of English Madrigals by an Englishman. Their distinctive feature is not their sonorous polyphony, but their enjoyment of cross-rhythms. I am right in supposing that not every member of the English Association in Holland is a musician. Let me explain the matter of cross rhythms more simply. Suppose there to be 6 persons in a room together; supposing them to agree to count up to twelve over and over again and simultaneously; if they each sang their figures to a set of tunes which harmonized together *in the same rhythm* they would sing (I mark the accented figures)

i 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 and so on, or perhaps  
the tune would be a different one

i 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12.

Now suppose them to sing tunes of a different rhythm simultaneously; you would have

i 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12

and                    i 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12.

It is this alternation of accents, each rhythm going on steadily in its own way, which is the characteristic of English Madrigals. Is it a characteristic of our race that we do not run smoothly together, but rather bump along side by side, with pitiless egotism for our own tune combined with a purpose to fit in with the tune of the others? This would be a subject for an essay of quite another kind; we will go no further with it.

Now these rhythms are not so much invented at caprice — though occasionally they seem like a little bit of Arithmetic which has escaped into music — as they are the outcome of following the rhythm of the spoken word, and thus avoiding the regularity of accent which is inevitable in measured music such as a chorale tune or a dance rhythm.

The history of the English Madrigal School is interesting and in the history of art perhaps unique. The school may be said to open with the volume by William Byrd published in 1588 and to close in 1627. Thus in a period of 40 years — but half the named span of mankind — there was born, flourished and died this remarkable gathering of musicians. Well we might say that they were *felices opportunitate nascendi*, happy in the chance of being born at that time: England was expanding, she was a nest of poets, rich men cultivated the arts in their private houses. Such was the soil in which they waxed great. They died and left no successors, for times had changed; a new king reigned, the great families were torn with faction and mutual suspicions, no art could flourish in such a soil. Moreover the few people who did sing such music within a few years of its death disliked it already: Pepys notes in his diaries in 1662 that he heard some madrigals and did not care for it because the music ran off into fugues and you could not hear the words, and he prefers one or two voices and the accompaniment.

Now the copies of these madrigals were in most cases in the hands of the musical amateur whose children's taste is not likely to be his own. Our fathers ate Mendelssohn and their children's teeth are turned to Stravinsky. So the music was not only dead but buried securely, so securely that none could find its sepulchre. Its ghost was seen occasionally, but, as ghosts do, it gibbered and spoke words which could not be understood and our great musical historian Dr. Burney (father of Fanny Burney, the authoress of "Evelina") sent the unhappy spectre back to the tomb saying that there was "a total want of rhythm . . . . as renders the time extremely difficult to keep with accuracy and firmness". Poor Doctor, what would he have said to our latest music from America! He was like our Charles II who was fond of music, but only the kind to which you could easily beat time.

Madrigal societies have existed for many years, for more than a century in fact, but they took their madrigals as they found them, sang them as if they were part-songs by Mendelssohn and marvelled at the insensitivity of the Elizabethans to the accents of the words. Discovery came slowly and it is largely due to the labours of the Editor of *The English Madrigal School*, Dr. Edmund Fellowes, that the lost secret has been recaptured, and the Madrigals are now allowed to speak with their own tongues. The followers of Burney were like Quince of Midsummer Night's Dream who speaks his prologue with the stops in the wrong place, and makes nonsense of it: Hippolyta sagely says "Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government".

We may fitly end this article by reminding ourselves that in madrigals there are two good things, one is to sing them and the other is to listen to them, the *sors tertia*, to talk about them, is not good; what did Peter Quince say at the end of his prologue (golden words):

"The actors are at hand; and, by their show,  
You shall know all that you are like to know".

STEUART WILSON.

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### The English Singers.

This will have to be personal, a man cannot write his autobiography as a spectator of his own life

As the result of a chance meeting while students together, two of the singers attained some renown as duettists and were acquainted with some Elisabethan music. Chance decreed again during the war that another singer should arrange music to be performed at a church in London. After some time upon the tide of war a fourth singer was thrown into their company and for some two years these four sang a good deal of church music of the polyphonic period. A seed dropped in the mind of one of these four took fruit and another chance gave the opportunity to give a concert in London on a favourable day and with every circumstance to help. In former days one of these singers had sung often with another singer, as pupils of the same master they had grown on one tree; so this one was added to make a fifth, and chance coming once more to the rescue converted an unfortunate malady at the eleventh hour to the sixth friend and singer into the fortunate discovery of another who took the place and kept it.

So all six were now found. The party was born but like a good child it was not yet given a name.

It appeared that the hour of its birth had been fortunate too, for it met with approval and decided to live on. Children who intend to live must have a name: that is clear. So after the usual discussion the three godmothers and the three godfathers gave to the bantling the ambitious name it now bears.

The next season saw more concerts and an interest in our forgotten music which justified the child living on to another year.

The good offices of friends and the generous welcome of the Ministry of Education of Czecho-Slovakia provided an occasion for the English Singers to visit Prague, to assist at two concerts of English Music conducted by Dr. Adrian Boult in January 1921. In April of the same year a return visit was made to Prague with concerts at Berlin and Vienna, where again great interest was aroused, sufficient to justify in April of this year another more extended visit to Berlin and Czecho-Slovakia. The future will no doubt hold greater pleasures still in store, of which our first visit to Holland will be not the least.

Our manner of singing is that we sit round a table. Now it has been difficult to decide whether we were a chorus and should stand or a string quartet and should sit: we felt it was Chamber Music and invented a compromise that we should stand at music-stands. We did not want to sing by heart and the management of music in the hand presents a problem. A visit to Oxford to sing in the noble Tudor Hall of Christ Church settled our determination to sing them as our forbears sang them, domestically, after dinner, seated round a table. The reasons which prompted that decision have continued to appear good, and we sit in comfort, while our audience, we hope, share our comfort and our pleasure.

STEUART WILSON.

**Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levende Talen.** The *Berichten en Mededeelingen* are now being published for the Association of Modern Language Teachers by Messrs. Van Goor Zonen, Gouda, and have made a distinct advance both in their outward appearance and in the regularity of their

publication. They provide a useful means of communication for students and teachers, and always contain a number of interesting notes and queries.

Membership of the *Vereeniging* is open to those qualified to teach in a secondary school. The annual subscription is f 2.—, but members of the English Association will not feel this as an additional item on their budget, as they will automatically reduce their subscription to this body to f 3.— yearly by joining the *Vereeniging*. Applications for membership, stating whether of Dutch, French, German or English section, should be directed to Dr. H. Sparnaay, Piersonlaan 12, Amersfoort.

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**Modern Humanities Research Association.** The publication of the third annual volume of the *Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, announced elsewhere in this number, leads us to draw attention to the useful work of the M. H. R. A. once again. As set out in E. S. II, 175, its main object is "the encouragement of advanced study in Modern Languages and Literatures by co-operation, through correspondence, personal intercourse, the interchange of information and counsel, and financial support for students engaged in research". Membership is open to graduates (and persons of the standing of graduate) of all Universities, British and Foreign; to other persons, at the discretion of the Committee; and to approved institutions and associations. The minimum annual subscription is 7 s. 6 d. and should be paid to the Hon. Treasurer, Professor Allen Mawer, The University, Liverpool. The international character of the Association is well demonstrated by its choice of Presidents, who have been up to now Sir Sidney Lee (1918—19), Prof. Gustave Lanson (1919—20), Prof. Catto Jespersen (1920—21), Prof. W. P. Ker (1921—22), and Prof. J. M. Manly (1922—23).

Among the rapidly growing activities of the M. H. R. A. may be mentioned: the formation of a number of research groups; the publication of the *Modern Language Review*, which is supplied to members at an annual subscription of 15 s. (non-members 25 s.); the publication of the *Bibliography*, which members may purchase at the price of 3 s. 3 d. (non-members 6 s.); and the publication, to be undertaken for the first time in the session 1923—4, of one or more volumes of a series of Studies involving original research to be contributed by its members. A quarterly *Bulletin*, and a *Year Book* of the Association, containing lists of officers, branches, publications and members for the year 1923—4, are distributed freely to all members.

Applications for membership should be made to the Hon. Secretary, Prof. E. Allison Peers, The University, Liverpool.

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## Translation.

1. Jules had been away from school for a few days owing to severe headaches, which made him very pale and gave to his face an expression of great sadness; but he was a little better now, and feeling bored in his own room he went downstairs to the empty drawing-room and sat down at the piano. 2. Papa was at work in his study, it is true, but surely it would not interfere with papa if he played. 3. His father spoiled him, seeing in his son something incomprehensible which therefore attracted him as this had possibly formerly attracted him in his wife also; Jules could never do wrong in his eyes, and if the boy had only wished it, he would

have spared no money to give him a careful musical education; but Jules was strongly opposed to anything in any way resembling lessons, and maintained besides that it was not worth while. 4. He had no ambition, it did not tickle his vanity that his father had such a high opinion of him and fancied there was so much in his playing; he played for himself only, he played in order to express himself in the vague language of musical sounds. 5. At this moment he felt himself [to be] alone, forsaken in this large house; though he knew that papa was at work in a room two doors off and that he could take refuge on papa's large couch, yet in his heart at this moment there was what almost amounted to a physical feeling of dread at his own loneliness. 6. His thin nervous fingers would wander searchingly over the keys; then he would let himself go, find a single motive, quite short, of plaintive minor melancholy and would caress that motive, caress it till it returned every moment as a monotony of sorrow. 7. He would think the motive so beautiful that he could not leave it. 8. They expressed so well what he felt, those four or five notes, that he would play them over and over again, till Suzette would rush in and ask him to stop or she should go mad. 9. It was thus he played now, and it was pitiful at first; he hardly recognized the notes; harsh discords wailed forth, and pierced his poor brain still smarting from his headache. 10. He moaned as if he were again in pain, but it was as if his fingers were hypnotized, they could not desist, they kept searching and the notes became purer; a short phrase released itself with a cry, which ended on the same note. 11. And that note came as a surprise to Jules, and he was glad now to have found it, glad to have so sweet a sorrow.

**Observations.** 1. *Jules had been kept from school for a day or two. — Which had made him look pale. — Bad headache. — Gave his face an expression of deep sadness.* The indirect object being the name of a thing requires *to* before it. Stoffel's *Handleiding* III. p. 37. This gave *to* her face an expression of peculiar sweetness. See also Kruisinga's *Handbook* § 1873 (b) and Poutsma, I p. 158. However, the rule is not absolute: This lends his departure strange effects (W. Besant, *All Sorts & Conditions of Men*). Miss Jellaby gave my arm a squeeze (Dickens, *Break House*). — *A trait of sadness.* *Trait* may express a line or lineament of the face: Her face is somewhat altered. The *traits* have become more delicate (Shelley Lett. 15 Aug., quoted O.E.D.) The more usual meaning seems to be "a particular feature of mind or character". — *Boring himself in his own closet.* The reflexive use seems non-existent in English; if it existed at all it might mean *boring his way into* which would make nonsense. *Closet* (= small room) is now known only in the compounds *water-closet* and *dressing-closet*. It is occasionally found in modern novels, more especially historical novels, where it is deliberately used for the sake of quaintness. — *Saloon* in the sense of *drawing-room, room used for the reception of guests* is now restricted to American usage: In all grades of society from the wigwam to the *saloon...* (Marsh, *English Language*, quoted by the editors of the Oxford Dictionary) — *Seated himself at the piano* is correct. Lady Catherina good-naturedly seated herself at the pianoforte (T. Hook, *Parsons Dan XI*, XIV.). Seating herself, she struck a vibrant chord upon the keys which nearly split my ears. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1907. p. 669.). *Seat before:* I saw the landlady seat herself amply before a row of baskets. (Lowell, *Fireside Trav.* 245.). Compare *at (before) a window:* One day, when Carfew was sitting *at* the window of his room overlooking Bloomsbury Square, . . . he was summoned

to the telephone (E. Wallace, *The Admirable Carfew*, p. 112). Dreaming there at the window (*Current Opinion*, III. 1920. p. 340). He stood for quite a time in his thin pyjamas before the open window (H. Walpole, *Mrs. Comber*). — *Sat at the piano*. Some verbs have three meanings: 1) the action without any reference to time, 2) the beginning of the action, 3) the continuance of the action. *He stood* = Hij stond, ging staan, bleef staan. *He sat* = Hij zat, ging zitten, bleef zitten. Toyler, you sit that end = Ga jij aan dat eind zitten (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 129.). You will have the goodness to stand in the centre of that form . . . Mr. Bultitude got up on the form and stood looking, sullenly enough, upon the proceedings (*Anstey, Vice Versa*).

2. *Papa was working in his study*. — *Studio* = Atelier (of a painter or sculptor). — *His playing would not hinder his father* is good English. You must have a piano. Won't it interfere with your writing? (Keble Howard, *Whiphand*, p. 75.). A tightened cord interferes with the circulation of the blood. (*London Magazine*, 1911. p. 727.). I am interfered with when I want to get on with my work. (*Pearsons Magazine*, 1914. p. 507.)

3. *Spoilt*. Compare *Burnt, Dwelt*, and see *Handbook* § 16. — *Something that was foreign to his nature*: To remain silent was foreign to his nature (*Pearson's Mag.*, Nov. 1910. = lag niet in zijn aard). *Something that was wanting in himself* is correct. — *See in*: I can't make out what you see in the man. He makes me sick (*London Magazine*, 1911. p. 411.). — *As probably formerly it had attracted him in his wife*. Like . . . it had attracted him. Strictly speaking like should not be made to do duty for a conjunction though instances are common enough: I am not prejudiced like you are (*Lanoe Falconer, Madame Ixe*, p. 48.). He is resting like I am (*Story Teller*, 1912, p. 404). Jack Pearse says if we buck up like we did against Day's last week we shall simply knock the stuffing out of them. See *Fijn Van Draat's Sidelights*, p. 46. — *Could do no harm* conveys a different idea: And then all this talk and gossip about other people's affairs that goes on! Why can't every one be natural, and take pleasure in simple things and try and help each other over stiles instead of doing them all the harm they can by stealth? (H. W. C. Newte, *A Young Lady*, p. 110.). As these articles increase in number they are unwittingly doing untold harm to the soul and substance of the Entente (*Times Weekly*, Febr. 13. 1920.). A season in a comic opera chorus will ruin any young voice. It is not the forcing and shouting, but the grinning that does the harm (*Daily News*, July 3, 1919). — *In his opinion* = Volgens zijn meening. Very precious objects in the eyes of their owner (*Strand Magazine*, Oct. 1903. p. 335). — *Save money* is to put money in the savings-bank. — *If the boy had only been willing*. — *Musical training*. — *Jules opposed himself violently*. Kicked against is a little too colloquial. Object tooth and nail: Most of us kept mice in the days of our childhood. They were always white and our elders objected to them tooth and nail. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, 1899, p. 631.). Set his face hard against. You know, of course it wouldn't be consistent if I was to go and set my face so hard against other people's playing, and them kick up a row myself (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 159). — *Anything that savoured of lessons* (only remotely resembled lessons): Such solicitations from superiors too often savour of commands. I have written nothing which savours of Immorality or Profaneness. (*Dryden, Fables*). — *Pretended that it would not be worth the trouble*. Pretend corresponds to Dutch beweren only in the sense of voorgeven. I do not pretend to be a judge of jewellery myself. (*Oppenheim, The Game of Liberty*, p. 55.). To pretend

that you'd got a chronic case of earache and keep your ears stuffed with cotton-wool. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1904, p. 566.). Unites herself to a north-country fortune hunter, who pretended to be a landed gentleman (T. Wright, *Life of Daniel Defoe*, p. 279.). Don't pretend you read Shakespeare for fun. That's simple swank, you know. (*Strand Magazine*, 1910, p. 826.).

4. *Ambition he had none* is more emphatic than the simple statement *He had no ambition*. Other refuge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee (C. Wesley's Hymn.) See Poutsma, II, 1B, p. 1152 ff. and Jespersen's *Syntax*, 16, 632. *None* at the end of a sentence to throw the word at the beginning into relief is especially met with after the verbs to have and to be. — *Meant to hear* is absolutely wrong. When I grow up I mean to be a dancing-master (*Little Folks*, 1879, p. 1.). Dulcie snubbed Tipping, who humbly asked for the pleasure of dancing with her, by declaring that she meant to dance with Tom. (Anstey, *Vice Versa*, p. 122.). If your friend here is copped (= arrested) . . . he means to blow the gaff on (= betray) you and me. (Hornung, *Raffles*, p. 147.). — *Thinks to hear* would mean expects to hear. — *Thought so highly of him*. — *To give utterance to his feelings*.

5. *He felt himself (to be) alone*. I should feel myself less than a man if I did not sacrifice even your own good opinion by urging your cause. (A. K. Green, *The Leavenworth Case*, Chapter XIII.). He feels himself to be injured (W. Locke, *Idols*, p. 94.). And how do you feel yourself? (H. W. Newte, *Sidelights*, p. 69.). How are you feeling? (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1914, p. 148.). Feeling very uncomfortable, like a fish out of water (*Illustrated London News*, Oct. 30, 1909.). — *For the moment* should not be used instead of *At this moment*. Compare Dutch op dit oogenblik, voor het oogenblik (= zoo lang). The man, seeing that it is to be a long business, gives up the problem for the moment, and moves in despair to the next customer (Mrs. E. T. Cook, *Highways and Byways in London*, p. 307.). The Bâle-Frankfurt service, which was to have begun some days ago, has been deferred for the moment (= for the time being) *Times Weekly*, Nov. 12, 1920.). — *Abandoned in this large house*. — *Great house*. See Storm, *Englische Philologie*, p. 584 ff: "a great house = ein vornehmes Haus, a large house = ein grosses Haus". Storm points out that many instances occur where great is to be taken in a material sense. He thinks that great (in the sense of large) is often heard in conversational English, quoting some nursery-rhymes to substantiate his statement. Unfortunately nursery-rhymes and proverbs too, for that matter, contain a great many obsolete or archaic words. See Sweet's *Practical Study of Languages*, p. 170 ff where Storm's nursery rhyme "If all the seas were one sea, what a great sea that would be!" is rejected on the ground of the archaic word great. — *Dread-Fear*. Fear is the general term. Dread suggest great fear.

6. *His thin nervous fingers wandered*. Used to (only in the past) and will (both in the past and the present) express what is repeatedly seen or done. See *Handbook*, § 438 and § 447. For the difference between would and used to in this function § 455 may be studied. See *English Studies* IX, 238: Maar ik was niet altijd bij moeder; ik speelde op de kinderkamer = I used to play in the nursery. Compare further: Every one said he was stupid and dull, and this stupidity and dulness grew upon him. He would sit without speaking a word, sometimes, for hours; then my father would bid him rise and do some piece of work, may be, about the farm. And he would take three or four tellings before he would go. (Inglis Arkell, *A Handful of Tales*, III: *The Half-brothers*). Such a dreamer! The

passengers used to get mad. He would forget to pull the rope. They missed their corners. (*Current Opinion*, Jan. 1921. p. 106.). — *Let himself go; Let yourself go*, do not think of yourself, forget the talent you may have. (*Century Magazine*, Vol. XLVIII, p. 632.). With friends, with people he likes Tom certainly can let himself go to considerable lengths. It isn't often I get angry, and let myself go, although I really believe it does one good. (H. W. C. Newte, *A Young Lady*). — *Motif*. — *Until it reverted each moment*.

7. *So beautiful that he could not let it go.*

8. The song changed subtly from mood to mood, expressing that which nothing but itself could express. (Bennett, *Sacred and Profane Love*, II, p. 29.). She was playing Wagner, Brahms, and Rubinstein, interpreting all those passionate voices of the subtlest moderns (Mrs. H. Ward, *Robert Elsmere*). Few, if any artists could rival Dürer in the rendering of textures (Harmsworth, *Self-Educator*, p. 4117). *Burst into the room* is correct. — *Or she would go mad*. Suzette's own words were: "I shall go mad!" — *Told him that she went mad* would imply that Suzette's brain had actually succumbed.

9. *Thus he played now. — Heart-breaking discords*. Hardly suitable. *Heart-breaking news, grief* (Dutch *hartverscheurend, hartbrekend*). — *Wailed up and cut into his poor brain hardly yet recovered from his headache*.

10. *As if he were in pain afresh. — His fingers could not desist, they still sought on (continued to seek)*. — *The notes purified*: The intransitive use of *purify*, though recorded in the Oxford Dictionary seems unusual, at least it is not given by the editors of the *Concise Oxford Dictionary of Current English*. — *A short movement broke forth as with a cry*.

11. *That note was a surprise to Jules. — Glad to have such a beautiful sorrow.*

Good translations were received from Sister A., Breda; Miss J. A. B., Apeldoorn; Miss B. M. C., Roermond; Miss A. H., Flushing; Miss L. v. I., Waalwijk; Mr. J. W. K., Amsterdam; Mr. J. W. L., Giessendam; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Mr. A. R., Doorn; Miss H. W. S., Rotterdam; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Kampen; Miss M. W., Arnhem.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before November 1. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

Languit strekte Wiegen zich neer op den heuvel, en vergetende wat op de aarde was, zagen zijn oogen, groot en droomend naar het land, dat voor hem lag, en naar de blauwe lucht, en naar de wolken, die kwamen en gingen.

Waar hij lag op den heuvel, daar stonden twee, drie berkeboomen. Dik en krom gingen de stammen opwaarts, witglaanzend met zwarte plekken; tot bovenin hielden de takken dat witglaanzende; daar gingen zij bruin over in honderd dunne, fijne, hangende stengels, die de boomen het aanschijn gaven van treurboomen, wat zij evenwel geenszins waren. De vrolijke toon had overhand in stammen en blad, fijn groen blad, dat altijd roerde en nimmer stil hing, pratende, fluisterende over de duizend dingen, die er op de heide gebeuren, en die de berken alleen maar kunnen weten.

"Ja, praat maar, en fluistert maar, ik weet het toch ook", dacht Wiegen. "Dacht je, dat ik het niet wist, dat hier vanmorgen vroeg de konijnen hebben gezeten, en dat zij gespeeld hebben, totdat de twee grote rammetjes elkaar gebeten hebben, terwijl de wijfjes aan den kant gingen zitten? En dat toen de hele troep op eens de pooten ging strekken en wegduikelen, de holten in, omdat de havik hoog uit de lucht kwam neerschieten? Zeg, wat heeft de havik je verteld, dat ik niet weten zou? Ik weet het alles, en dat hij op een tak is gaan zitten, ver kijkende over de heuvels naar het moeras, en dat jelui toen geen woord hebt durven zeggen."

En Wiegen keek, languit liggende, al maar naar boven, waar de takjes lachten en geestig deden tegen hem.

"Maar ik weet, wat jelui niet weet", peinsde hij verder; je kijkt wel ver over de hei, omdat je zoo groot bent en zoo hoog, maar je kunt niet van je plaats; je moet hier altijd blijven; nooit verder kom je! Bij de eenden kan je niet komen, 's morgens als ze zwemmen en duiken en over het water scheren. Ik ben er vannorgen vroeg geweest, ze zaten aan den kant; en ze staken den bek in de veeren en onder de vleugels; vettig en schoon wilden zij die hebben; de doode veeren haalden ze eruit, die wilden ze niet; op den grond lieten zij ze vallen; de heele kant is er nog vol van. En je hebt het niet gezien, wat ik gedaan heb, jelui langslapers! Zij wisten niet, dat ik aankwam, want ik kan stil sluipen op mijn bloote voeten tegen den wind in, en Sipie had ik „koestie" gedaan; en met een steen heb ik er een geraakt, zóó tegen zijn kop, kijk, hier is-tie, dood; wil je hem eens zien?"

En van zijn liggende houding richtte hij zich overeind, en uit den zak naast hem haalde hij de eend, de groote, de blinkende.

"Ziet jelui het wel daarboven?" sprak hij.

"Nee, Sipie, afbliven, vort!" Want de hond had zijn tanden reeds gezet in de veeren.

"Kijk, een rooden snavel heeft hij met groenen kap, en blauw zijn de vleugels, met wit: dat is een mannetje; en voel je dat dikke van de grauwbruine veeren op zijn borst? Wine zal hem hebben als zij komt!"

En tegelijk stopte hij der vogel weer in den zak. De veldwachter mocht eens sluipen in de buurt.

Maar zijn gesprek met de berken was uit voorloopig. Want hij staarde, rechtzittende, in de verte, over de lage heuvelenreeks; en hij staarde naar den anderen kant achter zich; je kon eens niet weten, die veldwachter had altijd zoo'n stille manier van rondsluipen.

## Reviews.

*Shakespeare-Wörterbuch* von DR. LEON KELLNER. Verlag  
Bernard Tauchnitz. Leipzig, 1922.

When in 1875 Alexander Schmidt published his *Shakespeare-Lexicon*, which claimed to be "a complete dictionary of all the English words, phrases and constructions in the works of the poet", he wrote in the preface that what he aimed at was "Beschaffung möglichst zuverlässigen Materials für die seit Samuel Johnson zwar äusserlich sehr angewachsene, aber innerlich mehr und mehr verfallene englische Lexicographie". Fortunately those times are behind us. For the advanced student the Oxf. Dict. is an inexhaustible storehouse of information and Bartlett's Concordance saves him many weary hours by enabling him to compare in a moment all the passages in which a given word or expression occurs. And for the beginner the way has been paved in an admirable way by Onions' Glossary. Hence Dr. Kellner modestly claims to have written a reliable book for German readers. In accordance with this the words and expressions have been translated into German, thus deviating from Schmidt, who gave his explanations in English "for merely practical reasons". Unfortunately we do not know what these were, but it would seem that much more cogent reasons than merely practical ones might be given for explaining an author in his own language. However, it is for Dr. Kellner himself to decide in what way he can be of most use to his countrymen, though it may be doubted if it is possible to read Shakespeare in the original to people whose knowledge of English is not even sufficient to understand English explanations. Dr. Kellner evidently thinks it is, for he says: "So soll es gebildeten Shakespeare-Freunden möglich gemacht werden, auch bei elementarer Kenntnis des Englischen den Dichter in der Ursprache zu lesen."

Of course Dr. Kellner is quite conscious of the fact that a satisfactory explanation can in many cases not be given. He estimates the number of these cruxes at more than four hundred, a number that might well daunt

the lexicographer who has to tackle them single-handed. In his study of these difficulties the author has been guided by the conviction that 'hinter Shakespeares Wörtern stets eine klare Vorstellung, hinter seinen Sätzen immer ein klarer Gedanke vorhanden ist'. He is not content with "Klang und Farbe", as, he quite rightly says, many modern translators seem to be. In this connection the author points out that Shakespeare's metaphors differ from those of many of his contemporaries in that they are always "frisch, klar, plastisch" and he comes to the conclusion that if the metaphor with the usual explanation of the words is not a clear one, the explanation is wrong. As an example of his method Dr. Kellner quotes the well-known lines from Hamlet III :

And thus the native hue of resolution  
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.

Dr. Kellner rejects the usual explanation of 'cast' as 'shade of colour, tinge' and explains it as meaning 'Bewurf' with a reference to 'rough-cast', which the Oxf. Dict. explains as 'a composition of lime and gravel, used as a plastering for the outside of walls'. Now, apart from the fact that the word 'cast' itself is not recorded in the Oxf. Dict. or elsewhere in this meaning, I cannot see that Dr. Kellner's find makes the metaphor so clear as he seems to think. He writes: "dem Dichter schwebt ein Rohbau aus Ziegeln in ihrem natürlichen gesunden Rot vor, das durch die Tünche des Mörtelbewurfs in ein kränkliches Blasz verwandelt wird." But it is difficult to see what 'ein Rohbau aus Ziegeln' has to do with resolution or why plaster should suggest sickness. Even if one may grant that the metaphor is not expressed with the perfection that is usual with Shakespeare, the suggestion of a young man, flushed with his resolutions and ambitions, all of which come to nothing owing to morbid habits of thinking, is not only much more beautiful than Dr. Kellner's explanation but also much more immediately suggestive of Hamlet himself. For cruxes of this kind, let it be remembered, are not only philological problems, but literary problems as well. But perhaps in other cases Dr. Kellner has been more successful. No definite conclusion as to the value of his work can be arrived at before the publication of the book which he announces in the preface : *Der Text von Shakespeares Werken im Lichte der Elisabethinischen Schrift*.

Dr. Kellner does not agree with Schmidt's principle who attempted "to explain the language of Shakespeare by itself" and points out how many important discoveries have been made in the field of Elizabethan and pre-Elizabethan English since 1875. English writers it seems saw from the beginning the importance of studying the language of Shakespeare's contemporaries and predecessors. As early as 1822 Robert Nares published his *Glossary of the language of Shakespeare and his contemporaries*, and Halliwell in 1846, when he was only a young man of twenty-six, widened the field considerably in his *Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, Obsolete Phrases, Proverbs, and Ancient Customs from the Fourteenth Century*. Dr. Kellner claims that the work of these men is far from complete and mentions a great many words which he thinks he can explain better with the help of Shakespeare's contemporaries than has been done by others. Of course not every one will at once accept Dr. Kellner's new explanation as conclusive. To take the first word of his list: *absolute*, as it occurs in Hamlet V. 1. 148: *How absolute the knave is*. Dr. Kellner explains: "wie vollendet höfisch, feingebildet der kerl ist, d. h. er überbietet sich in Wortspielen, wie es bei Hof Sitte ist", with a reference to Euphues: "A young man so absolute as that nothing may be added to his further perfection". Now for all Dr. Kellner's dogmatic assertion that "die landläufige Auffassung

'sicher, frech, selbstherrlich' (nicht paszt) in den Zusammenhang", I doubt both, if the quotation from Euphues is sufficient proof and if the explanation given here is an advance on the usual one. But again it would be most unfair to draw more general conclusions from a single instance, before Dr. Kellner has been allowed to state his case more fully.

Little space has been given to conjectures. Evidently Dr. Kellner agrees with Schmidt, who wrote in his preface: "Das Buch mit dem Ballast falscher Deutungen und Conjecturen zu beschweren, verbot jede billige Rücksicht". This is the exact opposite of the method followed by Onions who has "given important conjectural emendations, even when these are certainly wrong" and *all* important variant readings. The English lexicographer gives an excellent argument in defence of his method, an argument that is bound to appeal to teachers. His purpose was, he says, "to enable the student to take the first steps in textual criticism" and to "give him an insight into the problems that have to be solved in establishing the text."

Another important difference between German and English workers in the same field is that the Germans, as usual, aim at exhaustiveness, whereas the English writers have more or less practical ends in view. Schmidt wrote in his preface: "Das Vorliegende Werk ist, zum Unterschiede von den Vorhandenen Glossaren, welche nur das unverständlich Gewordene alphabatisch zusammenstellen, dazu bestimmt, den gesammten Sprach- und Wortschatz Shakespeare's in sich aufzunehmen". Harold Littledale in the preface to his revision of Dyce's Glossary, 1902, in which he refers with great respect to Schmidt's "monumental work" remarks that "its very fulness of reference in the case of words and phrases that need no commentary is not seldom a positive hindrance to the seeker of light." Dr. Kellner has followed the German practice, Onions has left out all that in his opinion did not call for explanation. It is obvious that for foreigners as well as for students the "German method" recommends itself, for the casual reader the "English method" has its advantages.

As might be expected from the author of *Historical Outlines of English Syntax*, Dr. Kellner has paid a good deal of attention to syntactical phenomena, again following the footsteps of Schmidt, but fortunately differing from him in that his grammatical remarks are found in the body of the work and not in a separate appendix.

It has been my chief intention in this review to point out the main principles by which Dr. Kellner was guided in the composition of his work and in what respects he differs from others. I may be permitted to add that the book has been constantly in my hands for several months, and that I have tested it carefully in most of the obscure passages of some of the great tragedies and in that most difficult of Shakespearean comedies *Measure for Measure*. I have come to the conclusion that Dr. Kellner is to be heartily congratulated on the completion of his painstaking work and that his book may be strongly recommended to Dutch students and, to quote Onions' ironic words, to all those "to whom an accurate and even minute knowledge of the meaning of the poet's words is no bar to the enjoyment of his poetry".

The Hague, June 1923.

J. H. SCHUTT.

*Die Briefe Richard Monckton Milnes' ersten Barons Houghton an Varnhagen von Ense (1844-1854) herausgegeben von DR. WALTHER FISCHER, o. ö. Professor der Englischen Philologie an der Technischen Hochschule zu Dresden. Anglistische Forschungen, Heft 57. Heidelberg, Winter, 1922. f 2.40.*

The first part of this interesting book is devoted to Milnes' life, his talent, and his relation to prominent people of his day. The author does not enter into minute biographical details, which would be out of place in this small volume treating of a politician-poet, and passes without comment the only and curious reference to Milnes' married life made in his letters to Varnhagen.<sup>1)</sup>

Fragments of some of Lord Houghton's poems are given (e. g. *The Flight of Youth*), some smaller ones (*Strangers Yet*) being inserted in their entirety. But it is especially the author's criticism of Milnes' translations that is interesting; passages are given with their originals (chiefly by Goethe and Heine) and some of these show that, although it was not given to Milnes to render "den sanften Schimmer Heineschen Mondromantik", he had good taste and a finer sense of lyric beauty than his own definition of poetry seems to suggest. For does he not say that poetry "must accord with the conscious, analytical spirit of present men; . . . it must help or pretend to help the mind of men out of the struggles and entanglements of life."? Most of Milnes' original poetry seems to make good this statement.

Milnes was perhaps in the first place a politician. In his contributions to the Edinburgh Review (*Political State of Prussia, The Events of 1849*, etc.) he shows himself an acute observer of contemporary tendencies and seen in the light of to-day some of his opinions have an almost prophetic air.

"There are Prussians," he wrote before 1848, "of grave imagination who . . . speak of it (= their country) as thoughtful Frenchmen might have spoken of France in 1789 . . . Royal authority is no longer an object of reverence; and the laws themselves, being considered in no higher light than as the expression of the royal will, are gradually losing their salutary influence . . . Prussia, unconstitutional, will soon become a country ruled by suspicion and submitting with disgust; and at last . . . political rights [will] be forcibly wrung from the hand that withheld them. The people will enter on the task of self-government without gratitude to their sovereign, — without distrust of themselves — without reverence, as without humility . . . ."

A few years will indeed determine whether a man on whom Providence seems to have bestowed all those gifts which should endear a constitutional monarch to his subjects, shall accept a life, perhaps of . . . self-denial, but of self-denial consummated by the satisfaction of being the benefactor of millions; or whether the future historian of future Germany shall have to record in the words of Tacitus, how happy, how useful another monarch than the emperor Galba would have been: *omnium consensu capax imperii nisi imperasset!*" —

And after 1848:

"The solid establishment of a German empire on a constitutional and representative basis would soon make European despotism impossible and Europe really secure."

With respect to the occurrences in France in 1848 he writes (in a letter to Varnhagen):

"I do not believe in the rapid transition from the Republic to Monarchy. Few as are the republicans in France, they are the only people . . . who have any political conviction of any kind, and it remains to be seen whether true constitutional monarchy . . . is possible in any country which does not come to it historically."

The hitherto unpublished letters to Varnhagen, which occupy the second part of the book, should be of value to students of the political and social

<sup>1)</sup> "So much for the great world; in my microcosm, my wife and child are well, and I find my newer life quite as good as my old one." (!).

state of England in the days of Peel and Russell. With admirable frankness Milnes gives his foreign friend a picture of the state of affairs in his own country:

"The reaction which has indulged itself on the continent in hanging and shooting and flogging and banishing here exhibits itself, especially in the higher circles, in a horror of political agitators of all kinds."

In another letter he refers to the Oxford Movement:

"We remain absorbed in our new (and alas! old) religious asperities.

The no-popery storm threatens to be most dangerous...; his (= Russell's) own best friends will regret that he has not yet learned to tolerate the intolerant.... We... are very angry at the stupid anachronism of the whole affair which will throw us back twenty-five years in matters of toleration. The Cardinal holds a little court, where the devotion and prostration of the converts scandalizes the old Catholics. It is remarkable how exclusively these conversions, and indeed the whole Puseyite movement, are confined to the educated and refined and literary classes; the tailors and shoemakers who make public opinion are bitterer Protestants than ever."

There are references to Peel's changed attitude towards free-trade, and the repeal of the corn-laws; to the Chartist riots; to England's policy towards Ireland; to the attack of another old enemy, the potato-disease.

Those, however, who should expect in these letters details about the great literary men of the day or the reception that their works met will be disappointed. Tennyson is mentioned casually as the gainer of the laureateship; some of the minor novels are mentioned, as *Alton Locke*, *The Caxtons*. Nothing about Browning, nothing about Thackeray or Dickens. It is due to Milnes, however, to add that he edited Keats' *Poetical Works* at a period (1848) when Keats was still little known and less appreciated.

He refers to this edition in the following words:

"I have published a Life and some remains of a remarkable young poet of the name of Keats, little known even in this country. It is the biography of a mere boy, — he died at 24, — and therefore the literary interest is but small... I cannot expect any reputation for the book, when the merits of the subject of it are so little known, but you and yours understand it better than we do ourselves, and thus may see something in it."

Of course he sends his friend in a subsequent letter an autograph of Keats! For both correspondents shared the autograph mania characteristic of the period. Once M. excuses himself for remaining silent so long by saying that he had "felt so ashamed of his little diligence in the autograph line." Another time he regrets that Asher has published Tieck without asking the author to write his name in each book; for this "would have much increased the value and the price." He promises to look about zealously for "a Gibbon" (= an autograph) and asks for a fair autograph of Schelling in exchange for his contributions to Varnhagen's collection.

The letters are accompanied by extensive and useful notes.

The whole little volume (172 pages) is, in my opinion, quite worth reading, and the letters themselves help to form the picture of a perspicacious, amiable and truly modest man. A man who moved in certain political and social circles without being narrowed and prejudiced by party-spirit; a man who tried to look on the difficult problems of the time with an objective eye.

A. C. E. VECHTMAN—VETH.

### Brief Mentions.

*Englisches Lesebuch herausgegeben von FRIEDRICH BRIE. Neunzehntes Jahrhundert. Heidelberg, Carl Winter. 1923. Price for Holland f 3.75.*

In his preface Professor Brie explains that what he offers in this book is really a torso. The original plan of the year 1912 was a reading-book of a purely literary character illustrating English literature from Old English times; the scale was to be considerable, eight volumes being planned. The books were to be compiled with a view to university needs. Of this plan the present volume is an instalment, or rather a partial instalment. For the professor explains that the circumstances of the times have compelled him to cut out a good many of the specimens that had been selected, and all the literary introductions and notes as well as all other additions, such as parallel texts and variant readings.

The result is that we receive a number of texts only. They will be welcome to German students, who have a difficulty at present in procuring foreign books. Other students, however, who do not labour under this difficulty, can obtain the complete editions of most of the authors from whose works passages are here offered for a few pounds, so that it is hardly possible that the book should find a public in the countries with a high rate of exchange. The selections do not seem to deviate considerably from the usual ones. Indeed, the similarity of choice to that in Professor Förster's edition of the old Herrig is often very striking. I do not mean that both books give the same poems from Wordsworth or Coleridge, nor is it strange, perhaps, that both should give Hood's *Song of the Shirt* and Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children*, but I do not quite understand why of the seven pieces of Browning there are four that are also in the *British Classical Authors*, and one of these is the very same passage from *The Ring and the Book*. I do not wish to suggest that the new book has any obligations to the old, but rather that there seems to be a good deal of tradition in these matters which makes it doubtful if there is really any need of more anthologies of this kind. — K.

*Phonetic Chart of the sounds of English, French and German.*  
Compiled by F. E. GAUNTLETT and L. A. TRIEBEL. Cambridge.  
Heffer & Sons. 1922. Price Ninepence.

According to the preface the main purpose of these sound-tables is "to provide material for practice in all the sounds occurring in English, French, and German. The book can also be used as a foundation for the study of general phonetics. At a later stage the learner will come to recognize what sounds are distinctive of any of the three languages." Books of this kind seem to be frequently used in English schools. It seems doubtful if they really serve a useful purpose, and we think at any rate that they will not find their way into any Dutch school. One reason is that the teaching of the foreign languages is always in the hands of specialists who work independently of each other, often by absolutely different methods. There is nothing of coordination, a word beloved of English pedagogues. Of course, all this is quite wrong, in theory; but we think that it is also one of the causes that foreign language teaching in Holland is as satisfactory as it is. The authors also think the tables may be used in the middle or upper form of schools for drill in careful pronunciation. I am afraid our boys are little amenable to this sort of drill; I wonder what the effect on discipline would be if a master tried it in the fourth or fifth form of a HBS! — K.

*English in Daily Life.* By P. J. H. O. SCHUT. Kemink, Utrecht, 1922. Price f 1.25.

This little volume is the outcome of a desire to afford students of English an opportunity of studying English as it is actually heard in the conversation of educated speakers. A brief introduction discussing the chief differences between the written and the spoken language has been prefixed. — P. J. H. O. S.

*Bibliography of English Language and Literature*, 1922. Edited for the Modern Humanities Research Association by A. C. PAUES. Bowes & Bowes, Cambridge, 1923. Price, 6 s. net.

This is the third annual issue of the *Bibliography*, the first and second of which were announced in E. S. III, 94 and V, 78. Students of English owe a debt of gratitude to the M. H. R. A. and its staff for thus putting English studies in the forefront of their activities. The amount of labour spent on this volume may be realised on considering that it contains 2943 entries, contributed by correspondents in nine different countries. Apart from mere details, it leaves hardly anything to be desired for completeness and convenience of arrangement. A list of periodicals consulted and an index of authors' names enhance its usefulness.

The present writer, who is responsible for the Dutch entries, requests those publishing anything within the scope of this *Bibliography*, to send him a copy or offprint, so as to assist him in keeping the Dutch section complete and up to date. He will also be glad to have any errors or omissions in the current issue pointed out to him. — Z.

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*Pearl, Cleanness, Patience*, and *Sir Gawain*. Reproduced in facsimile from the unique MS. Cotton Nero A x in the British Museum. With introduction by SIR I. GOLLANCZ. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 44 pp. and plates. For the Early English Text Society. Milford.

This fine facsimile of a notable illustrated English manuscript in verse belonging to about the end of the fourteenth century (produced in loose sheets with portfolio cover), is preceded by a brief textual introduction and a comprehensive survey of scribal errors and other noteworthy points. [T.]<sup>1)</sup>

*Shakespeare's Sonnets*. Edited by EDWARD BLISS REED. (The Yale Shakespeare.) 7 × 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ , 107 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

*Miscellaneous Poems*. By ANDREW MARVELL. 10 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 7 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 153 pp. Nonesuch Press. 1923. 15s. n.

*Poems of Charles Cotton*, 1630-1687. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by JOHN BERESFORD. 9 × 6, 420 pp. R. Cobden Sanderson. 1923. 15s. n.

*Cobbett*: Selections, with Hazlitt's Essay and other Critical Estimates, with an introduction and notes by A. M. L. HUGHES, 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ , x, 5, xv. + 176 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. London: Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

*Poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy*. Selected and edited by WILLIAM ALEXANDER PERCY. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 6, vi. + 104 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford. 1923. 10s. n.

*Collected Poems*. By VACHEL LINDSAY. 8 × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ , xv. + 390 pp. Macmillan, 12s. 6d. n.

This collected edition of Mr. Lindsay's poems is preceded by an "Autobiographical Foreword" entitled "Adventures while singing these songs," giving vivid glimpses of the poet's early influences and education, as well as advice on the way of reading his verses aloud. [T.]

*Judas*. By T. STURGE MOORE. 8 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 3 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 111 pp. Grant Richards. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*The Waste Land*. By T. S. ELIOT. 9 × 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ , 35 pp. Richmond: Hogarth Press. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

*The Feather Bed*. By ROBERT GRAVES. 9 × 7, 28 pp. Richmond, Surrey: Hogarth Press. 1923. 5s. n.

*American Poems and Others*. By J. C. SQUIRE. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 71 pp. Hodder and Stoughton. 1923. 5s. n.

*Specimens of Tudor Translations from the Classics*. With a Glossary. By O. L. JIRICZEK. 9 × 6 $\frac{1}{4}$ , x. × 200 pp. Heidelberg: Carl Winter. 1923.

*Robert Greene*: Groats Worth of Witte, bought with a milion of Repentance. The Repentance of Robert Greene, 1592. 35 pp. BEN JONSON: Discoveries, 1641, Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden. 1619, 28 pp. (Bodley Head Quartos.) Edited by G. B. HARRISON. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$  × 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ , J. Lane. 1923. 3s. n. each.

*Ben Jonson's Conversations with William Drummond of Hawthornden*. Edited, with introduction and notes, by R. F. PATTERSON. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  × 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ , xl. + 60 pp. Blackie 1923. 7s. 6d.

<sup>1)</sup> Descriptive notices marked [T.] are inserted by the courteous permission of the Editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*.

*The Loves of Clitophon and Leucippe.* Translated from the Greek of Achilles Tatius by WILLIAM BURTON. Oxford, Blackwell. £ 3. 3s. net.

*The Fortunes and Misfortunes of the Famous Moll Flanders.* By DANIEL DEFOE.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , xii. + 424 pp. Constable. 1923. 35s. net.

*The Fortunate Mistress.* By DANIEL DEFOE.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , xi. + 413 pp. Constable. 1923. 24s. n.

*Fielding Selections.* With Essays by Hazlitt, Scott, Thackeray. With an Introduction and Notes by LEONARD RICE-OXLEY.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , xvi. + 176 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

Selections from "Tom Jones," "Amelia," "Jonathan Wild," and other works, with Hazlitt's, Scott's, and Thackeray's essays on Fielding and an introduction and notes.

*The Journal of A Tour to Corsica; and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli.* By JAMES BOSWELL, Esq. Edited by S. E. ROBERTS.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xvii. + 109 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 6s. n.

*The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.* By R. L. STEVENSON. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by J. H. SCHUTT. Utrecht, Kemink, 1923. Sewed f 1.75, bound f 2.05.

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*The End of the House of Alard.* By SHEILA KAYE-SMITH.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 332 pp. Cassell, 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*Captures.* By JOHN GALSWORTHY.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$  ix. + 306 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 7s. 6d. n.

*English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes.* Specimens of the Pre-Elizabethan Drama. Edited, with an Introduction, Notes, and Glossary, by ALFRED POLLARD. Seventh Edition, revised, with a new section on the Interlude.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5$ , lxxii. + 250 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1923. 8s. 6d. n.

First published in 1890.

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*The Merchant of Venice.* Edited by WILLIAM LYON PHELPS. (The Yale Shakespeare.)  $7 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ , 120 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1923. 4s. 6d. n.

*Types of English Drama, 1600-1780.* Edited from the Original Editions with Notes, Biographical Sketches, and Airs of *The Beggar's Opera*, by DAVID HARRISON STEVENS,  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , vii. + 920 pp. Ginn. 17s. 6d. n.

By the Assistant Professor of English in the University of Chicago, who has included specimens of the drama from Etheredge to Sheridan, excluding "Wycherley and the second-rate tragedians of the late seventeenth century [who] have not sufficient historical importance to justify the reprinting of plays quite out of keeping with modern taste" [T.]

*The Noble Jilt.* A Comedy. By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. Edited, with a preface, by MICHAEL SADLEIR.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , xix. + 182 pp. Constable. 25s. n.

*Robert E. Lee.* A play by JOHN DRINKWATER.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5$ , 96 pp. Sidgwick and Jackson. 1923. 3s. 6d. n.

*The Secret Life:* A Play in Three Acts. By HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 160 pp. Chatto and Windus. 1923. 6s. n.

*The Green Goddess.* A Play in Four Acts. By WILLIAM ARCHER.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 132 pp. Heinemann. 1923. 6s. n.

#### HISTORY OF LITERATURE, CRITICISM.

*Geschichte des neuern Dramas.* Vol. III. By WILHELM CREIZENACH. (Vermehrte u. verb. Autl. Bearb. u. mit einem vollständigen Register zum 2. u. 3. Bande versehen von Adalbert Hämel). Roy. 8 vo, xv + 637 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1913.

*The Complete Works of Sir Philip Sidney.* In Four Volumes. Volume III. — The Defence of Poesie: A Discourse to the Queen's Majesty; A Defence of the Earl of Leicester; Correspondence, Translations. Edited by ALBERT FEUILLERAT.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , xiii. + 438 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 12s. 6d. n.

*William Byrd: A Short Account of his Life and Work.* By EDMUND H. FELLOWES.  $8 \times 5\frac{1}{2}$ , 123 pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press; London: Milford. 1922. 6s. net.

This little book is published appropriately at the commemoration of the tercentenary of the death of William Byrd in 1623. It is the first book on Byrd, the only printed information about him up to this being two articles in the "Dictionary of Music and Musicians" and in the D.N.B. respectively. Dr. Fellowes presents a brief summary of Byrd's life and work, making no claim to deal with the subject in a critical or exhaustive manner. He writes of Byrd's history, of Latin church music, English church music, the madrigals and songs, and instrumental music, discussing Byrd's contributions to English liturgical music and other matters. The licence granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1575 to Thomas Tallis and William Byrd to print music and Byrd's will are printed in appendices. [T.]

*William Byrd.* 1623—1923. By SIR W. HENRY HADOW, C.E.B. Annual Lecture on Aspects of Art (including Music). Henriette Hertz Trust.  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ . 21 pp. For the British Academy: Milford. 1 s. net.

A short account of Byrd's life and work Sir Henry Hadow concludes by briefly setting forth the grounds on which a place is claimed for him not only among the great composers, but among the very few who stand at the summit of the art. [T]  
[The two last entries are of special interest in connection with the visit of the 'English Singers' to Holland. Ed.]

*A Reference Guide to Edmund Spenser.* By FREDERIC IVES CARPENTER.  $9\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , vi. + 333 pp. Chicago: University Press. \$ 3.50; London: Cambridge University Press. 1923. 17 s. 6 d. net.

*Shakespear's Use of Song. With the Text of the Principal Songs.* By RICHMOND NOBLE.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ , 160 pp. Milford. 1923. 12 s. 6 d.

*A Life of William Shakespeare.* By JOSEPH QUINCY ADAMS.  $9\frac{1}{4} \times 6$ , xvii. + 561 pp. Constable, 1923. 21 s. net.

This substantial biography, by the Professor of English, Cornell University, incorporates the materials for a life of Shakespeare that have been slowly amassed by the labour of many scholars in the last two hundred years, paying special attention to the background of contemporary theatrical life. The volume is handsomely mounted with profuse illustrations. [T.]

*A Sketch of Recent Shakespearian Investigation.* By C. H. HERFORD. Blackie, 6 s. net

A summary of the chief investigations into Shakespeare's life and works carried on during the last thirty years.

"Hamlet" Once More. By J. M. ROBERTSON.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 196 pp. R. Cobden-Sanderson. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

*The Authorship of "Julius Cæsar".* By WILLIAM WELLS.  $7\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , vii + 225 pp. Routledge. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

*Rise and Fall in Shakespeare's Dramatic Art.* By ROMAN DYBOSKI. 29 pp. *The Problem of Timon of Athens.* By PROFESSOR PARROTT. 34 pp.  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{4}$ . Milford: for the Shakespeare Association. 1923. 2 s. each.

*The True Text of Shakespeare and of His Fellow Playwrights.* By THOMAS DONOVAN.  $8\frac{3}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ , 31 pp. Macmillan. 1923. 2 s. net.

*Shakespeare's First Folio: A Study.* By R. CROMPTON RHODES.  $9 \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , 147 pp. Oxford: Blackwell. 1923. 4 s. 6 d. net.

*Hamlet: Its Textual History. An Inquiry into the Relations between the First and the Second Quartos and the First Folio of Hamlet.* By DR. H. DE GROOT.  $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ , 143 pp. Amsterdam, Swets and Zeitlinger. [A review will appear.]

*The literary History of Hamlet.* Part I. (The early Tradition). By KEMP MALONE. An glistische Forschungen LIX. Roy. 8vo, XII + 268 pp. Heidelberg, Winter, 1923.

*Der Weg zu Shakespeare und das Hamletedrama.* By LORENZ MORSBACH. Roy. 8vo, VIII + 111 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1923.

*Shakespeare der Mensch.* By HELENE RICHTER. Engl. Bibliothek III. 8vo, 191 pp. Leipzig, Tauchnitz, 1923.

*Shakespeares Geheimnis.* By KARL BLEIBTREU. Roy. 8vo, III + 157 pp. Bern & Leipzig, E. Bircher, 1923.

*The Flora and Folk Lore of Shakespeare.* By F. G. SAVAGE.  $7\frac{1}{2} \times 5\frac{1}{4}$ , vi. + 420 pp. Burrow. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

*Der 'Chorus' in englischen Drama bis 1642.* By H. RAUSCH. M. S. Diss., Giessen, 1923.

*Foreign Influences in Elizabethan Plays.* By FELIX E. SCHELLING.  $8\frac{1}{4} \times 5\frac{3}{4}$ , 160 pp. Harpers. 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

*Scenes and Machines on the English Stage during the Renaissance.* A Classical Revival. By LILY B. CAMPBELL. With 8 plates and 15 text-figures. Cambridge University Press. 15/- net.

*College Plays Performed in the University of Cambridge.* By G. C. MOORE SMITH. Cambridge: University Press. 1923. 6 s. net.

A short guide to the performances of plays in Cambridge University from the fifteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth.

*The Worshipful Company of Stationers.* A Short Account of its Charter, Hall, Plate, Registers, and other matters connected with its history. By REGINALD T. RIVINGTON.  $10\frac{1}{4} \times 6\frac{3}{4}$ , 15 pp. The Company. 1923.

*A Concordance of the Latin, Greek and Italian poems of John Milton.* By LANE COOPER. Roy. 8vo, XIV + 212 pp. Halle, Niemeyer, 1923.

*Das poetische Bild bei Edmund Waller.* By T. BAAK. MS. Diss., Münster, 1923.

*Les Romans de Fielding.* Par A. DIGEON. Paris, Hachette. 12 fr.

*Robert Fergussons Anteil an der Literatur Schottlands* von F. C. GREEN. 56 pp. Heidelberg, Winter, 1923. f 0.60. [A review will appear.]

*Robert Burns. His Life and Genius.* By ANDREW DAKERS. 9 × 6, 230 pp. Chapman and Hall. 1923. 10 s. 6 d. net.

*Wordsworth in a New Light.* By EMILE LEGOUIS. 8 × 5, 44 pp. Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press; London: Milford. 1923. 4 s. 6 d. net.

*English Childhood:* Wordsworth's treatment of Childhood in the Light of English Poetry from Prior to Crabbe. By A CHARLES BABENROTH. 8 × 5½, viii. + 101 pp. New York: Columbia University Press. London: Milford. 12 s. 6 d. net.

An elaborate series of essays by an American student, based on a dissertation for the doctorate in Columbia University.

*The Ecclesiastical Sonnets of William Wordsworth.* A Critical Edition. By ABBIE FINDLAY POTTS. A Dissertation presented to the Graduate School of Cornell University in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. 8¾ × 6, x. + 316 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press; London: Milford. 12 s. 6 d. net.

By the Instructor in English in Vassar College, who includes to text of the sonnets together with an introduction (containing general discussion and an account of manuscripts and editions), variant readings, notes, and bibliography.

*Wordsworth. Lectures and Essays* by H. W. GARROD. 211 pp. Clarendon Press, 1923. 7 s. 6 d. net.

*Lamb's Criticism.* A Selection from the Literary Criticism of Charles Lamb, edited with an Introduction and Short Notes by E. M. W. TILLYARD, O. B. E. 7¾ × 5¼, xvi. + 114 pp. Cambridge University Press. 1923. 5 s. net.

*Carlyle Till Marriage* (1795—1826). By DAVID ALEC WILSON. 9 × 6, xvi. + 442 pp. Kegan Paul. 1923. 15 s. net.

The first part of a new life of Carlyle, to be completed in five volumes, by an author who has been collecting material about Carlyle for over thirty years. This volume begins with Ecclefechan, Carlyle's birthplace, as it was 120 years ago, and ends with 1826; it contains five illustrations [T]

*Lord Byron im Spiegel der deutschen Dichtung.* By L. SCHNAPP. MS. Diss., Münster, 1923.

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*Shelley and the Oppressors of Mankind.* By GEORGE GORDON. (Warton Lecture on English Poetry). 9¾ × 6¼, 15 pp. For the British Academy. Milford. 1923. 1s. n.

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*A Dickens Atlas,* including twelve walks in London with Charles Dickens. Prepared by ALBERT A. HOPKINS and NEWBURY FROST READ. 11½ × 8½. New York: The Hatton Garden Press. London: Spurr and Swift. 25s. n.

*The London of Dickens.* By WALTER DEXTER. 7¾ × 5¼, 269 pp. Cecil Palmer. 6s. n.

*The Life of Mrs. Humphry Ward.* By her daughter, JANET PENROSE TREVELyan. 9 × 6, xi. + 317 pp. Constable 1923. 12s. 6d. n.

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# How It Strikes a Contemporary.

## A Pageant with Comments.

(Continued.)

### X.

#### George Santayana.

I intend to write about American poetry afterwards, but Santayana cannot well be classed with American poets, and as his 'dialect' is purely literary and as he even eschews American spellings like *center* and *favor*, I have put him here. My last sentences about Middleton Murry are not quite inapplicable to Santayana as poet, though to a less extent, and the illustrious philosopher himself disarms critics quite ingenuously by stating in his preface:

'I... owe an apology to my best critics and friends, who have always warned me that I am no poet; all the more since, in the sense in which they mean the word, I heartily agree with them. Of impassioned tenderness or Dionysiac frenzy I have nothing, nor even of that magic and pregnancy of phrase — really the creation of a fresh idiom — which marks the high lights of poetry. Even if my temperament had been naturally warmer, the fact that the English language (and I can write no other with assurance) was not my mother-tongue would of itself preclude any inspired use of it on my part; its roots do not quite reach to my centre. I never drank in childhood the homely cadences and ditties which in pure spontaneous poetry set the essential key. I know no words redolent of the wonder-world, the fairy-tale, or the cradle. Moreover, I am city-bred, and that companionship with nature, those rural notes, which for English poets are almost inseparable from poetic feeling, fail me altogether. Landscape to me is only a background for fable or a symbol for fate, as it was to the ancients; and the human scene itself is but a theme for reflection. Nor have I been tempted into the by-ways even of towns, or fascinated by the aspect and humours of all sorts and conditions of men. My approach to language is literary, my images are only metaphors, and sometimes it seems to me that I resemble my countryman Don Quixote, when in his airy flights he was merely perched on a high horse and a wooden Pegasus; and I ask myself if I ever had anything to say in verse that might not have been said better in prose.'

And yet, in reality, there was no such alternative. What I felt when I composed those verses could not have been rendered in any other form. Their sincerity is absolute, not only in respect to the thought which might be abstracted from them and expressed in prose, but also in respect to the aura of literary and religious associations which envelops them. If their prosody is worn and traditional, like a liturgy, it is because they represent the initiation of a mind into a world older and larger than itself; not the chance experiences of a stray individual, but his submission to what is not his chance experience; to the truth of nature and the moral heritage of mankind. Here is the uncertain hand of an apprentice, but of an apprentice in a great school. Verse

is one of the traditions of literature. Like the orders of Greek architecture, the sonnet or the couplet or the quatrain are better than anything else that has been devised to serve the same function; and the innate freedom of poets to hazard new forms does not abolish the freedom of all men to adopt the old ones. It is almost inevitable that a man of letters, if his mind is cultivated and capable of moral concentration, should versify occasionally, or should have versified. He need not on that account pose as a poetic genius, and yet his verses (like those of Michael Angelo, for instance) may form a part, even if a subordinate part, of the expression of his mind.'

(Preface VII-IX).

I have quoted thus much for its intrinsic importance as well as for the excellence of its phrasing, and it is difficult not to go on quoting. But instead of this I will quote some of these 'Vers d'un philosophe',<sup>1)</sup> verses of a rationalist who feels bound to insist that

It is not wisdom to be only wise  
And on the inward vision close the eyes,  
But it is wisdom to believe the heart.

. . . . .  
Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine  
That lights the pathway but one step ahead.  
Bid, then, the tender light of faith to shine. . . .

(From the third Sonnet, p. 5.)

What riches have you that you deem me poor,  
Or what large comfort that you call me sad ?  
Tell me what makes you so exceeding glad ;  
Is your earth happy or your heaven sure ?  
I hope for heaven, since the stars endure  
And bring such tidings as our fathers had.  
I know no deeper doubt to make me mad,  
I need no brighter love to keep me pure.  
To me the faiths of old are daily bread ;  
I bless their hope, I bless their will to save,  
And my deep heart still meaneth what they said.  
It makes me happy that the soul is brave,  
And, being so much kinsman to the dead,  
I walk contented to the peopled grave.

(XXIX<sup>th</sup> Sonnet, p. 33).

A perfect love is nourished by despair.  
I am thy pupil in the school of pain ;  
Mine eyes will not reproach thee for disdain,  
But thank thy rich disdain for being fair.  
Aye ! the proud sorrow, the eternal prayer  
Thy beauty taught, what shall unteach again ?  
Hid from my sight, thou livest in my brain ;  
Fled from my bosom, thou abidest there ;  
And though they buried thee, and called thee dead,  
And told me I should never see thee more,  
The violets that grew above thy head  
Would waft thy breath and tell thy sweetness o'er,  
And every rose thy scattered ashes bred  
Would to my sense thy loveliness restore.

(XXX<sup>rd</sup> Sonnet, p. 37).

This is poetry and no mistake. There is something un-English about its

<sup>1)</sup> Title of a book of verse by the French philosopher-poet Guyau.

lucidity, and yet its language is as English as can be. Wearing the buskin need not — it is plain from Santayana's example — result in turgidity and opaqueness. And any further comment on my part would be an impertinence. These poems explain themselves and vindicate their own existence.

## XI.

## The Sitwell Triad.

Edith, Osbert, and Sacheverell. — There is a German saying to the effect that whoever wants to understand a poet should first go into the poet's country. The maxim is a good one, although one might retort with some show of reason that it is 'up to the poet' to transport us into his domain. But now suppose a triad of poets have set traps and dug pitfalls for the unwary and venturesome, and that they lurk behind trees and hedges to see you stumble and get caught. Suppose they have engaged Shakespeare's very own Puck to mislead and baffle you, laughing at your harm and bewilderment. Suppose that, having doubled toil and trouble, you have at last found your way into their gardens of delight, and reached the summer-house of singular shape where The Three sit quietly chuckling. Suppose that in their condescension they invite you to be seated and have a cup of tea. Is the barrier down, and Sitwell-land won? Not by a long chalk. You find it impossible to follow the conversation, for The Three have, as every family has, their own domestic dialect, private allusions and little jokes, the key to which they never deign to supply. So you find it may be necessary to frequent their company for months, only to discover, perhaps, at the end that the jokes were no great matter, the allusions not worth troubling about, the domestic dialect much like other domestic dialects. Or you might, patient though you have been, find at last that there is a limit even to your patience. You might wish you had never come. Observing your hosts, and how they never change a muscle or turn a hair, whatever the enormities they say, you might get nettled and show some temper. Just as you were on the point of 'cutting up rough' the unruffled Three might rise from their seats inviting you to come and see their pets, and they would take you to a park alleged to be full of salamanders, phoenixes and unicorns. But, though they would discuss the merits of their respective favourites, and caress them and indicate their 'points', — you would not see any. And you might wax sarcastic, like Betsey Prig over the imaginary Mrs. Harris. Or you might get red-hot mad. In either case you would go, go with a thousand black devils in your heart, and all down the gravel walks the combined derisive laughter of the three would pursue you.

Having reached the gate you would no longer hear it. You would cast one longing, lingering look behind, and find it difficult to bid that enchanted garden good-bye. A beckoning tree, an unknown flower might lure you back. By and by you would familiarize yourself with certain aspects and features of that most extraordinary garden. You might get to like it. And a unicorn — or some other strange fowl — might come and lick your hand.

Here is one, bred by Edith. It is entitled 'Dark Song', but it is clearer than most of her *Facades*, and its imaginative logic will on a second or third reading be found to be unimpeachable :

The fire was fury as a bear  
And the flames purr . . .  
The brown bear rambled in his chain  
Captive to cruel men

Through the dark and hairy wood . . .  
 The maid sighed, "All my blood  
 Is animal. They thought I sat  
 Like a household cat;  
 But through the dark woods rambled I . . .  
 Oh, if my blood would die!"  
 The fire had a bear's fur  
 It heard and knew . . .  
 The dark earth furry as a bear,  
 Grumbled too!

(*'Bucolic Comedies'* p. 59).

Truth compels me to say that as often as not Edith does not reach this level. Too often she lets her rimes write out the poem, accepting their insidious suggestions instead of commanding them, Hardy-like, to do as they are bid. But even when she is at her worst, her doggerel is enjoyable for its quaint whimsicality . . . :

'Each chilly  
 White lily  
 Has her own crinoline,  
 And the seraphs recline  
 On divans divine  
 In a smooth seventh heaven of polished pitch-pine . . .

(From '*Water Party*', B. C. p. 70).

Few careful readers will be unresponsive to the appeal of the following poem by Osbert:

When Orpheus with his wind-swift fingers  
 Ripples the strings that gleam like rain,  
 The wheeling birds fly up and sing,  
 Hither, thither, echoing.  
 There is a crackling of dry twigs,  
 A sweeping of leaves along the ground.  
 Tawny faces and dumb eyes  
 Peer through the fluttering green screens,  
 That mask ferocious teeth and claws  
 Now tranquil.  
 As the music sighs upon the hills,  
 The young ones hear,  
 Come skipping, ambling, rolling down,  
 Their soft ears flapping as they run,  
 Their fleecy coats catching in the thickets,  
 Till they lie, listening, round his feet.

. . . . .

Unseen for centuries,  
 Fabulous creatures creep out of their caverns.  
 The unicorn  
 Prances down from his bed of leaves,  
 His milk-white muzzle still stained green  
 With the munching, crunching of mountain herbs.  
 The griffin usually so fierce,  
 Now tame and amiable again —  
 Has covered the white bones in his secret cavern  
 With a rustling pall of dank, dead leaves,  
 While the Salamander — true lover of art —  
 Flickers, and creeps out of the flame!  
 Gently now, and away he goes,  
 Kindles his proud and blazing track  
 Across the forest  
 — Lies listening,  
 Cools his fever in this flowing water.

. . . . .

When the housewife returns,  
Carrying her basket,  
She will not understand.  
She misses nothing,  
Has heard nothing in the woods.  
She will only see  
That the fire is dead,  
The grate cold.

But the child left in the empty house  
Saw the Salamander in the flame,  
Heard a strange wind, like music, in the forest,  
And has gone out to look for it,  
Alone.

(*'Out of the Flame'*, pp. 20, 21).

This admirable piece of rimeless 'vers libre' is immediately followed by pages of free verse full of atrocious 'rimes', the effect of which is sometimes grotesque — which it evidently is meant to be — and sometimes *nil*. 'Retinue' and 'revenue' may do, but 'palace' and 'populace' never can and never will. Neither will 'turban' and 'pelican', 'rarest' and 'forest'. If they are experiments they are failures. Osbert Sitwell must have been aware of this the minute after he committed them, and his retention of them must be put down to sheer perversity. His artistic conscience sometimes sleeps and this is all the stranger as his heart is not perverse at all. It is a very big and good and sensitive heart and absolutely in the right place. One of his pet aversions are 'war-horses', not quadrupeds evidently, but bipeds, most of them females, and called Mrs. Freudenthal (who hopes her nose, however aquiline, will escape detection in a throng), Mrs. Kinfoot (who, though it *did* go against the grain, was doomed after her death to put forth angel's wings and to lean disconsolately out from the Gold Bar of Heaven, shedding tears like icicles) etc. Some of them are anonymous: 'the General' (who disapproves of art), 'the Bishop' (who sleeps in the sunny greenness of the close), 'An Old-fashioned Sportsman' (who refuses to read a book unless it is a best seller):

There has been enough art  
In the past,  
Life is concerned  
With killing and maiming.  
If they cannot kill men  
Why can't they kill animals?  
There is still  
Big Game in Africa  
— Or there might be trouble  
Among the natives .....

(*'Out of the Flame'*, p. 85.)

Osbert Sitwell cannot stand *cant*, least of all the cant that, once poetry, has been adopted and been slobbered over by the Philistines, especially the profiteering sort — and is there any other at this moment? Rupert Brooke's sonnet, defiled and profaned, 'If I should die think only this of me' etc., puts him in a rage... What the devil did Rupert die for anyway?

I like Osbert better than Sacheverell, who I verily believe is the most antic and fantastic English poet alive and a confirmed puller of legs. Why, for instance, should he call his book 'The Hundred and One Harlequins', when the number of harlequins actually introduced to us is, at most, eleven, occupying four pages of print, the remaining space being allotted to other subjects?

"A glass of milk as white as your hand,  
 The foam of seas that lie on the land,  
 Their grass runs swift in the wind like a wave :  
 A cup of this foam : — and then I crave  
 Snow-bread that the hills have ground their gold to!"  
 The cheap shepherdess replied,  
 Her words still-born — dead drowned by the roar.  
 A railway engine ran across the field  
 Galloping like a swift horse down the rails.  
 As it came quicker the window-panes rattled,  
 The roof shook side to side : all its beams trembled,  
 Thundering hoofs were upon us — glass chariots.

(*The Hundred and One Harlequins*, p. 24.)

Why is it necessary to put into the mouth of this 'harlequin', who appears to be merely an overstrung poet, such far-fetched imagery as that contained in the second line? Two centuries ago a Dutch poet, of yeoman stock, waxing dithyrambic, called a cow a 'live butter-tub'. Now behold, cows, white cows presumably — are seas lying on the land! Is the impression any truer, any directer, any better, any more poetical?

This is Sacheverell Sitwell at his worst. We are told, by Harold Monro and others, that in 'The Italian Air' he is at his best, nay that it is worthy of Coleridge's *Kubla Khan*. I think this a remarkable statement. But I will quote some stanzas, let any one judge :

In among the apple trees  
 and on their echoing golden roots,  
 a singing shower rides on the breeze,  
 and prints the grass with crystal hoofs.

The sighing music faints and fails  
 among the far-off feathered boughs,  
 the birds fold up their painted sails ;  
 but voices sound, until they rouse

the sleeping birds and silent leaves ;  
 and now a harp once more resounds,  
 to utter what her heart believes  
 and what her trembling sense confounds.

His daring loudness wakes the house  
 that sleeps beneath a staring sun,  
 the birds awake : the cattle browse :  
 the page jumps down, begins to run

across the flower-beds ; now there rings  
 another voice of sterner kind,  
 the harp still sounds ; Figaro sings  
 to ease his master's troubled mind.

Her thoughts now hold him in a net,  
 he fills the meshes and respires,  
 low boughs of fruit-trees, lush and wet,  
 drop rain on him, while from the spires

a bell sets shaking every glass,  
 rattles the windows in the trees,  
 he strains the meshes, tries to pass,  
 but now the bells die on the breeze.

(Page 13, stanzas 1—7.)

Now it is very easy to bestow the title of fathead upon a man who, while admiring single lines and images, fails to appreciate the whole. It would also be easy to retort in the same elegant strain. But now as

regards this juxtaposition of 'The Italian Air' and 'Kubla Khan', I maintain that the two poems are essentially dissimilar. Who troubles to inquire where Xanadu is situated, or who Kubla Khan was, or whether there are picture postcards with views of Alp, the sacred river and its caverns? We are content to be taken into an imaginary, purely romantic country. But Sacheverell Sitwell does not do this, because a figure like Figaro is as real to us as Napoleon, as Theodore Roosevelt, or as Mr. David Lloyd George. And besides, he pre-supposes this acquaintance, since he also refers to 'the page', and Figaro's 'master's troubled mind', etc., causing us to rack our brains trying to recollect the exact situation in 'Les Noces de Figaro'. Sometimes we seem to remember and then again we are all at sea, and the effect is that of a worn 'movie', whereas Coleridge's poem is Rembrandtesque.

Then again, Sacheverell Sitwell has a rich fund of beautiful images at his disposal. In this respect he surpasses Osbert. But his use of them is casual, haphazard. Writing the second stanza he forgets the first, and so on. This is not an artistic advantage, and it is apt to weary the reader, who, having been told about a singing shower riding on the breeze, something strong, fresh, sparkling, is bewildered on learning two seconds afterwards that this is sighing music which faints and fails. Likewise the birds in the second stanza fold up their painted sails, in the first line of the third they are roused out of their sleep, in the third line of the fourth stanza they awake once more. Is there any method in this? Is there any 'beauty' in this?

The writer of 'The Italian Air' and of 'The Neptune Hotel' may develop into a remarkable poet; he is undoubtedly the greatest of the Sitwell triad. But he has fallen a victim to the specious but pernicious doctrine: that a poet should only write for himself, or at most for a very narrow circle, and should despise 'the public', since the public are fatheads and dullards.

## XII.

'Aquarium', by Harold Acton, has the outward appearance of a companion volume to 'Bucolic Comedies', and he does show certain affinities with the Sitwell triad. But he also recalls the earlier Arthur Symons .....

In the nebular effects of cigarette smoke,  
The eyes may be closed heavy or drowsing open,  
The iris drugged by the wine and the women,  
White arms, mouth of carmine, ankles so slender  
You might fear that they would snap candy-wise.

(page 20.)

Harold Acton does not think his prospective readers were born to be quizzed and hoaxed. He has something to say, and he says it. And when a man has something to say, he wants to make himself understood by ordinary intelligent fellow-mortals, who may reasonably be expected to meet the speaker half-way. Harold Acton puts it somewhat quaintly, but clearly enough, in his title-poem, which is at the same time introductory to the rest:

If you would view, buy tickets at the door.  
Your brain for lucre please! the fishes here  
Require some effort on your part, no more,  
For comprehension; then the water's clear  
And you will see, dimpling in hyaline  
Fish, oval, strange, glitter as rubied wine  
In crystal goblets .....

The range displayed in this little volume is remarkable. Is it a first book? That would account for it. Wilfred Rowland Childe's volume is not his first, and the fishes in *his* aquarium have a stronger family likeness than Harold Acton's. And the author of 'The Gothic Rose' is first of all an aesthete; the man who wrote 'Aquarium' is a human among humans, smarting, indignant, rebellious, and in addition a poet, gifted with 'strange power of speech.' On one occasion he conveys us, on the wings of his words, to a land that has vanished, as our civilization will vanish some day:

### The Pensile Gardens of Babylon.

There beauty's footsteps lingered in the soft  
 And poignant semitones that sped aloft,  
 In perfumes wavering with finger-tips  
 So faint, they scarcely fluttered on the lips.  
 There caravans would halt in flame of day  
 And many turbaned wanderers would stray  
 To cool their brown-limbed bodies in the deep  
 And juicy foam of fountains, where would leap  
 Eternal jets of water-diamonds  
 Limned intricate like myriad leafy fronds,  
 Wetting the marble rims with amber showers  
 Throughout the endless ballet of the hours....  
 There Bedouins with liquid amorous eyes  
 Would listen to the piercing notes arise  
 From shrilly-vivid paroquets, or pause  
 To overhear the chattering macaws  
 And watch the cranes with slender, supple necks  
 Preening the feathered shadows into flecks  
 Of purpled hues and finest, mordant white,  
 Or spy the swans ascend in snowy flight  
 Over the swinging canopy of leaves;  
 Whither the sky suavely interweaves  
 A labyrinth of azure-rifted clouds,  
 Where saffron-throated birds in whirring crowds  
 Would weep celestial music with their wings,  
 And tawny monkeys, tiny nimble things,  
 Would play their melodramas in the trees,  
 And throbbing swarms of honey-sucking bees  
 Vibrate the petalled air in droning waves,  
 And mingle with the murmuring of slaves.....

(page 49)

Somewhat violent, spasmodic, even forced in places, these poems are full of promise. Mr. E. Marsh might find in 'Aquarium' several pieces that would not have their lustre dulled when placed in the immediate neighbourhood of certain 'Georgian' productions.

I may say a similar thing of 'The Lowery Road', a little collection of chiefly local poems, inspired by Dartmoor. I do not think they owe anything to 'A Shropshire Lad'; one or two may be vaguely reminiscent of Wilfrid Gibson's 'Whin', which celebrates Northumberland. There is often — notably in 'The Poet and the Stars' — a Blakelike quality in L. A. G. Strong's verse. He can write epitaphs and impressions of nature with Chinese terseness. He can give a complete human tragedy in thirty short lines ('Coroner's Jury') and his 'Ballad of the Painter' describing how an artist, disgusted with civilization, ran away and made friends with dumb animals, is something quite out of the common :

The herons would come and stretch their wings  
 And stand for his moonlight easels;  
 The bittern and furze-chat told him tales,  
 And he danced in the mist with the weasels.

He'd sit in the sun on a stone and stroke  
 The head of the criss-cross adder,  
 And bare his arm to oblige the leech  
 Till she swelled herself into a bladder.

He painted the young rabbit's portrait, while  
 The blue jay sat by jeering,  
 And sang to the ladybird, suiting his voice  
 To her delicate sense of hearing.

He'd sit by the river and share his meal  
 With clustering friendly fishes,  
 While the wagtail made herself waiting maid  
 To see to washing the dishes.

Mr. Basil Blackwell is to be congratulated on the publication of this engaging volume, a fit 'number one' of a series called 'Adventurers All'.

Can that glorious name: adventurer, be applied to the twenty-one poets represented in *Georgian Poetry, 1920-1922*? The volume contains many good things, pretty things, even fine things, but the number of poems to which I would unhesitatingly apply the word 'great' is relatively very small. And when I speak of greatness I am not necessarily thinking of 'Ercles' vein'. There is a kind of homely greatness which is none the less great for being as homely as one of Rembrandt's 'Syndics'. And Martin Armstrong has caught its secret, not in 'The Buzzards', which is very fine indeed, nor in 'Honey Harvest', which is very pretty, but in that perfect piece of humorous *genre-painting* called 'Miss Thompson Goes Shopping'. Its inclusion may have been an act of courage on Mr. Marsh's part, seeing that there will be a good number of readers, who, spoiled by aestheticism, mysticism, 'Keltic' twaddle and 'Slavic' moonshine, will wonder whether it is poetical to describe a fishmonger's obesity, or an impecunious spinster's unromantic temptations before a bootshop. But Martin Armstrong's poem is one of the 'features' of the collection. So is 'The General Elliott' by Robert Graves. Any one can write a poem about a sunset. But about a rustic signboard, that's an altogether different affair. Very refreshing, too, are Richard Hughes's contributions, especially 'The Singing Furies', furies of the storm . . . .

The sudden tempest roared and died;  
 The singing furies muted ride  
 Down wet and slippery roads to hell:  
 And, silent in their captor's train,  
 Two fishers, storm-caught on the main;  
 A shepherd, battered with his flocks;  
 A pit-boy tumbled from the rocks;  
 A dozen back-broke gulls, and hosts  
 Of shadowy, small, pathetic ghosts,  
 — Of mice and leverets caught by flood;  
 Their beauty shrouded in cold mud.

(*Georgian Poetry*, p. 98.)

William Kerr, J. D. C. Pellow, Frank Prewett, Miss Sackville-West, they are all new-comers who may one day be numbered with the best. About the veterans, Gibson, de la Mare, Squire, Harold Monro, there is little to be said here. Some figures have been dropped

from the gunnel of the Georgian ship, presumably into the sea of oblivion, and I only regret that Robert Nichols, the famous Hun-destroyer and d'Annunzio-worshipper, should not likewise have been made a Jonah of.

But I regret more. I regret the unwatchful moment when some mischievous demon induced Mr. E. Marsh to hold up for admiration the following clumsy thing by William Davies:

### The Captive Lion.

Thou that in fury with thy knotted tail  
Hast made this iron floor thy beaten drum ;  
That now in silence walkst thy little space —  
Like a sea-captain — careless what may come :

What power has brought thy majesty to this,  
Who gave those eyes their dull and sleepy look ;  
Who took their lightning out, and from thy throat  
The thunder when the whole wide forest shook ?

It was that man who went again, alone,  
Into thy forest dark — Lord, he was brave !  
That man a fly has killed, whose bones are left  
Unburied till an earth-quake digs his grave.

(‘Georgian Poetry’, p. 37.)

The fourth line is bad: a sea-captain pacing the quarterdeck is not careless what may come; and whether the lion is careless William Davies does not know. The second stanza owes more than a little to William Blake's *Tiger*. And the phrasing of the last two lines is ridiculous. How is one to read them without conveying the impression that somewhere the bones of a fly lie bleaching?

### XIII.

#### W. B. Yeats and Padraic Colum.

##### A Lover Speaks to the Hearers of his Songs in Coming Days.

O, women, kneeling by your altar rails long hence,  
When songs I wove for my beloved hide the prayer,  
And smoke from this dead heart drifts through the violet air  
And covers away the smoke of myrrh and frankincense ;  
Bend down and pray for all that sin I wove in song,  
Till the Attorney for Lost Souls cry her sweet cry,  
And call to my beloved and me : “No longer fly  
Amid the hovering, piteous, penitential throng.”

(‘Later Poems’, p. 41).

Yeats, artist to his finger-tips, continues to alter his work, to polish and file. In the above-quoted poem (from ‘The Wind Among the Reeds’, 1899) the fifth and sixth lines read originally:

‘Bend down and pray for the great sin I wove in song,  
Till Mary of the wounded heart cry a sweet cry....’

The improvement is evident, and several more of the kind might be pointed out. Increasing years have made Yeats grimmer, have soured him and robbed him of the fine exuberance of youth,<sup>1)</sup> they have left the artist

<sup>1</sup> ‘My mind, because the minds that I have loved,  
The sort of beauty that I have approved,  
Prosper but little, has dried up of late....’

(‘A Prayer for My Daughter’, ‘Later Poems’, p. 350.)

complete, entire, intact. The occasional baldness of his work is conscious and intentional :

I made my song a coat  
 Covered with embroideries  
 Out of old mythologies  
 From heel to throat ;  
 But the fools caught it,  
 Wore it in the world's eyes  
 As though they'd wrought it.  
 Song, let them take it  
 For there's more enterprise  
 In walking naked.

('Later Poems', p. 233.)

There is more. In Yeats's earlier work unorthodox or impure rimes are rare. Now he makes a more frequent use of them. *Vers libre* that is entirely rimeless does not appear to suit his genius, but his riming becomes more and more unobtrusive. This is sometimes done by separating rimes by a number of intervening lines, sometimes by making them even less than assonances, since the vowels used are slightly different whilst the final consonants are identical: *roved* and *beloved*, *house* and *ceremonious*, even *yawn* and *one*, *sat* and *wit*, *charm* and *form*, *man* and *undone*, *stones* and *swans*.

Yeats's book is a collected edition of his non-dramatic work since 1899.<sup>1)</sup> Padraic Colum's 'Dramatic Legends and Other Poems' are new. Several of these poems appeared before this, in American newspapers (he lives in the United States), but I never saw them. I did know and like his 'Wild Earth', and with the exception of the last title poem — 'The Miracle of the Corn', an insipid thing reminding one of Pearse at his worst — this new volume of Padraic Colum's is worthy of its predecessor. And the strange thing is: that Padraic Colum, who apparently is of pure Gaelic stock, is far less of a 'Kelt' — this word being used in its Pickwickian or fashionable sense — than Yeats or George Russell (A. E.) who are Kelts by self-adoption so to say. Like his Gaelic countryman Edward Lysaght, Padraic Colum is anything but a vague dreamer and brooder. He can dream and brood as well as any man, but he does not claim this kind of work as a prerogative. And he can be as hard-headed and matter-of-fact as an ancient Icelander. There is nothing vaguely wistful in:

'It would not be far for us to go back to the age of bronze :  
 Then you were a King's daughter ; your father had curraghs on shore,  
 A herd of horses, good tillage upon the face of the hills,  
 And clumps of cattle beyond them — the black and broad-horned kine.'

And I, I was good at the bow, but had no men, no herds . . . .

(Page 49.)

The vision is grand and simple, here as almost everywhere.

"The blackbird's nest in the briar,  
 The sea-gulls' nest on the ground —  
 They're nests, and they're more than nests," said he,  
 "They are tokens I have found . . . ."

I heard a poet say it,  
 The sojourner of a night;  
 His head was up to the rafter,  
 Where he stood in a candle's light.

"Your houses are like the sea-gulls'  
 Nests — they are scattered and low ;  
 Like the blackbirds' nests in the briar," he said,  
 "Uncunningly made — even so."

<sup>1)</sup> The earlier poems are published by Mr. Fisher Unwin

"But close to the ground are reared  
 The wings that have widest sway,  
 And the birds that sing best in the wood," he said,  
 "Were bred with their breasts to the clay ...."

(pp. 51, 52.)

Rugged sincerity, emotion that is never mawkish, a forcible directness of speech, such are the permanent qualities of Padraic Colum's verse. It deserves readers and will never lack them; and if I told the poet that his poetry is for cottages and not for drawing-rooms, I am certain that he would quietly exult.

## XIV.

**Poetic Dramas : Yeats, Gibson, Abercrombie.**

The poetic drama is the great problem of modern literature, and not exclusively of English literature. There are an abundance of good novels, and an appreciative public to read them. The lyric flourishes (whether every new year brings a song worthy to rank with Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind" is another matter) and the epic is non-existent, having apparently delegated its function to the novel. Dramatic art is fighting for its life with the movies, and a literary man sometimes wonders whether, after the ordinary play has been crushed out of existence, there may be chance for poetry to gain admittance into the theatre again. The thing does not seem to be impossible or even improbable. But it would require a thorough simplification of tastes among a considerable part of the public. As regards the poets who are willing to supply poetic dramas, they have recognised the need for simplicity in style, construction, presentation and scenery for several years past. And sometimes there have been little or partial successes, either with the production of new plays or with revivals of pre-Elizabethan moralities and the like. But such performances have been isolated. They have been looked upon as curiosities, as quaint illustrations to University Extension lectures. They have as yet failed to set a fashion, and a fashion, a permanent demand for poetic drama on the part of the public, stimulating a regular supply on the part of dramatically gifted poets, — that is what is needed.

It seems to me that Gibson and Abercrombie are more likely than Yeats to point the way that is to be taken if the poetic drama is to enter upon a new career. They, more than their Irish rival, have broken new ground. Moralities like Yeats's 'Hour-Glass' are exceedingly well, as moralities go, but is there a future for them? Can we expect a stage filled with types, peopled with abstractions, to retain the interest of the average modern man? Yeats disclaims the entire ownership of the plays published under his name, with the single exception of 'The Green Helmet' and 'The Player Queen'. All the rest were written with the assistance of Lady Gregory, who is even responsible for about the whole of 'The Unicorn from the Stars'. Now it is remarkable that in the last mentioned play there are more sharply drawn characters than in any other of the collection, not even excepting 'The Green Helmet' whose characters were suggested by Irish heroic legend. And I cannot help thinking that Yeats, whose thoughts move in a Platonic world of ideal conceptions, must be expected to create types, ideals that smack of eternity, rather than mere individuals. Hence also his fondness of the Japanese Nō-play, and the fact that he has followed the lead of the Japanese in writing 'Four Plays for Dancers', which have been left outside this collection, and in which each player wears a distinctive mask. It is extremely

unlikely that either Wilfrid Gibson or Lascelles Abercrombie would ever try their hands at such a transplanted form of art, not from lack of adventurousness, but from a preference for indigenous growths.

It has been objected to Gibson, too, that he gives types rather than individuals. The objection is mostly based on 'Daily Bread', a fifth edition of which has been published this year. It is an objection which I cannot make my own, least of all after reading the latest edition, which has been re-written — blank verse having taken the place of 'vers libre' except in a number of agitated and passionate passages where the change would have been no improvement — and in which characterisation has been made as telling and as individual as was at all consistent with the limited scope afforded by these simply dramatized 'emotional moments' or crises in the lives of humble folk. There is an individual accent in the sayings of Gibson's characters which is matched by nothing, save perhaps the opening scene in Goethe's *Egmont*. In Abercrombie's work as in Browning's, the personages, in spite of being excellently drawn or self-revealed, speak one and the same dialect, viz. their only begetter's. Gibson's characters speak their own. Hence certain fatheads — I thank thee, Siegfried Sassoon, for teaching me that word — have taken occasion to complain about honest Wilfrid lacking the genuine artistic passion to 'transform' everyday ugliness and baldness into 'beauty', as Cinderella's fairy godmother did with pumpkin, mice and lizards. But in 'Krindlesyke' there is an assortment of imagery sufficient to equip a baker's dozen of 'minor poets'. And yet the language is differentiated, and my only objection to the rustic play is that Phœbe says too little.<sup>1)</sup> Bell Haggard, however, isn't she just a treat?

'Life's an old thimblerigger; and, it seems,  
Can still bamboozle me with his hanky-panky:  
He always kens a trick worth two of mine;  
Though he lets me spot the pea beneath the thimble  
Just often enough to keep me in good conceit....'

## Her tongue

'rattles in my head  
Like crocks in a mugger's cart; but'  
'the devil a chance  
I've ever had of a gossip: and, as for news,  
I've had to fall back on the wormy Bible  
That props the broken looking-glass: so, now  
I've got the chance of a crack, my tongue goes randy  
And patters like a cheapjack's or a bookie's  
Offering you odds against the favourite, life:  
Or, wasn't life the dark horse? I have talked  
My wits out, till I'm like a drunken tipster,  
Too milled to ken the dark horse from the favourite.  
..... A slick tongue spares  
The owner the fag of thinking: it's the listeners  
Who get the headache. And yet, I could talk  
At one time to some purpose — didn't dribble  
Like a tap that needs a washer: and, by carties,  
It's talking I've missed most: I've always been  
Like an urchin with a withy — must be slashing —  
Thistles for choice: and not once, since I came,  
Have I had a real good shindy to warm my blood.'

(‘Krindlesyke’, pp 83, 84.)

<sup>1)</sup> I have dealt with 'Kringlesyke' at length in 'De Amsterdammer' of 14<sup>th</sup> July 1923. As regards thimbleriggers consult Borrow's 'Lavengro'.

If Fate had dealt with Lascelles Abercrombie as generously as with Wilfrid Gibson in supplying him with a rich provincial vernacular, certain incongruities that now mar the utterances of his characters would most undoubtedly be absent. He can be, and often is, as racy as any.<sup>1)</sup> And then, without a moment's notice, he drops into 'literature'. Compare the following small passage from 'The Staircase', one of the 'Four Short Plays'; a hungry, bedraggled tramp woman has stolen into a seemingly unoccupied house, where a young joiner is at work, and they fall to talking about the former owner. 'I've heard he was a terrible fierce old fellow,' says the woman, who in reality knows this from experience, being the deceased's own daughter.

JOINER. Likely enough.

You 'ld hear, too, of the scoundrel thing he did  
Upon his daughter: you could scarce miss that;  
The villainous sound of it must be ranging still.

WOMAN. But what seems loud to you among these hills,  
And a rough splash in a quiet creek of life,  
Will hardly push a little shaking whisper  
Into the air of the broad troubled world.

(page 56.)

And two pages further :

JOINER (*catching her anger*). How will a roadster know the lies from truth,  
Who has to lie for her eating, lie for her lodging,  
And the whole gear of her life is lies?

WOMAN. It's true :  
We lie for needs: you for a fleering scoff.

JOINER. You 've had no harm from me; and let your tongue  
Make sure of this, so long as we 're in talk:  
This girl, and the way the thought of her has grown  
Within my brain — O, like rivers pouring  
Full from the flooded hills —

Abercrombie's brain is most fertile. He devises strong situations and the characters to match them. In 'The Deserter' he dares to invite comparison with Shakespeare, making a man who is morally responsible for a drunkard's death woo the victim's widow, who loathes him and yet succumbs, as the Lady Anne did to Gloucester (*Richard III*, Act. I, Sc. II). One peculiarity of his characters is very remarkable; it is the aesthetic contemplation of what happens, even when these happenings involve them in disaster. A dowser prophesying the end of the world, to be brought about by a comet, revels, when left alone, in the impending havoc and ruin :

'I 'll blind my brain  
With fancying the splendours of destruction;  
When like a burr in the star's fiery mane  
The crackling earth is caught and rusht along,  
The forests on the mountains blazing so,  
That from the rocks of ore beneath them come  
White-hot rivers of smelted metal pouring,  
Across the plains to roar into the sea.....

(page 148.)

Merrick the village-smith remembers his youth :

'When I was a lad  
I was delighted with my life: there seemed  
Naught but things to enjoy. Say we were bathing :

<sup>1)</sup> Colloquialisms and even vulgarisms abound; 'learn' for 'teach', is quite common. But we want the word that fits its setting, nothing more nor less.

There 'ld be the cool smell of the water, and cool  
 The splashing under the trees: but I did loathe  
 The sinking mud slithering round my feet,  
 And I did love to loathe it so! And then  
 We 'ld troop to kill a wasp's nest; and for sure  
 I would be stung; and if I liked the dusk  
 And singing and the game of it all, I loved  
 The smart of the stings, and fleeing the buzzing furies.'

(page 154.)

Similar sentiments drop from the lips of Vine, the stupid publican; of Huff the Pharisee, who is always imagining how glorious it must be to be a bold, bad sinner; of the girl in 'The Adder', who dances for joy on discovering that there is a chance for her to learn the meaning of the forbidden word 'scarlet'. There is a touch of cruelty, of ruthlessness, in Abercrombie's keen enjoyment of the spectacular side of human life.

Of the four plays most readers will agree that 'The End of the World' is the best. Its construction, development, dénouement, is perfect, its characterization excellent, save for a strong likeness between the two proud artisans, Sollers the wainwright and Merrick the smith, a likeness which was indeed unavoidable. 'The Adder' opens in Abercrombie's best vein; that self-revealing conversation between two charcoal-burners, one stern, a reclaimed sinner, the other easy-going and humorous, a gentle hedonist, could not be improved upon. But the introduction of the bad squire is stagey, and the dénouement, which reminds one of a silly story by Boccacio, is childish. 'The Staircase' and 'The Deserter' occupy a middle position, and which of the two I prefer I have not yet been able to decide. One thing is certain, it would be a pity if Lascelles Abercrombie ceased writing poetic dramas, and there are already some overdue.

WILLEM VAN DOORN.

### Appendix : Bibliography.

The Poems of Alice Meynell : Complete Edition. Burns Oates . . . . .	— 6/-.
Henry Rope, <i>The City of the Grail</i> etc. Id. . . . .	— 3/6.
Emily Orr, <i>A Harvester of Dreams</i> . Id. . . . .	— 3/6.
Wilfred Rowland Childe, <i>The Gothic Rose</i> . Blackwell. . . . .	— 5/-.
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J. M. Cobbett, <i>Grass of Parnassus</i> . Heath Cranton. . . . .	— 3/6.
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Id. <i>Krindlesyke</i> . Macmillan. . . . .	— 6/-.
Lascelles Abercrombie, <i>Four Short Plays</i> . Secker. . . . .	— 6/-.

## Notes and News.

**A Note on the Study of O.E. Dialects.** In *English Studies* Vol. V (April, 1923), Professor Ekwall published some further notes on the fracture of *æ* before *l + cons.* in O.E., and pointed out some inaccuracies which had crept into an article of mine on the same subject, published in *E.S.* in June, 1922. In so far as these mistakes were real, I should like to thank Professor Ekwall for drawing my attention to them; but I believe they were not of sufficient importance to invalidate my arguments.

With regard to the reliability of the O.E. charters for the study of dialects, it is certainly not possible to assume that every charter represents the dialect of its place of origin with absolute accuracy in every detail. But if they are all carefully analysed, and their principal features set forth in order, the result does reveal a certain definite transition between the dialects of adjoining districts.

This can hardly be mere coincidence. Any scribe who dealt with the very detailed boundaries of land which are found in the majority of the charters, must either have been a local man, or have taken down his information from the dictation of a local man. In either case he would not be likely to trouble to translate his writing into another dialect, especially when his doing so might lead to misunderstanding and confusion of the details of the boundaries.

One of the chief difficulties seems to be in the nomenclature of the O.E. dialects — the still accepted names West Saxon, Mercian, and so on. Probably no one imagines that the same type of Mercian, for instance, was spoken over all the midland counties from Norfolk to Shropshire. What then is meant by 'Mercian dialect'? — that of the *Vespasian Psalter*, of the early *Glosses*, of the *Rushworth Gloss*? Which of these, if any, was the dialect of the chancery of the Mercian kings? It is at present impossible to say; and this makes it difficult to point out the exact influence of the Mercian chancery dialect on the documents from any part of the country. Just as in M.E., and in Mod. E. too, for that matter, we find an infinite variety of dialects shading one into the other right across the country, so we must expect to find the same state of affairs in O.E. times. The dialect spoken in Worcestershire was not 'Mercian' and not 'W. Saxon', but a Worcestershire dialect with special characteristics of its own; and if we find the same group of dialect features appearing in documents from, and relating to, Worcester and the neighbourhood both in O.E. and in M.E., it certainly seems permissible to conclude that this grouping represents that of the local spoken dialect. The same combination of dialect features appears, for instance, in the O.E. Worcs. charters, in M.S. D. of the *Chronicle*, and in *Lagamon*.

The boundaries of the settlements of the invading races cannot be taken as dialect boundaries. Luick (*Historische Grammatik*, p. 29) says: "Dass die alten Stammesgrenzen auch Dialektgrenzen waren, ist nicht zu erweisen", and further: "Die sprache der Angeln und der Sachsen war wohl schon auf dem Festland etwas differenziert . . . . . Aber die Hauptmasse der Unterschiede, die uns in den überliefererten Texten entgegentreten, ist erst in Britannien erwachsen". The tribes of England cannot all have been fighting each other all the time from the 5th to the 11th century. There must have been considerable intervals of peace during which communication between neighbouring villages was uninterrupted, and the dialects developed

naturally, varying, it is true, slightly from village to village, but forming an unbroken series of gradations from Kent to Yorkshire and beyond. Whatever their ancestors may have been — Saxons, Angles, Jutes, or tribes of less importance — the inhabitants of England in the 7<sup>th</sup>, 8<sup>th</sup>, 9<sup>th</sup>, and following centuries, were 'English', and spoke 'English'.

We find that O.E. charters apparently written in Surrey show some dialect features which are shared by the dialect of Kent, some shared by the dialects of Hampshire and Berkshire, others resembling those of the dialect of the London area. Thus an analysis of the chief phonological features of the dialect of the Surrey charter of 871-889 (O.E.T. 45) gives the following details: 1) O.E. æ > e: *ðet, dege, eftær, hebbe*, etc.; 2) O.E. æl + cons. > al: *allum, haldan, almahtig*, etc.; 3) O.E. ē<sup>1</sup> > ē: *megum, wēpnedhades*, etc.; 4) O.E. ē<sup>2</sup> > ē: *gemene, ȝrestan, clennise, Huȝtedune*, etc.; 5) O.E. e (*i*) before u, a, > eo (usually): *begeotan, breoce, ageofan*, etc.; 6) O.E. y remains: *mynster, forðcymeð, gebygcge, getrymed*, etc.; 7) O.E. ea -i > e: *erfeweard(um), neste*.

Of these dialect features, Nos. 1 and 4, are found in Kentish, 2, 3, 5 and 7 probably in London and Kentish, 6 in the dialect of Hampshire.

These and other dialect features of the same charter may not all survive in M.E. The majority of them do; at any rate, the transition from the combination of dialect features which is characteristic of Kentish to that which is characteristic of the Hampshire dialect, is still discernible. The dialect spoken in Surrey was neither Kentish, nor Saxon, nor Mercian. It had a combination of features found only in the Surrey dialect; and the differences that exist between such Surrey documents as the O.E. charters, the Chertsey Chartulary and *The Owl and The Nightingale* are either chronological, or due to dialect boundaries within the county.

Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.

MARY S. SERJEANTSON.

November 1923.

**English Association in Holland.** This Christmas Session has surpassed its predecessors both as regards the intrinsic value and the success of the programme carried out. The concerts of the *English Singers* are the most important event in the history of the Association thus far. It is not too much to say that they were an event in Dutch musical life. The light they shed on Tudor art was reinforced by the first part of Arthur Stratton's lectures on *Tudor Domestic Architecture* and later developments due to foreign — chiefly Dutch — influences. Literature has been represented by Miss Dobson's readings from the works of Austin Dobson, Andrew Lang and W. E. Henley; and by the eminently Dickensian Dickens Recitals of John A. Stelling.

New branches have been founded at Enschede and Dordrecht, so that the Association is now composed of eleven local branches and two affiliated bodies (the *Vereeniging van Leeraren in Levende Talen* and the *Engelsche Bibliotheek*).

The programme for Easter Session includes a series of lectures on *The Contemporary English Drama* to be given by Sidney Carroll, dramatic critic of the Sunday Times, and another series of Dickens recitals by John A. Stelling.

**Horn's Grammar.** We are informed that the *Historische Neu-Englische Grammatik* by Professor Horn, a book that is much valued here as an introduction to the study of English sounds, will appear in a second edition next summer. The book has been out of print for some time, and the appearance of the new edition is eagerly looked forward to.

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## Translation.

1. Reinout Meerwoude was the child of a so-called misalliance. 2. His father, though he was descended of an old and honourable house, could not be said to belong to those powerful families that made the nobility so formidable; his mother on the other hand was (the scion) of a patrician house which claimed equality with princes and contracted princely alliances. 3. She had married the nobleman in spite of her kinsfolk, and her son was therefore related to those aristocratic families the Croys, the Egmonds, the Brederodes, who at first had turned away in disdain from the scion of so undesirable a union. 4. In course of time, however, they had made a distinct movement towards closer acquaintance. 5. Meerwoude was rich, his face possessed the high-bred beauty of his mother's features; he was a person who was sure to be no burden and might prove very useful. 6. Besides, Brederode's sister, Helena, was married to a brother of Granvelle's and (the) one misalliance might be overlooked as well as the (an) other, particularly as Meerwoude boasted an ancient and illustrious cognizance, though not surmounted by an earl's coronet. 7. Soon Aerschot, head of the House of Croye, invited him to his house and Brederode called him — in private that is — his dear kinsman. 8. Their example was all but generally followed: Reinout was received into their circles. 9. His indifference to this high honour had a certain piquancy for them, they liked (enjoyed) the ease with which he poked fun at (= ridiculed) their foibles. 10. They treated him as their equal though Reinout never ceased to feel the distance between them. 11. Mansfeld might familiarly link arms with him, or Brederode, flushed with wine, overwhelm his "dearest Reinout" with endearments and confidences, he knew that as soon as he was out of earshot (his back was turned) they would remark compassionately what a pity it was that such a charming boy had not a high-born father. 12. He also knew that if he were to lose his large estates this circumstance would considerably increase his friends' family pride.

**Observations.** 1. *The child from a so-called mésalliance.* The preposition *of* is generally used to express racial descent or local origin. *Mésalliance* is French and should be italicized. There is the anglicized form *misalliance* (N. E. D.) See Fijn van Draat's "Outlanders" i. v. Some even went so far as to assert that he was already married and that it was in order to escape the consequences of an early *misalliance* that he had buried himself at Bishop's Crossing. (Conan Doyle, *Round the Fire*). Her marriage was regarded as a "mésalliance". (*Strand Magazine*, Nov. 1904. p. 542).

2. *Though the scion of an ancient and honourable house. — Was not descended of those powerful houses. — Was not reckoned (ranked) among* hardly suits the context. — *Which made nobility so powerful.* In the text the word *nobility* is not used as an abstract, but as a collective noun,

meaning the body of persons forming the noble class, hence the definite article should have been used. The omission of the definite article before the collective noun is obsolete or rare (N. E. D.) Royalty, nobility, and state Are such a dead, preponderating weight (Cowper, *Truth*.). Nobility without an estate is as ridiculous as gold lace on a frieze coat. (Sheridan, *Duenna*, II, 3). In both quotations the term is used in an abstract sense. In our system the theory of nobility of blood as conveying political privilege has no legal recognition. English nobility is merely the nobility of the hereditary counsellors of the crown (Stubbs, *Constitutional History*, § 188). In both cases we have an abstract noun, the definite article in the last example being required because of the following adjunct. But we have a collective noun in the following quotation : Their fate was shared by Alençon and the flower of the French nobility (Smith, *Smaller History of England*, p. 83). — *His mother on the contrary.* On the contrary introduces a statement quite the reverse of what has gone before [D. u. i n t e g e n d e e l]. On the other hand merely sets forth another side to a question. Cf. *On the one hand . . . . on the other hand.* "Is her mother a very bad woman?" "No, on the contrary, she is one of our best prisoners." (Sims, *Tales of To-day*, p. 304). "You scarcely looked at me!" "On the contrary, I scarcely took my eyes off you, but you didn't know it." (Fred. Arnold Kummer, *The Devil and Angela Forbes*.) The Library Edition of Burton's "Thousand Nights and a Night" is not a foul book, but on the other hand it is not a book for children (From the Preface). When we put all these things together we may form a faint idea of the immense value of that vast body of facts which we now possess . . . . But if, on the other hand, we are to describe the use that has been made of these materials, we must draw a very different picture. (Buckle, *History of Civilization*). — *His mother was the scion of a proud house.* Herself the solitary scion left Of a time-honour'd race (Byron, *Dream*, II). Paul Vandamme was a scion of an old family of the Languedoc province. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, Jan. 1901, p. 562).

3. *Contrary to the wishes of her relations.* — So her son was related. — First-class houses would be taken to mean first-rate firms. — The family of Egmond. We could find but a single instance of this construction : Of the twenty-four scholarships, sixteen shall be reserved to candidates who can prove kinship to the family of Smith. (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 74). The proper name generally precedes the word family : The Brown family (Mrs. Gaskell). Bayreuth festivals are to be revived by the Bavarian Government, which is to negotiate with the Wagner family for this purpose. (*Times Weekly Edition*, 5. 3. '20). See Kruisinga, *Handbook*, § 1474 and § 1843. — Held themselves aloof from the offspring of so undesirable a union = hielden zich op een afstand. Wilson realizes fully how much he loses by lack of assistance and by holding aloof from consultation. (*Current Opinion*, March 1920, p. 328). Holding themselves aloof (*Strand* 1909, 774). He chose to keep aloof, seemingly content with the society of his daughter (Cooper, *Prairie* p. 141). Turned away coolly. Coldly seems more suitable, as "coolly" might mean dispassionately, calmly. —

4. They had begun to make distinct advances. Frederick had some time before made advances towards a reconciliation with Voltaire (Macaulay, *Essays*). Rafella's suspicions and shyness succumbed to these friendly advances (A. Perrin, *Woman of the Bazaar*, p. 42). It could not be said that Mrs. Perrow was a great talker. But though she would not make advances, civility drew her into a discussion of things in general. (*Pall Mall Magazine*, Jan. 1903, p. 56). — To make the first move : I would not submit to being

snubbed like that again. She could *make the first move herself* [de minste zjin] (*Pearson's Mag.*, June 1909, p. 604). Ridson said nothing, but his brows were contracted and his eyes glowered. Adela willing to give him time and even to *build him a golden bridge*, went on quietly: "We had an excellent dinner at the Riche" (*Strand Mag.*, Feb. 1914, p. 182). — *Rapprochement*. —

5. *Rich - Wealthy*. Wealthy suggests a larger share of worldly goods than *rich*: She was indeed *rich*, according to the standards of the Square, nay *wealthy* (A. Bennett). She is *rich*, almost *wealthy* (J. D. Beresford. Quotations given by *Günther*). — *Highbred*: One of those *high-bred* faces (*Strand Magazine* X, 147). Shelley's kindly or fantastic familiarities with persons of a humbler position than his own were helped, not hindered, by his *high-bred* courtesy of feeling and of manner. (Dowden, *Life of Shelley* p. 38). — *He was somebody who*. Dutch *iemand* referring to a person mentioned before or understood had better be rendered by *a person, a (wo)man*. He is *a man* who knows everything. (Roorda, *Dutch and English Compared* § 151 Appendix.) The rule laid down by Roorda, that *iemand* followed by a qualifying adjunct is to be translated by *a (wo)man* etc. is too strict. You ought to have married somebody with manners and a conscience — *somebody who* could at least pretend to behave decently. (Nesbit, *Red House*, p. 112). See Poutsma II, p. 981: "The usual relative after the prop-words *body* or *one* is *who*: Please talk of *somebody who* is successful (Marion Crawford, *Kath. Laud.*, I Ch., VII)". — *Of whom one might expect many a service*.

6. *Moreover* is correct, but it should be borne in mind that the word is seldom used in conversation. — *It is true, Helena was married to a brother of Granvelle's*. The particle *wel* does not express concession here as it does in *Hij is wel rijk, maar niet gelukkig*. It merely states a fact and has no exact equivalent in English. — (*The*) *one misalliance might be condoned as well as the (an)other*. As a matter of fact *one* husband was just then bashing *the other* over the head. (*Wide World Magazine*, April 1911, p. 33). Strange how he came and went, this leopard, never twice in succession to the same place, visiting first *one* farm and then *another* (Stephen Black, *The Tiger*). An elderly clerk had assaulted the firm's best customer in the private office. Could the City of London continue if such things were *condoned*? (Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick, *Lanternbearers* Ch. XX). It has been decided to *pass over* your refusal (*Strand Magazine*). 'T is against my conscience to curse and swear in company and I hope any woman here will *overlook* it. (Hardy, *Return of the Native* p. 33). I have really to apologize, sir, for a most regrettable error.... I hope Lady Gwynne will *look over* it. (John K. Leys, *A Wolf in Sheep's Clothing*, 154-155). — *An illustrious weapon* is a glaring blunder. — *Countal crown* may be good English, but is not recorded in N. E. D. or any other large dictionary. Have worn ducal *coronets* (Hardy, *Return*, I, p. 222). On the top of the canopy were two *coronets* [*kroontjes*] (Scott, *Kenilworth*). With a *coronet* on her coach. (*Strand Magazine*, Aug. 1909, p. 140). English maid-servants often wear *coronet-caps* of muslin and lace. — *Though it were without an earl's coronet*. The subjunctive is improperly used because we have a statement of a fact.

7. *Aerschot, the head of the Croyes*. The definite article is usually absent before nouns in apposition to proper names of persons. See Kruisinga's Handbook § 1266 & § 1267. Mr. Max, burgomaster of Brussels (*Times History of the War*, I, p. 383). Miss Rose Dawson, daughter of Mr. John Thomas Dawson, ironmonger, of Mudbury. (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, Ch. IX). — *At least in private*. I think I should like to have my share, *that is* if you don't mind (Hardy, *Return*, II, p. 13). He knew the word — in the Tomeavesian

way, that is. (Thackeray, *Vanity Fair*, p. 415). — Called him face to face his worthy kinsman. [van aangezicht tot aangezicht]. We shall see God face to face (Manning, *Mission H. Ghost*, IX. 260.). The painter and the customer might never come face to face after all. (T. A. Trollope, *La Beata*, I, VII, 155.). — To his face = in zijn gezicht; waar hij bij was. He never abused him to his face (Rudyard Kipling, *Plain Tales*). She praised the lad to his face (*Vanity Fair*).

8. *Reinout was made free of their order.*

9. *High honour.* "I want you to come and dine with me and smoke a cigar afterwards" This was a high honour. (*Royal Magazine*, Nov. 1902, p. 68.). — *Provoked (roused) their curiosity* (*Inspired them with curiosity*.) — *Piquant, Piquancy*: Awful heresy as it sounds Francis Thompson possesses one quality in which no other poet can rival him — he is the supreme poet of creative evolution, and so (with a due sense of the *piquancy* of the situation) I ask "Why is not this first and grandest of the Catholic poets upon the index?" (*Athenaeum*, 3. 2. 1923.). Often a drop of irony into an indifferent situation renders the whole *piquant* (Hardy, *Return*, I, p. 147.). — *The freedom with which he ridiculed their weaknesses.* Laughed and joked with every one with the utmost *freedom* (F. Darwin, *Life and Letters of Charles Darwin*, I. 18.). Ignoring human frailties and weaknesses (Quoted from Kruisinga's *Handbook* § 862.).

10. *Though Reinout remained feeling the distance.* Impossible. *To remain* may be followed by a complement in which case it expresses the idea of continuity: Amid the conflict of ideas . . . the impression of sense *remained* certain and uniform. (Jowett, *Plato*, IV, 256.). The words he would have spoken *remained* unsaid. (Oppenheim, *Lighted Way*, p. 124.).

11. For *might* denoting a concession see *Handbook* § 386, 2 b : Outside the assembly, as well as within it, all freemen were equal, however much they might differ in influence and wealth. — *Flushed with wine.*Flushed with the wine I was drawn on from story of story. (*Strand Magazine*, April 1903, p. 364).

12. *Properties.* In the sense of "possessions" the word had better be used in the singular. The *properties* of gases (*eigenschappen*). The plural form is also used to render Dutch *tooneelrequisieten*. However this rule is occasionally departed from: With the object of preventing a sale of oil wells to foreigners an association has been formed of Polish owners of oil-*properties* (*Times Weekly Edition*, 5. 3. 1920). The *properties* connected with a rectory are the freehold of the house, the glebe, and tithes (*Everyman Encyclopaedia* i. v. *Benefice*.). — *If he should (were to) lose.* Lloyd, *Northern English*, § 222 says that *If I should see, If I were to see, If I saw* represent a rising scale of improbability.

Good translations were received from Miss A. H., Flushing; Mr. A. T. de M., Amsterdam; Miss R. C. O., Arnhem; Miss M. W., Arnhem; Miss A. B. V. v. Z., Hasselt.

Translations of the following text should be sent to P. J. H. O. Schut, 94 Voorstraat, Brielle, before January 1st. They will be returned with corrections if accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope.

1. Eindelijk mocht Ida dan uitgaan en werd, goed ingepakt, door Juf vergezeld op een korte wandeling voor haar gezondheid. 2. Het was niet erg prettig, maar de lucht was frisch en de verandering was wel aangenaam voor haar, ofschoon de straat niet zoo vrolijk bleek te zijn als ze vanuit het raam van de kinderkamer geschenen had.

3. 's Avonds werd Ida bij haar oom geroepen. 4. Ze was sedert ze ziek geworden was niet beneden geweest. 5. De gesprekken met den terughoudenden ouden heer waren altijd vormelijk en onbehaaglijk, waaraan Ida met een gevoel van verlichting ontsnapte en daar die dien avond nog zwak van haar ziekte was, steeg haar zenuwachtigheid bijna tot angst. 6. Juf deed haar best om haar moed in te spreken: het was waar, Ida's oom was nu niet zoo'n opgewekte heer, maar denk eens aan dat lekkere toetje! 7. Wat kon een nette jonge juffrouw meer verlangen dan haar beste jurk te dragen en in de eetkamer studentenhaver te eten alsof ze de vrouw des huizes was? 8. "Toch vind ik het jammer voor het kind", vertrouwde Juf de oude knecht toe, nadat ze Ida bij haar oom gebracht had, "want zijn uiterlijk zou een groot mensch schrik aanjagen, laat staan een kind." 9. En ga' jij nu straks eens naar binnen, als je een excus kunt bedenken, en laat haar een opgewekt gezicht zien, dan doe je een goed werk". 10. Maar vóór de goedhartige bediende een aannemelijker voorwendsel kon vinden om de eetkamer binnen te gaan, en Ida bemoedigend toe kon lachen van achter zijn meester's stoel, was Ida weer in de kinderkamer terug.

11. Ze had heusch getracht zich aardig voor te doen. 12. Ze had een onberispelijke nijging gemaakt bij de deur — zoo zwak als ze was, — ze had heel waardig haar plaats aan het hoofd van de tafel ingenomen, en had vrij netjes geantwoord op haar oom's vragen naar haar gezondheid, en, verlangend het gesprek aan den gang te houden, hem verteld, dat de heg knoppen kreeg. 13. "Wat is er met de heg?" had hij tamelijk bits gevraagd: en toen Ida haar lentenieuws herhaalde, scheen hij niet veel belangstelling te tonen. 14. Het hoorde niet tot het werk van den tuinman. 15. Ida zweeg verder maar en haar oom eveneens. 16. Hij had scherpe oogen en borstelige wenkbrowen, van waaronder hij Ida vorschend op kon nemen, op een manier, die al haar tegenwoordigheid van geest deed verdwijnen. 17. Juist dezen avond vond ze zijn oogen meer op zich gericht dan anders.

## Points of Modern English Syntax.

66. All my drugs were in the cabinet — a long journey, down two pair of stairs, through the back-passage, across the open court and through the anatomical theatre. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Explain the use and the singular form of *pair*. Handbk. 853 and 865.

67. There was a Noah's flood of oratory yesterday. *Observer*, 5/11, 1922.

Is *Noah's flood* a compound or a combination of a noun with an attributive genitive? Handbk. 902 ff. and Poutsma, on the individualizing and the classifying genitive.

68. "Never mind looking at the desk now. We'll do him to-morrow . . ." De Morgan, *Joseph Vance*, ch. 36 p. 364.

Account for the masculine gender of *desk*. Handbk. 964.

69. Autumn is here and it is already late. He has painted the hedges russet and gold, scarlet and black and a tangle of grey. Michael Fairless, *Roadmender*, VI p. 55.

Account for the masculine gender of *autumn*. Handbk. 966.

70. He will have if that Hamlet suffers from mental disorder. *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 18/5, 1922.

What is the function of *if*? Handbk. 1002.

71. Himself in revolt against the institution of marriage, Edwin could not bear that Ingpen should attack it. Bennett, *These Twain*, bk. 3. ch. 17.

Why is there no provisional *it* after to *bear*? Handbk. 1011 ff. Would the meaning be the same if we said *could not bear Ingpen attacking it*? Handbk. 674.

72. You see, it was much of the same bigness; and it had the same quick light way with it. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

It seems hardly correct to account for the simple personal pronoun *it* in a reflexive function by the rule of Handbk. 1020. The attentive student is sure to meet with more examples. It is a point that requires renewed consideration.

73. He who gave three hundred and fifty pages to the Roman Republic and the Defence of Rome, a story of a few months, now gives only four hundred to the story of England during a whole century. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 25/5, 1922.

Is *he* an antecedent pronoun? Handbk. 1022-4.

74. From such beginnings as these the eventual reconstruction of the archives can be hopefully expected and the significance both of past and present contents revealed. Let us not suppose, however, that this fortunate consummation would be of moment to the historian or antiquary alone, for the nation itself is intimately concerned therein. *Times Lit. Suppl.* 1/7, 1920.

Does the pronoun *us* refer to a definite group of persons? Handbk. 1026.

75. While our labourers are treated and housed more like dogs than human beings, . . . neither I nor mine are going to rest. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 22 p. 260.

What meaning is expressed by *mine*, and when can these pronouns be used in that way? Handbk. 1103.

76. "You're all very devoted to that child," she said . . . .

"I don't know that Maggie's so desperately keen on the infant!" he said.

"She's not like you about him, that's sure!" Mrs. Hamps admitted. And she went on, in a tone that was only superficially casual, "I wonder the mother doesn't come down to him!"

Not "his" mother — "the" mother. Odd, the effect of that trifl! Mrs. Hamps was a great artist in phrasing. Bennett, *Clayhanger*, IV ch. 10 (Tauchnitz II p. 312).

A quotation by way of information. Compare Handbk. 1108.

77. With that he blew out his candle, put on a great coat, and set forth in the direction of Cavendish Square, that citadel of medicine, where his friend, the great Dr. Lanyon, had his house and received his crowding patients. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *that* before *citadel*? Compare the before *great Dr. Lanyon*. Handbk. 1185 and 1228.

78. There was no mirror, at that date, in my room; that which stands beside me as I write, was brought there later on. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *that* in *that which*? Handbk. 1199.

79. *Tramps* slouched into the recess and struck matches on the panels; *children* kept shop upon the steps; *the* schoolboy had tried his knife on the mouldings; and for close on a generation, no one had appeared to drive away these random visitors or to repair their ravages. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Account for the use and the absence of the article before the nouns in italics. Handbk. 1220 and 1257.

80. The wind, which only broke in puffs and draughts into that deep well of building, tossed the light of the candle to and fro. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Why is there no indefinite article before *building*? Handbk. 1286 and 1454.

81. The cellar, indeed, was filled with crazy lumber, mostly dating from the times of the surgeon who was Jekyll's predecessor; but even as they opened the door, they were advertised of the uselessness of further search, by the fall of a perfect mat of cobweb which had for years sealed up the entrance. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

Account for *cobweb* without an article. Handbk. 1262.

82. In the year 1892 Bleakridge, residential suburb of Bursley, was still most plainly divided into old and new. Bennett, *These Twain*, first sentence.

Account for *residential suburb* without an article. Handbk. 1266.

83. Colonel Rannion was brother of the wife of the man for whom George had built the house at Hampstead. Bennett, *Roll-Call*, Part II, ch. 31 (T. Vol. II, p. 205).

Explain *brother* without an article. Handbk. 1271.

84. All too slowly for Sheila the supper dragged its course. Stephen McKenna, *Sheila Intervenes*, ch. 14.

What is the function of *all* here? Handbk. 1319.

85. Poole had, indeed, no very pleasant news to communicate. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the function of *no*? Handbk. 1344.

86. Though there had been much enclosure of land, there had not yet been a wholesale sweeping of small farms into big. Trevelyan, *British History 19th Century*, ch. 1 p. 2.

Why is *big* used without the prop-word *one*? Handbk. 1388.

87. There was in her none of the detestable ignorance and innocence that, for Edwin, spoilt the majority of women. Bennett, *These Twain*, Bk. I ch. 9 (T. Vol I, p. 169).

Could *no one* be used here instead of *none*, and if not, why not? Handbk. 1425.

88. It was two storeys high; showed no window, nothing but a door on the lower storey and a blind forehead of discoloured wall on the upper. Stevenson, *Dr. Jekyll*.

What is the relation of *forehead* and *wall*? Handbk. 1454.

89. Indeed, there is something of the artist in every clear thinker. *Times Lit. Suppl.*, 2/11, 1922.

What is the relation of *something* and *artist*? Handbk. 1460. Has *artist* the function of a noun or of an adjective? Compare Hdb. 1272.

90. The only other occupants of her third class compartment were a friendly looking man, . . . . and his thin, dried-up, black-clothed cottage woman of an old mother. Galsworthy, *Freelands*, ch. 28 p. 357.

What is the relation of *cottage woman* and *mother*? Handbk. 1467.

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## Reviews.

*Grammatik des Heutigen Englisch* von DR. G. WENDT.  
Heidelberg. Carl Winter. 1922. Price for Holland f 3.50.

The author of this book, who is probably best-known in our country by his book on English 'realia', now appears as a grammarian. His new book is an adaptation and abridgment of the Syntax which appeared a few years ago, but does not seem to have met with much success outside Germany. The present book seems to be intended for undergraduates who are beginning their systematic study of English syntax on the basis of the knowledge gained at school.

Dutch readers will soonest understand the scope and outlook of the book if I state that it is a German edition of Günther's well-known *Manual*, except that it does not include Sounds. The author himself declares in his preface that the book is unsuited to those teachers and learners who think that a language can be learnt by the translation-method. It seems strange that an author should go out of his way to discourage any class of readers from using his book. The remark is still more extraordinary when we consider that the book treats of idiom far more fully than some grammars: out of a total of three hundred pages no less than forty are devoted to prepositions (forty-three to the verb); adjectives occupy half the space of the verb. If the author is an advocate of the direct method it is difficult to understand why the book is not written in English. And the treatment of purely grammatical questions is often such as one would expect from a 'translationist'. Thus in treating of the difference between *each* and *every* (p. 123), the author says: "Every verallgemeinert und zählt, *each* sieht auf das einzelne und bestimmt. Dieser bedeutungsunterschied trifft aber nur im

allgemeinen zu, und ist auch häufig *belanglos*." And to illustrate this 'belanglosigkeit' he quotes: "Ben Jonson brings in a chorus at the end of every act. Gleich darauf in demselben artikel: I suppose, after the curtain fell at the end of each act, an actor came forward, and recited his moral comment upon what had occurred or was going to occur." — These quotations are excellent, but only if they are used to show the real difference between the two words.

The size and scope of the book do not allow of many explanations of the causes of grammatical facts. Here and there, however, the author has allowed himself to be influenced by historical considerations, perhaps unintentionally. Thus on the first page, he treats the endings of the third person of the present tense as one: "s hat dreifachen laut", etc. If a historical statement is wanted it should surely rather be: the ending is [iz], which is shortened to [z] when possible, i.e. after all sounds except hisses; after breathed consonants [z] is assimilated to [s]. A similar statement is required for the ending -ed. — On p. 26 the author calls *happen* a subjunctive in *Happen what might*. Historically speaking, this is the origin of the construction. But if *happen* in *this* sentence is to be looked upon as a subjunctive, it should be explained why there is no concord of tense between the two verbs. It is this absence of concord which inclines me to look upon *happen* as a non-finite verb (an infinitive). — On p. 44 we find the statement that nouns in -th have a voiced final consonant-group after long vowels. Historically the rule is correct; but it is of little use in stating the facts of the present language and it is wrong if a word like *birth* is included. — On p. 25 the indicative is defined as a form expressing fact statements; it is hardly a novelty to call it a neutral mood, and this accords with the facts. — Perhaps it is also due to historical grammar if the author explains the accusative and infinitive as a noun 'welches zugleich objekt des satzes ist', and a predicative infinitive. Although the accusative was originally an object it will hardly occur to anyone to treat it as such in a sentence like *He wanted her to run away with him*; still less in *She wanted him to go away*; or *I hate you to talk like that*. And, although the infinitive can (or must) be looked upon as a predicative adjunct in *I believe that to be true*, this analysis is surely impossible in *I persuaded him to go*. After verbs of will (not after those expressing wish, such as *to wish*, *to like*, also after *to hate*) the infinitive is quite clearly an adverb adjunct of purpose in its origin.

Among the least satisfactory chapters of the book I reckon the one on the verbal form in -ing. The author distinguishes the gerund 'als verbaler satzteil', the gerund 'als nominaler satzteil', and the present participle; I must confess that the whole of this chapter seems to me a hopeless muddle, and I must leave it to the readers of the book to judge whether it is the author's fault or my own. — On p. 23 there is an unfortunate sentence that seems apt to mislead a beginner: "Bem. *The letter is written* kann sowohl *is being written* als auch *has been written* bedeuten." — The perfect infinitive is illustrated by the following sentence: 'But I know some family secrets they wouldn't care to have told, young as I am'. In spite of the absence of any context I venture to say that the meaning intended must be different: *to have* is evidently used here with an accusative and past participle in its meaning 'to experience'. — On p. 85 I find *The Rev. Goldsmith*: I do not think an Englishman ever uses the title before the plain surname; *the Rev. John Goldsmith* or *the Rev. Canon Goldsmith* is correct.

Do I recommend the book to foreign, i.e. non-German students? In my opinion, advanced students should either use a book in which the native

language is systematically compared with English, or they should use a book (written in English) in which English is analysed without any reference to the native, indeed if possible, without reference to any special language or even family of languages. The present book does not seem to be adapted to either of these functions, which represent two successive stages in the study of a language, although Dr. Wendt and many teachers with him may refuse to agree with this. It is a question that each (or every!) student may solve for himself.

E. KRUISINGA.

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*Engelsch Handwoordenboek*, door DR. F. P. H. PRICK VAN WELY.  
1e deel, Eng.-Ned., 810 pp. f 4.50. 2e deel, Ned.-Eng. 882 pp. f 4.50.  
Compleet in één band f 7.50; id. in twee banden f 8.25. G. B. van  
Goor Zonen, Gouda, 1923.

We have nothing but praise for the new edition of Dr. Prick van Wely's Dictionary. On comparing it with its predecessor we are struck by the number of improvements and additions. Paper, type and arrangement leave nothing to be desired; Americanisms, slang terms and colloquialisms of all sorts are freely included. Even Scotticisms such as *dree one's weird* may be found explained. As a running commentary on the whole of the work would take up more space and time than either this journal or the present writer have at their disposal, a few random notes which may be acceptable for a future edition are all that can be offered here.

*Baggage*, in volume I, can no longer be regarded as an Americanism; the word has by now become naturalized in England. *Movies*, on the other hand, undoubtedly hails from across the Atlantic, English people preferring 'the pictures' or 'the cinema'. *Manslaughter* had better be rendered by *doodslag*, 'manslag' seems a bit old-fashioned. *Well-accustomed shop* (= *welbeklante winkel*). Murray marks this sense obsolete (*Well-patronized shop*.) *Foster-mother* may also correspond to our "*kunstmoeder*": Foster-mothers and all other necessities should be well examined and cleaned (*Self-Educator*, p. 5264 i. v. *Incubator*). The common or *purple loosestrife* is called *kattestaart* in Dutch. *Pencil-case* may also mean *griffelkoker*; *handy-man* may have the technical meaning of our 'hand-langer' (Van Dale's *Wdbk.*): a skilled labourer who serves as assistant to a mechanic or artisan. (*Century Dictionary*).

As to volume II: *Aanhouden* (*doorgaan, blijven, duren*) hold (of the weather). Add *last* (of heat, etc.) *Aanvangssalaris* = commencing salary. *Aanvangssnelheid* (military term). Add: muzzle velocity. *Aanvullingsexamen* = supplementary examination. *Aanzetstaal* = (table) steel. *Aanzwemmen* = swim up. *Academisch*: Also: academic education (*Strand M.* 1919, p. 427). *Alick* for *Ach* is no longer in living use. *Achter*. Add: They shut the door *after* them. *At the far end* (*at the back*) of the room. He wears a pen *over* each ear (*Pett Ridge, Wickhams*). A pen *behind* his ear (*Nicholas Nickleby*). Hat well *back* upon his head. Q. 3007 is *behind* with his work. He'll lose marks over it (*Galsworthy, Justice*). I've got awfully *behindhand* with my work. I've got a lot of lecture-notes to look over (*Cambridge Trifles*, p. 98.). *Er zit meer achter*: There is something more in this than meets the eye (*Oppenheim, Game of Liberty*, p. 95.) Your photograph, with the inscription "Raina to her Chocolate Soldier, a Souvenir". Now you know there's more in this than meets the eye (*Shaw, Arms and the Man*). You seem to think that there is something *behind* all this

(*Windsor Mag.* 1899. p. 458). Achter...aan. Having a teacher always at one's heels (Webster, *Just Patty*, p. 123.). Achteraankomen (met een felicitatie). It is very late in the day to congratulate you on your marriage. Achterblíjver in the sense of a person who has outlived his usefulness, a mere 'backnumber': *Also Ran.* (Amer.): It is a race against Time, with wealth as a prize for the victor, and for the '*Also Rans*' oblivion. (*London Magazine*, XVI. p. 420.). This descriptive slang phrase probably originated in America among frequenters of the ring and bookmakers. Achterbuurt-kind = Slumchild. Achterlijk = Backward need not necessarily mean 'mentally deficient' or feeble-minded: Your report says: Very backward (*Grand Magazine*, 1907. p. 306.). In a class of seventy, spare time is not allowed for the bringing up of the backward. (*Pearson's Magazine*, 1901. p. 28.). Your grandmother wishes Penny to get on with her music; she is rather backward, you know. (*Harmsworth Magazine*, III. p. 378.). The doctor examines about 300 feeble-minded children before their admission into the defective schools (*Rapid Review*, 1906. p. 162.). Achterkam backcomb (for ladies). Achter op komen. In passing others in front a detour is made to the right. [rechts uitwijken] (Madge, *Manners for Men*, p. 43.). Achteroverhellen (leunen). The stout gentleman tilts back in your frailest chair. Achteruit. Add: Stand away. Achteruitgaan. Since then phonetics has made no progress in this country — has indeed rather gone back (Sweet, *Primer of Phonetics*). The child seemed to have gone back dreadfully (in its studies). The food had fallen off in quality and in quantity (*Ships that Pass*). In all his (i. e. Scott's) other poems a distinct falling-off is visible (Mac Donnell, *XIX Century Poetry*. p. 35.).

P. J. H. O. SCHUT.

### Brief Mentions.

*The Problem of Grammar.* Pamphlet no. 56 of the English Association. 1923. 1/-.

This pamphlet is a report of a meeting of the English Association held at Bedford College, 27th May 1922, to discuss a question that had caused considerable commotion, indeed, as the introduction expresses it, 'something approaching consternation' among its members. Some of our readers will probably remember the letter in the Times Literary Supplement by Professor Sonnenschein to defend the findings of the committee on grammatical terminology and its report of 1911. It was followed by a letter of Professor Allen Mawer, and, we believe, some further letters that left the matter pretty much where it was.

The real question at issue was the introduction of modern linguistic ideas into the teaching of English grammar both at schools and at universities. Anyone who has some acquaintance with what passes for grammar in English schools will agree that there is room for improvement. We are perfectly convinced, however, that the desired result will not be attained by a meeting or by a hundred meetings. The report will convince those who did not yet know it, that the only thing for English schoolmen, both at the universities and at the secondary or elementary schools, is: to study the subject. When English professors shall have studied the subject, they may in the course of years succeed in training a sufficient number of teachers to exert an influence that will make some impression on the inert mass of tradition and ignorance that is paramount at the present day. The results will be generally apparent only in the next fifty years. This is, in my opinion, what the experience of other countries where the study of language is taken seriously has taught.

For a continental reader there is nothing to be learnt from this report, except that it may show those who are inclined to doubt the use of a thorough study of language, what the results are of its neglect. — K.

*Thought and Expression in the Sixteenth Century.* By HENRY OSBORN TAYLOR. 2 vols. XI + 427 and 432 pp. New York, Macmillan Cy. 1920. 50/- net.

Though the greater part of this book on various aspects of the sixteenth century does not call for comment in this journal, we draw attention to it on account of its very useful section on *England*. If the price does not prove deterrent, it should be a great boon to the student of 16th century literature who seeks enlightenment about the historical background. The author provides a clear survey of the various stages through which the Reformation passed in England, and puts much first-hand evidence before the reader. Through chapter after chapter it is demonstrated that "the so-called English Reformation was not predominantly a religious movement having to do with the saving of souls and their lot in the world to come. Its chief dramatic incidents sprang from the political constitution of England". There are also sections on *Raleigh*, *Sidney*, *Spenser*, *The Dramatic Self-Expression of the Elizabethan Age* and on *Francis Bacon*. — Z.

*Shakespeare: the Man and his Stage.* By E. A. G. LAMBORN and G. B. HARRISON. The World's Manuals. Oxford University Press, 1923. 128 pp. 2/6 net.

A splendid little volume, warmly recommended to those about to take up the study of Shakespeare. It contains the ascertained and traditional data of the poet's life, mostly taken from the sources *verbatim*; a description of the life and spirit of the age he lived in; an account of the condition and growth of the theatres and their companies; and a survey of the literary influences that affected Shakespeare's work, with passages for comparison from *Gorboduc*, Marlowe's *Faustus*, Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Holinshed's *Chronicles* and Plutarch's *Lives*. There is a profusion of facsimiles and other illustrations. — Z.

*Revue Anglo-Americaine.* Paraissant tous les deux mois. Directeurs: Angleterre: L. CAZAMIAN. Etats-Unis: C. CESTRE. Paris. Presses Universitaires de France. Abonnement annuel, papier ordinaire, France 35 fr., étranger 45 fr.; papier alfa, France 80 fr., étranger 100 fr. — Première année, no. 1. Octobre 1923.

As from January 1, 1924, the *Revue germanique* will cease to occupy itself with English and American literature. A separate journal, the *Revue Anglo-Americaine* has been started to inform the French public about English and American literature, art and social life, including such subjects as philosophy, economics, music, painting and sculpture. The first number includes articles on *William James Bergsonien* by Floris Delattre, *La Politique monétaire des Etats-Unis* by G.-E. Bonnet, *H. G. Wells et l'Action* by G. Connes, *Artistes américains en France* by J. Guiffrey, *Le Beggar's Opera à Paris* by A. Coeuray, *Nouveaux renseignements sur Wordsworth et Annette Vallon* by E. Legouis, a number of book reviews, and a *revue des revues*. — Z.

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*Paradoxes and Problems.* By JOHN DONNE. 9×5½, 80 pp. Nonesuch Press. 1923. 8s. 6d. n.

*The Novels of Jane Austen.* The text based on collation of the early editions. By R. W. CHAPMAN. With notes, indexes, and illustrations from contemporary sources. In five

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*The Complete Works of William Congreve* in four volumes. Edited by MONTAGUE SUMMERS. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ ×8. Vol. I., xiii.+255 pp. Vol. II., 271 pp. Vol. III., 235 pp. Vol. IV., 226 pp. The Nonesuch Press. 1923. 63s. n.

*Polian:* An Unfinished Tragedy. By EDGAR A. POE, Including the hitherto unpublished scenes from the original manuscript in the Pierpont Morgan Library, now first edited with notes and a commentary by THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ ×6 $\frac{1}{4}$ , vi.+89 pp. Richmond: Edgar Allan Poe Shrine. 1923.

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*Lee, Shakespeare, and a Tertium Quid.* By SIR GEORGE GREENWOOD. 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ×5 $\frac{1}{4}$ , 191 pp. Cecil Palmer. 1923. 5s. n.

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*Gay's Beggar's Opera.* Its Context, History, and Influence. By WILLIAM EBEN SCHULTZ. 9 $\frac{1}{4}$ ×6 $\frac{1}{4}$ , xxiii.+407 pp. New Haven: Yale University Press. London: Milford. 1923. 18s. 6d. n.

*Les Romans de Fielding.* Par AURÉLIEN DIGEON. Paris, Les Presses Universitaires de France, 1923.

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This is a type-facsimile (and therefore highly pleasing to the eye) of the apparently sole surviving copy (sold at Sotheby's in July) of Johnson's proposals for his edition of Shakespeare: they have been reprinted once or twice, but not with complete accuracy. Johnson's views on the textual difficulties of Shakespeare may strike many readers as ahead of their time, and there is a strong touch of modernity about his conceptions of his duty as an editor of Shakespeare. [T.]

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This well-arranged and profusely illustrated work is intended to occupy a middle place between that of the text-book and more elaborate studies. It aims to be at once a manual for the student and a work for the general reader. The book is divided into six sections, to which a long list of distinguished authorities contribute. [T.]

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